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A **SAX ROHMER** Story

KATHLEEN NORRIS'
New
Novel
"The Make-Believe Wife"

JOHN DUNCAN
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JULY 21, 1938

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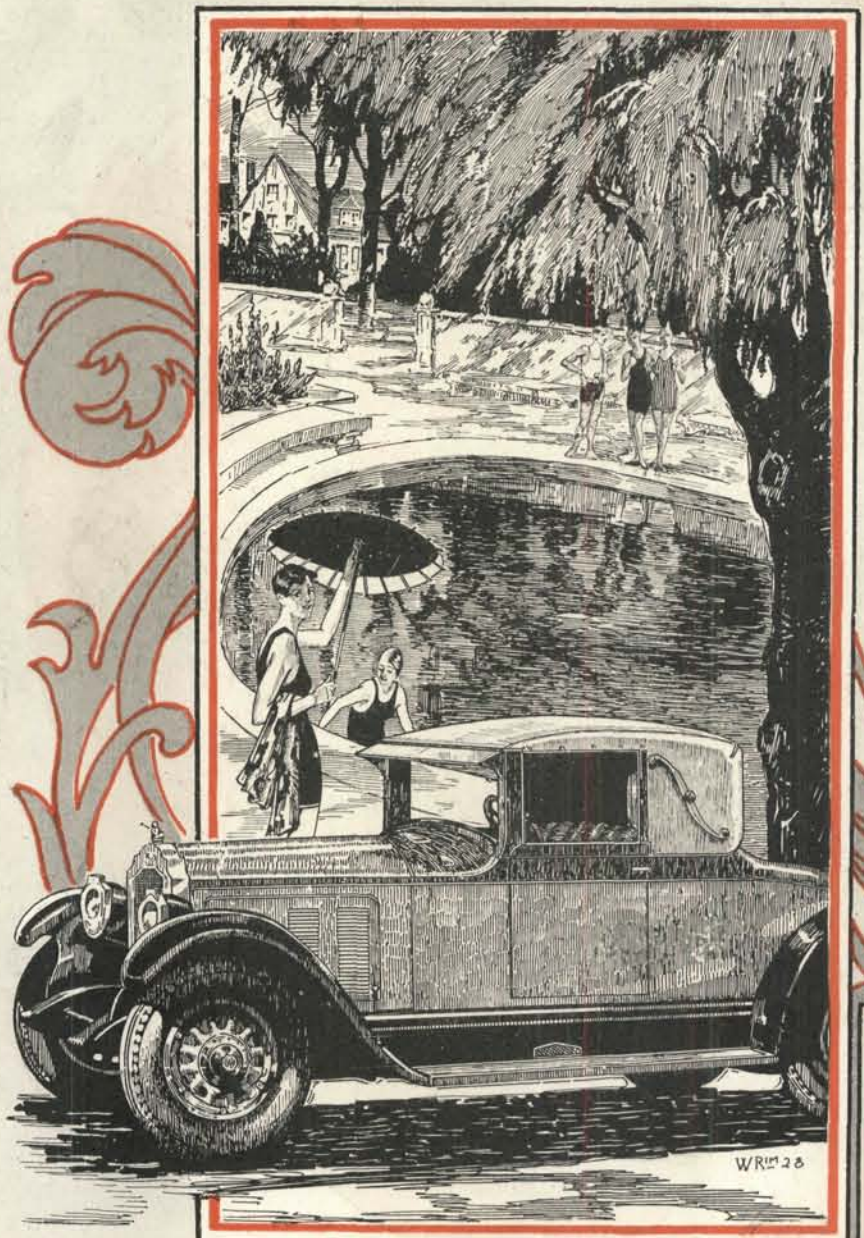

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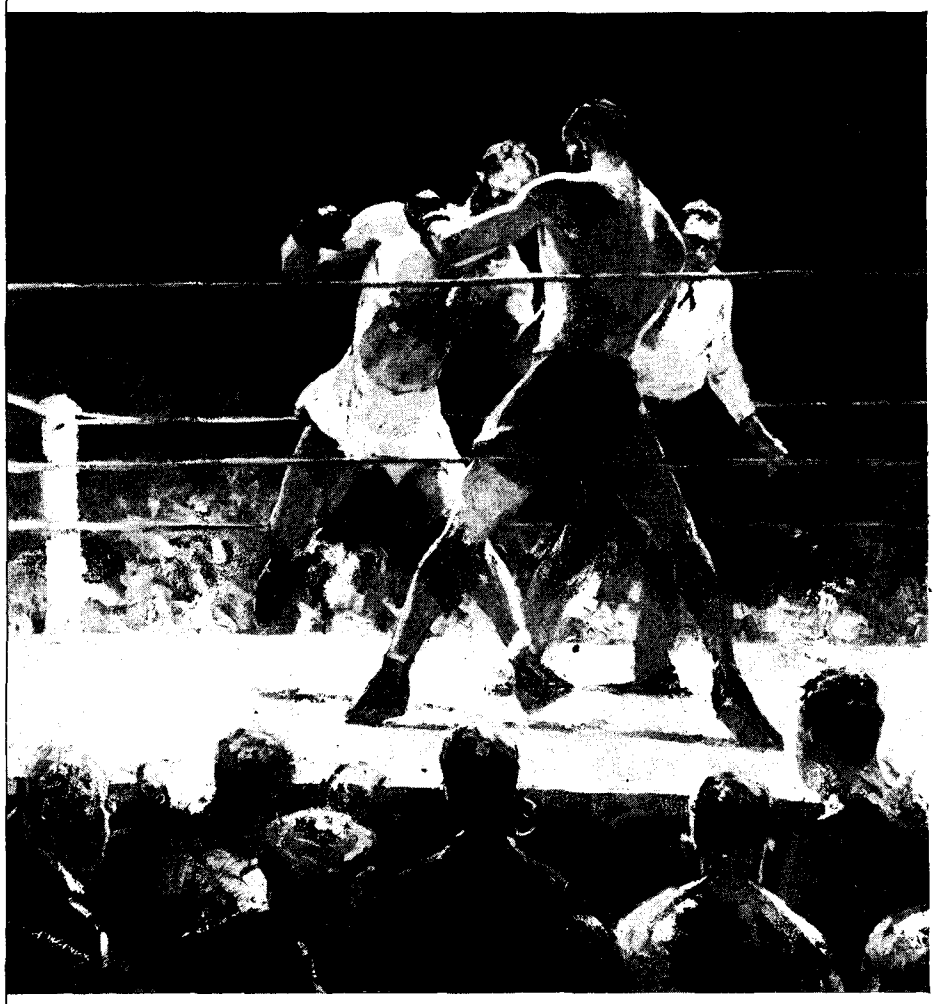

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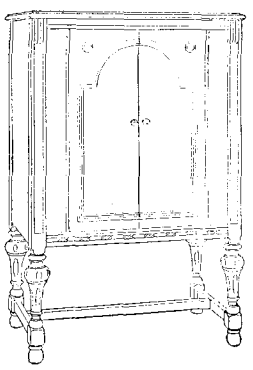

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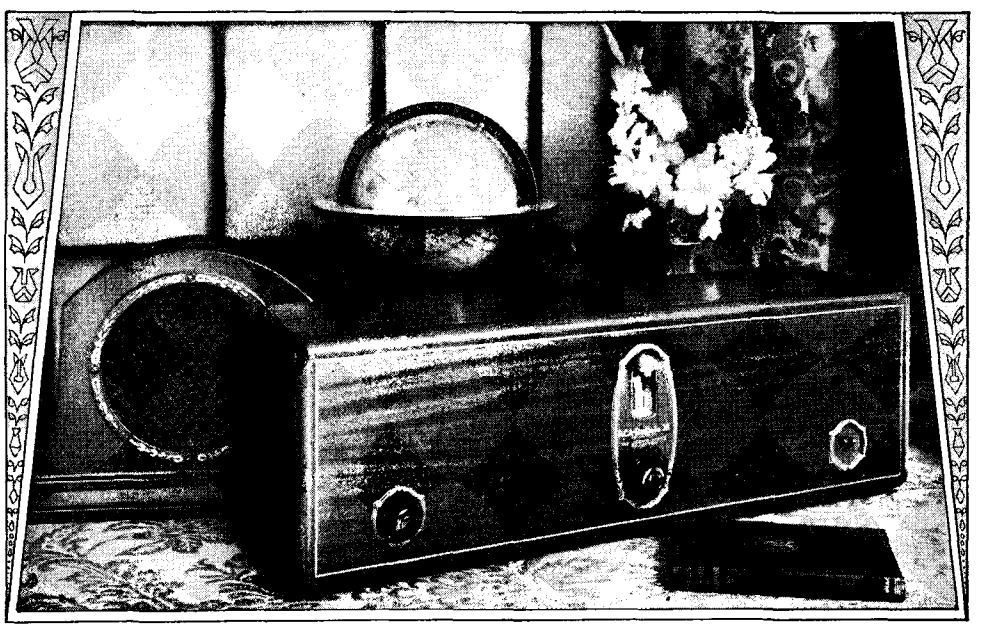

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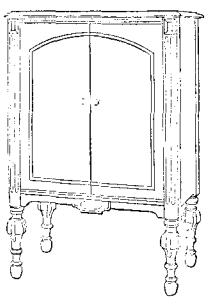

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The Make-Believe Wife

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Copyright, 1928, by Kathleen Norris

Mrs. Norris herself likes this new novel better than any she has done. It reveals the deep sympathies and human understanding of America's most beloved novelist

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

FOR a while she stood looking down at the box of flowers thoughtfully, an odd, puzzled, quizzical and faintly frowning expression upon her serious face.

Under the silky, cool layers of pale-green tissue paper there was an ink-smeared envelope, with a card inside. The girl—she was a tall girl, with a creamy skin and rich, dark red hair—stuck card, envelope, inclosing wire and all into her coat pocket, and went to get a vase.

She had come back, and was putting the violets into a crystal bowl, when an older woman came into the room.

"Bee," said the newcomer, pleased, "I didn't hear you come in, dear."

"I've just come in, Mother."

"I suppose," Mrs. St. John said in distaste, "that idiot, Roger Newberry, is wasting his good money on violets nowadays. In my opinion, that young man had better be about his engineering business—"

"These aren't from Roger," Beatrice said, in a rather troubled tone.

She raised her eyes slowly, and their grave beauty met the alert glance of her mother

"Aren't?" Mrs. St. John echoed, with relish.

There was another brief silence. Then, carrying the flowers to the mantel of the shabby, crowded little sitting-room, Beatrice said, over her shoulder:

"Mr. Challoner sent them."

"Mr. Challoner!" the older woman echoed, amazement giving place to awe, and awe to something almost approaching rapture, in her voice. "My *dear!*"

There was a long silence after that in the room, while the clock ticked and the softly falling snow outside whispered against the windows and the shouts of snowballing children came in, softened and distant, from the street.

Beatrice did not turn to face her mother; she straightened books on the mantel and came back to the table to crush the paper box and the green tissue and the string into a lump of rubbish. Without speaking again she bore these from the room.

When she saw her mother a few minutes later, Mrs. St. John was in Marcia's room. Marcia had a wretched cold, felt miserable, and had not gone to the office at all today.

"How are you, darling?" Beatrice asked, seating herself on the foot of the sufferer's bed.

"I'm better," Marcia said. "Some flowers came for you—I took them in. Who from?" she asked animatedly.

Beatrice St. John was twenty years old; she had been in the employ of Houston Challoner for only five months. Marcia was twenty-nine; for ten years she had been his private secretary. She had known her employer's first wife well, had shared with him the sorrow of her untimely death; she had accompanied him through all the ups and downs of a voyage from simple beginnings to great success, and what she felt for him, if a secret from the world, was at least no secret from her sister.

So that Beatrice knew exactly what she did when she answered Marcia's question. She had felt this question coming, when she stood distressed and frowning beside the opened box of violets, a few minutes ago.

Yet answered it had to be.

"Mr. Challoner sent them to me—violets," she said, as lightly, as indifferently as she could, not meeting her sister's eyes. "Wasn't it sweet of him?"

"Houston Challoner!" Marcia ejaculated, her eyes widening, her face paling just a shade.

"And I consider it distinctly—well, significant," Mrs. St. John remarked in satisfaction, from her rocker.

"Mamma—" Beatrice entreated, in a voice of long suffering.

"Well, I do!" the older woman asseverated, with a little laugh.

THE eyes of the two girls met somberly. "God could have spared me this," Marcia's tortured look said desperately. "It isn't my fault," Beatrice's proud, pitying, steady gaze answered. "How could I help it?"

"Are you going to a party tonight, that he might have thought you wanted to wear some flowers, Bee?" the older sister presently asked, in a constrained careful voice.

"Probably," Beatrice assented quickly. "I'm going to a movie with Roger," she offered brightly. "He may have known it!"

"How does that happen?" Mrs. St. John, rousing from pleasant dreams and speculations, asked a little sharply.

"Saturday night, Mummy. Don't we always?" Bee countered innocently.

"Well, I hope he'll wash his hands 'fore he comes for you," her mother said, with a sort of obvious childlike spite that made Beatrice laugh.

SHE was glad to laugh; she was glad of anything that gave her an excuse to look anywhere but at Marcia: that gave Marcia an opportunity to regain what composure she could.

"It isn't my fault—he's forty-eight years old—I never dreamed any man that age could fall in love with anyone," Beatrice's thoughts ran confusedly and uncomfortably. "Anyway, I wouldn't marry him if he was ten times as rich . . . anyway, he has a son older than I am . . . anyway, if Marcia wanted him, why hasn't she gone after him? She's had four years since Mrs. Challoner died! Oh, dear, she looks sick . . . she looks stricken. I suppose she thinks that I've been trying to get him. I wouldn't have him—"

"What'd the card say, lovey?" Mrs. St. John asked suddenly.

The girl's mother was a privileged person, a fussing, loving, ineffectual, loyal, exasperating little woman who had always been years younger than her oldest daughter in character, and who was now beginning to be mothered by the tall, quiet younger daughter as well. Between Marcia's and her mother's ages there were but seventeen years; Mrs. St. John still felt herself to be the bewildered, pretty, helpless creature who had been widowed at an infantile twenty-seven, with a capable little girl of ten, and a baby in arms, for whom to care.

"I'm just as much interested in your beaus as you girls are!" she observed.

"Beaus! Mr. Challoner!" Bee said scornfully.

"Well, a man that age sending a girl flowers means *something*, Bee," her mother assured her seriously.

"Marcia, tell me about the cold," the younger girl commanded abruptly.

"Oh, it's much better! How'd things go at the office?" Marcia asked.

"All right. Mr. Challoner went down

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to look at the Bay Street property at about noon. Mr. Flint's wife has a little girl—"

"Another girl! Oh, too bad," Marcia said interestedly. There were now little bright spots of color in the cheeks that had been pale, and her eyes were unusually bright. She was acting.

"I suppose they were disappointed—he was very quiet about it. Marcia, have you had any lunch?"

"I slept until nearly eleven, and then Mummy brought me in some hot coffee. Is the snow holding up traffic?"

"Downtown it's pretty bad. But out here all the youngsters are shoveling like mad."

HOUSTON CHALLONER, had brought Beatrice home in his car, but she did not mention that. She felt troubled about the whole situation. Marcia might as well know the truth, now as later, if it were the truth, after all. But what a waste it was! Why should Houston Challoner like her, like Beatrice St. John, who was not even thinking about him, and overlook completely darling old Marcia, who had worked so hard for him, who had loved his wife, and who was so pitifully ready to drop into his hand like a ripe fruit!

"I'll get you girls anything you want for lunch," Mrs. St. John offered without moving. Her eyes were still far away.

"You will not," Beatrice said lazily. "Marcia, would you have scrambled eggs or tea if I brought a tray in here?"

"I'd love some tea," Marcia answered gratefully. "Any—any objection to letting me see the card, Bee?" she asked suddenly, out of a silence, when Beatrice had carefully brought in the lunch tray and their mother was out of the room.

"Now, what did I do with it?" Beatrice murmured, setting the tray down carefully, and looking about with an excellent simulation of uncertainty. "It must be in the other room."

"What did it say?" Marcia asked, taking her napkin out of its ring.

It was in Beatrice's jacket pocket, still unread, still twisted in its envelope and wire loop. The jacket had been hung in the shallow bedroom closet, Beatrice felt as if Marcia could see it, could sense its presence through the door.

"Oh, just—" But Marcia might as well know the truth, she persisted courageously, if it were the truth! No use pretending that Mr. Challoner wasn't—wasn't—well, acting, anyway, as if he were— "It just said 'with kindest regard,'" Beatrice fabricated uncomfortably.

"'With kindest regard!'" Marcia echoed. "But isn't that funny! Why should he say 'with kindest regard' to you? It sounds so old-fashioned. It sounds as if—" Suddenly she smiled, and an odd light came into her eyes. "Bee," she said animatedly, "there's just a chance that those flowers were for me, after all! Did you look at the card? I didn't. I thought the boy said 'Miss Beatrice St. John' when he brought them, because flowers almost always *are* for you, but it's possible he said 'Miss St. John.' After all," Marcia went on, with that sweet, stupid eagerness of hers that somehow always wrung Bee's heart, and that wrung it more than ever today—"after all, Bee, I went home from the office sick yesterday, and it's extremely likely—or at least it's possible—"

Bee's instinct leaped toward the offered loophole. But a second impulse restrained her, and she reminded herself again that Marcia might as well know the truth, if it were the truth.

"No, they were for me," she said mildly.

"Well, of course I thought they were," Marcia agreed, subsiding. "Do you like him?" she asked suddenly, painfully, as Beatrice, established now at the center table, with her own teacup and plate, composedly continued her luncheon.

"Mr. Challoner?" the younger girl asked thoughtfully.

"Oh, hear her! And see the blush!"

It was Marcia being arch, pretending to know all about flirting and love affairs again: an attitude that always made Bee's blood run cold with a sort of shame and pity combined. She knew instinctively that Marcia had no knowledge of these things; that it was all unconscious imitation and acting; that Marcia had never felt and never would feel the wild warm rush of conscious youth and power and instinct that had belonged to her, Beatrice, from her first happy high-school summer.

"He's ever so old," she said carelessly, buttering toast.

"Forty-eight," Marcia supplied quickly, jealously. "Couldn't you—couldn't you ever—like him, Bee?" the older sister pursued lightly.

It was part of Marcia's general, pathetic ineptness, where these so much more than delicate matters were concerned, that she could trample into them roughshod, could discuss love and emotion with all the bland assurance of the born outsider.

"Oh, *like* him—!" Beatrice said, with an unhappy laugh. "A man sends me violets— Why, Roger has sent me carloads, and you and Mummy don't get excited—"

She swayed a little, like a tall creamy lily, and smiled her wide slow smile at him

But this was equivocating, and she knew it. Houston Challoner, quiet, clever, rich, handsome, forty-eight, had just turned her whole world topsy-turvy by asking her, as he drove her home through the softly powdered snow—well, no, not exactly to marry him, but what she would say if he *did* ask her to marry him.

She had been conscious of heart pounding and cheeks blazing, of course. A mere clerk in the big architectural firm's employ—one of the "librarians" who hunted through old blue prints for details or through files for letters, and was paid eighteen dollars a week for her labors—she had never thought of the big architect himself as being, by any possibility, aware of her existence at all. That Marcia, his trusted confidential secretary, cherished a hopeless, secret, uncomfortable feeling for Houston Challoner Beatrice alone knew.

SOMETIMES she thought that even Marcia did not know it. Certainly it was not "love," Bee would reflect, with healthy distaste for her sister's humbly adoring, blindly jealous feeling toward their employer. Marcia had felt much the same feeling for Mrs. Challoner, in her lifetime: a passionate, almost angry conviction that whatever the Challoners did was perfection; that they were the most significant and important persons in the world. After all this was not fair that he should fancy her, Beatrice, instead of Marcia!

In the apartment's tiny kitchen, a little later, she washed the lunch dishes, and could talk more freely to her mother.

"Marsh looks awfully run down, to me, Mummy."

"Marcia hasn't been well for a long time," Mrs. St. John agreed, without uneasiness.

"But what's the matter with her, Mummy?"

"Oh, she's just—run down," the older woman conceded indifferently. Mrs. St. John was incurably romantic, and Beatrice's affairs, as far more romantic than Marcia's, interested her at the moment more deeply than the older daughter's. "What's this about an important man like Mr. Challoner sending you flowers, lovey?" she demanded.

"Violets," Beatrice said simply, to retard, if not quash, the subject. She picked the teacups daintily from the warm dishwater by their handles, and held them under the hot-water faucet, rinsing them before she inverted them on the little drain.

She knew the kitchen by heart; the St. Johns had lived in this apartment for eight years.

It was a decent, uninteresting, old-fashioned apartment, containing a small square parlor with two windows and a false mantel; a small square bedroom where Mrs. St. John and her older daughter slept; a small square dining-room finished in cheap dark wood, with a strip of red papering above, where there was a sewing machine, and a couch for Beatrice, and this angle of

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"So—! You're Beatrice?" he said. "Well, that's that, isn't it?"

crowded kitchen, whose single chair and small garbage bucket and drop-leaf pine table and broom, were always bumping into whatever member of the family was operating at the four-burner gas stove, or at the sink, or at the wall cupboard, where boxes of spices, and paper cartons of crackers, and single onions or oranges were mixed in among the humble showing of china and glass.

Poverty had ruled the kitchen and the apartment for long years—poverty made difficult and ugly by the mother's entire ignorance of cooking, managing and dietetics. Mrs. St. John rejoiced in her limitations; she felt that any woman who studied menus and cookbooks and budgets must necessarily be of an inferior type.

FOR many years both daughters had accepted this at their mother's valuation; Marcia accepted it still. But there were times now when Beatrice questioned the truth of her mother's assertion—times when she questioned many other aspects of her mother's point of view.

Poor as they were, their way of managing was never economical, Beatrice began to perceive. There was no beauty, no fitness, in the household. Marcia, pale and dyspeptic, needed soups and salads, rather than the eternal scrambled eggs and veal chops over whose cooking Mrs. St. John spent only grudging minutes. There was too much delicatessen pastry in the household, too much fresh white bread.

Bee had taken all this for granted a few years ago, and had raced joyously through high school, anxious only to be graduated, and to be able to take a position somewhere and help Mummy and Marsh.

But now she had been working three years; first in Miss Dayton's Private Kindergarten, as morning assistant, for thirty dollars a month, and then under Marcia, in the distinguished offices of Challoner, Fairfax & Flint, architects.

Three years. And yet matters were not any better at home, nor did they seem particularly purposeful abroad. Miss Dayton, a vegetarian, prohibitionist, dietitian and feminist, had duly drilled her theories into Beatrice, and Beatrice had adapted them, and expurgated them, for timid introduction at home. But Mummy and Marcia, even while listening interestedly, never seemed to take the thing at all to heart.

The poverty, the veal chops, the fresh bread continued. Mummy grew a little grayer, Marcia a little more dyspeptic, and the apartment a little shabbier. Beatrice went on washing dishes, washing transparent silk stockings that snapped threads even while she tried to put them on; went on working hard—for what?

She filed letters and inspected blue prints and identified specifications faithfully. She managed to get close enough to her busy and important sister to ask, every morning about half past eleven, "What time are you lunching, Marcia?" And sometimes Marcia went with her to Ye Tulipe Potte, and sometimes Beatrice went with one of the other clerks to Canfield's Cafeteria.

But why? She was growing up, now, and wondering about life. The years had begun to move faster, and Beatrice had a feeling of responsibility that she had not known a few years ago—a beginning of fear.

Marcia probably wasn't going to marry; Marcia was twenty-nine. And Mummy wasn't going to grow any younger or more capable. Beatrice had believed firmly from her childhood that everything was going to turn out beautifully for the St. Johns as soon as she was able to put her shoulder to the wheel. But the shoulder was there now, and nothing appreciably the better for it.

Everything was worse, indeed, in at least one way. For Beatrice was sick at heart to discover, in her thoughts about herself, that she was not happy as a business woman. She hated offices; she hated downtown life; she had no ambition connected with her work, nor with any other kind of work of which she could think.

Not that she wanted to stay at home. No, in her last school vacations, and in whatever other intervals of leisure her life had afforded, she had been cured of any dream of that. To be penniless; to finish the breakfast dishes and make the beds; to walk downtown that car fare might be saved; to stop at the library, and send home from the grocery six eggs and a box of cornstarch—this was terrible. Marcia was paid forty dollars a week—a very handsome salary in her own and her family's eyes. But when Bee was idle that was all the three women had.

IT IRRITATED the younger girl to feel that they were all working, scrimping, worrying, merely to live. Marcia's health was going, her own youth was slipping by, and what had they to show for it? Struggling through this year, just so that they might win the privilege of struggling through next! Mummy small and gray and nervously inefficient, and Marcia lean and pallid, enthusiastic about the company's business downtown, and tired and silent at home—and what was it all about?

Beatrice had plenty of admirers; she had not reached her twentieth year without more than one actual offer of marriage. Offers of marriage from Younger May, whose mother was keeping boarders so that she might send him to college, and from Harry Fontaine, who was in his second year of medical school. Offers from Roger, who was poorer than either. Also an offer from her dentist, kindly, simple, woolly-headed Fred Leach. Or; no: that hadn't been a real offer, but Beatrice knew that it easily might have been developed into one.

None of these men had stirred her in the least; marriage with them would have solved none of her problems. Beatrice's pulses remained normal; she confided to an intimate friend or two that either there was no such thing as falling in love or she herself was incapable of it.

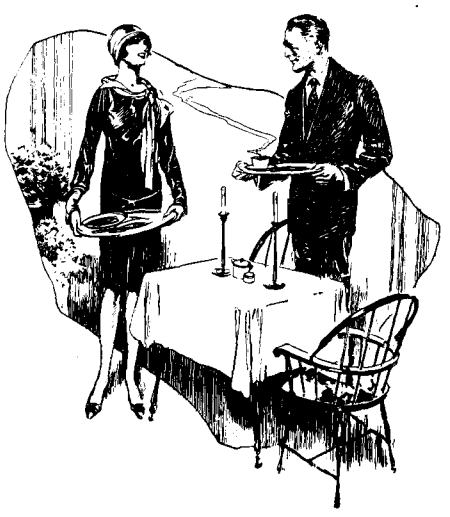
She had begun in the past few months, while the long cold winter dragged itself away, to amuse and faintly disturb her mother and sister with wild suggestions of rebellion.

"Let's all get out! Let's—well, we could sell Mummy's black pearl for two or three hundred dollars, and go to —oh, Honolulu! Let's all go through the Canal to San Francisco, and then to some place we never heard of before —Lima, for instance? I don't know one thing about Lima, do you, Marsh? Nothing'll ever happen to us here in North Underhill. I'm sick of this place! It's just the wrong size—nobody could be excited over a city of eighty thousand people! Let's make a wild jump and go somewhere and have adventures. Whatever happens, it won't be any worse than crossing the ocean in the Mayflower or crossing the plains in a covered wagon."

HER mother and sister would regard her indulgently, amusedly, when she broke forth into these tirades. Beatrice came to see that they neither shared nor understood her mood. Mrs. St. John's was not a constructive mind. She had drifted along for forty-six years without planning or thinking, and she was perfectly capable of drifting for another forty-six. First her father, then her husband, then a brother, and now her daughters had supported her; she felt that in mismanaging their respective households prettily and helplessly, and in occasionally making her famous orange cake, she requited them for their efforts.

Marcia's viewpoint was, of course, entirely biased by what she felt for Houston Challoner. She had toward him the office attitude; she felt that the firm was the most important firm and that its head was naturally the most important person in the world. She had begun as a humble clerk years ago, and had almost immediately been singled out for more responsible work and for the friendship of the president and his wife.

Marcia, breathless and awed and grateful, had dined at their home, at twenty-three or twenty-four, and had brought home accounts of the silver and linen, and the food too, to her mother and Beatrice. Marcia had praised the son of the house, a tall, gawky college boy then, and had spoken often of Bert and Bert's father's plans for him. She had hung upon the reports from Mrs. Challoner's sickroom with a passionate intensity that (*Continued on page 30*)



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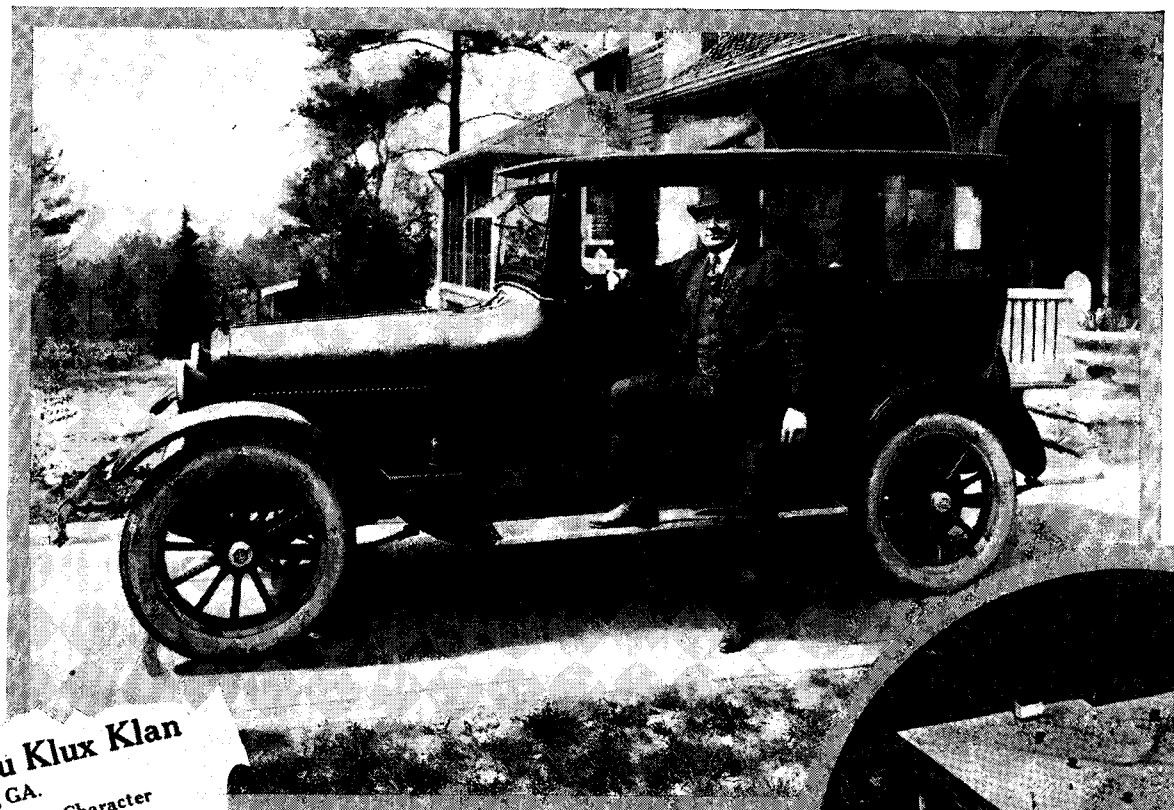
Ku Klux Koin

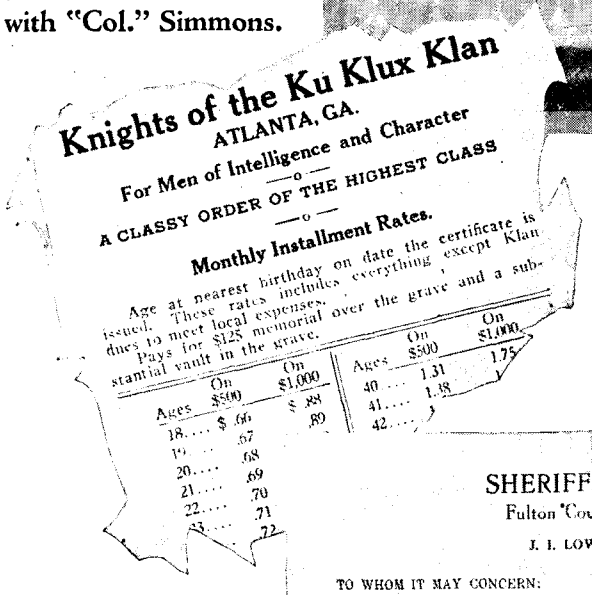
By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

FIFTY-EIGHT million dollars. That's the sum Simmons saw ahead rolling into Klan coffers from the family pocketbooks of America. Today the man who organized the "classy order of the highest class" sits in his simple suburban cottage, his own pockets empty. With pencil, paper and simple multiplication he shows what he thinks might have happened if the Klan had not been taken away from him. This is Mr. Shepherd's second article written after his series of talks with "Col." Simmons.



Emperor Simmons displays two Klan gifts: a $40,000 house and the sedan

"The Palace" (right), a Southern mansion on Atlanta's famous Peachtree Street, cost the Klan $65,000



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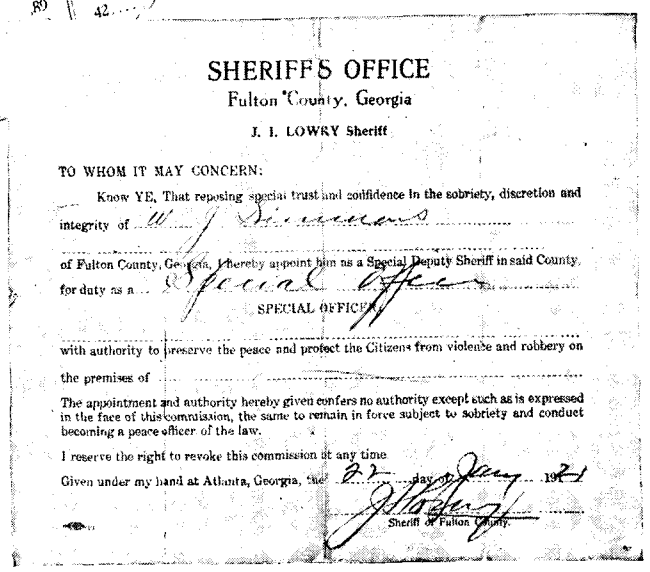
A CLASSY ORDER OF THE HIGHEST CLASS
—o—
Monthly Installment Rates.
Age at nearest birthday on date the certificate is issued. These rates includes everything except Klan dues to meet local expenses.
Pays for $125 memorial over the grave and a substantial vault in the grave.

Ages	On $500	On $1,000
18	$ .66	$ .88
19	.67	.89
20	.68	
21	.69	
22	.70	
23	.71	
24	.72	

Ages	On $500	On $1,000
40	1.31	1.75
41	1.38	
42		

(Left) Page one of the first charter showing that Simmons intended the Klan to be merely a fraternal benefit society



SHERIFF'S OFFICE
Fulton County, Georgia
J. I. LOWRY Sheriff

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Know YE, That reposing special trust and confidence in the sobriety, discretion and integrity of W. J. Simmons

of Fulton County, Georgia, I hereby appoint him as a Special Deputy Sheriff in said County for duty as a Special Officer

SPECIAL OFFICER

with authority to preserve the peace and protect the Citizens from violence and robbery on the premises of

The appointment and authority hereby given confers no authority except such as is expressed in the face of this commission, the same to remain in force subject to sobriety and conduct becoming a peace officer of the law.

I reserve the right to revoke this commission at any time

Given under my hand at Atlanta, Georgia, this 22 day of January 1921

J. I. Lowry
Sheriff of Fulton County.

Besides being Emperor of an Invisible Empire, Simmons was special deputy under a Klan sheriff

HOW the Russians hated their secret police! The janitor, the milkman, the mailman, fellow workmen, lodge brothers, fellow church members—almost anyone, man or woman, might be a secret-service detective, prying into the most sacred recesses of their homes.

The wildest, maddest bonfire party I saw in Russia during the revolution was on the granite pavements before the Petrograd Police Headquarters. Revolutionists were burning up the books and records of the secret police. A Russian, however, still seems to think you cannot have a government without a hidden, snooping secret service.

No sooner had the revolutionists got into power than they established their own revolutionary secret police, cruel and deadly, made up of thousands of men and women, hidden in all walks of life, reporting words, thoughts and deeds of private citizens to a grim headquarters chief.

Such a secret service—one which would pry into our lives, everywhere—was being planned for the United States not half a dozen years ago.

Fifty thousand Klansmen were to be its members, and William Joseph Simmons, organizer of the Klan, was paying a salary of $8,000 a year to a detective to establish the service.

Incredible as it may seem, such an organization might have been put to work at its country-wide spying if Simmons had not lost the Klan and if the leaders of that organization had not got into a squabble over money, property and power.

K. K. K. Super-Spy System

ANYTHING was possible, while millions of the people, listening to money-mad Klan organizers, could be easily persuaded into almost any sort of action to "save the country." The "whispering squads" of women, in the Middle West, trained, as an ex-Klan leader told me, "to spread any dirty political story over the back fences of the whole state within six hours," proved how far misled citizens might be driven.

The "secret service" dreamed of by Simmons was to be even more dangerous than the Russian system. Secret police, in the Russian and European style, are at least under the control of the government; there is a limit to their activities. But the "secret service" planned by "Col." William Joseph Simmons was to be his *own* private organization, under no governmental control. It was to report to *him* alone.

It was hard at first to believe that Simmons was in earnest, as he told me of these plans, yet he had actually started his spy system.

You get the mental measure of Simmons when you hear him tell of this private secret-police system. He was actually dreaming of getting a secret clutch on America by means of an army of scandalmongers. It seems to be one of his chief regrets, in losing control of the Klan, that he was cheated out of spreading this network of masked inquisition across America.

He sits in an office den in his small bungalow home in Atlanta today, a broken "emperor," whose name was once on millions of praising or criticizing lips, and speaks proudly of how by his private secret service he would have swayed America's political—and perhaps social—life.

In good faith he tells you that his espionage system would have "cleaned up America," and he seriously expects you to feel sorry that it failed.

"There would have been a Ku Klux Klan secret-service man in every community in the United States," Simmons told me, "if I had been allowed to carry out my plans." He was describing the rosiness of K. K. K. prospects back in 1923, when the Klan had over $1,000,000 in its treasury and Americans were putting money into the organization at the rate of about $37,000 a day.

"I showed a United States Government agent my plans for a Klan secret service," he continued, with unrestrained pride, "and he told me it was perfect. He said that my system would be better than the Russian organization, which was considered the best in the world.

The Imperial Night Hawk

"I HAD already started a service with about 30 agents under a former New York detective. I had plans for a secret service of 50,000 men. Every local Klan organization would have contained, unknown to the other members or to each other, one or more Klan secret-service agents. It would have been something like 'G-2' during the war—a peace-time intelligence department.

"Fred L. Savage, who had conducted a private detective agency in New York and who was a member of my cabinet in 'The Palace' at Atlanta, had been brought on from New York by E. Y. Clarke, my organizer, and I had planned to depend on Savage for building up my national secret service. I gave him the title of Imperial Night Hawk; his salary was $8,000 and expenses." Incidentally, New York official records show that Savage, who later, with D. C. Stephenson, helped to unseat Simmons, was merely a licensed pier detective for the Old Dominion Steamship Line in New York.

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"My plan was to have the Klan agents make their reports secretly concerning law violators, immorality, law evasion, non-Americanism, etc., to a Klan secret-service headquarters in every state.

"These state headquarters would have made regular reports to the head secret service at 'The Palace' in Atlanta. Savage, or whatever other member of my kloncilium was intrusted by me with the Klan intelligence department, would have sifted out these reports and whenever we decided that prosecutions were necessary he would have turned his reports over to the secret service of the Department of Justice in Washington.

"We intended to help that department enforce the law. If we had ever got that system going, we would have cleaned up this country from the top of the Capitol dome at Washington to the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

"I had the money and the plan"—this with a sigh—"but I was stopped by alien influences, who got the Klan away from me."

The Kluxer's Private Espionage

WHERE did this strange man, father of the Ku Klux Klan, get this idea of a nation-wide "secret service"? The answer is: From the war.

Simmons played around the edges of the government secret service during the war. He did not belong to the Atlanta chapter of the American Protective League. Only 125 of the leading citizens of the town were admitted to that civilian secret service; every member had to vote aye before another could enter the ranks.

But there was a minor organization of civilian "investigators" known as the Citizens' Bureau of Investigation. Members of this minor organization worked under individual members of the Protective League.

Whether he represented himself to Klan members as being a real federal officer, a member of the Department of Justice, cannot be established. This accusation was later brought against him by United States Secret Service agents who were sent to Atlanta, Ga., from the Department of Justice in Washington, but Simmons declared to them that a certain very imposing document, which he had been proudly showing to his audiences, was only the commission of a deputy sheriff of Fulton County, Georgia, and not a federal officer's badge.

The fact remains, however, that during the war Simmons arranged his own "secret service" within the Klan, and that after the war he never dropped it, but planned to spread it everywhere throughout America. He never forgot those "secret service" days.

"I was in touch in my war-time secret service with federal judges, federal attorneys and federal secret service officials and operatives. The Klan secret service reported to me," Simmons proudly tells you today.

To many Klansmen, in this Klan "secret service," Simmons stood practically in the place of Uncle Sam during the war.

"In their reporting," he told me, "these men were known only as citizens. But, of course, as Klansmen they were in all instances known only to me."

IT WAS THIS WAR-TIME SEMI-SECRET-SERVICE WORK THAT GAVE THE KU KLUX KLAN ITS FIRST HIDDEN AND SECRET MEMBERSHIP.

The Ku Klux Klan, as first devised by Simmons, was not to have been a secret order. It was to have been a public order, like other orders, with members carrying benefit insurance and openly wearing their lodge buttons. Its charter so provides.

"I issued a decree during the war submerging membership in the Klan," Simmons told me. "Our secret service work made this imperative."

"What do you mean by the word 'submerging'?" I asked.

Millions in a Klan Klaristocracy

"WHY, I MEAN THAT I ORDERED MEMBERS TO KEEP THEIR MEMBERSHIP IN THE KLAN A SECRET FROM EVERYBODY, EXCEPT EACH OTHER. I TOLD THEM NOT TO ADMIT PUBLICLY THAT THEY BELONGED TO THE KLAN."

"Did you rescind this decree after the war was over?"

"NO. IT WAS NEVER CHANGED AFTER THAT. MEMBERSHIP IN THE KLAN WAS ALWAYS A SECRET THEREAFTER. MEMBERS WERE NOT ALLOWED TO ADMIT THAT THEY BELONGED TO THE INVISIBLE EMPIRE."

It was this element of secrecy—this "submerged membership"—which, in the opinion of experts in the world of fraternalism and lodge organizing, accounts for the quick growth of the Klan. It became overnight a novelty among fraternal orders.

Money—in Simmons' heyday in the Klan, ending seven years ago—money was nothing for a Klan leader at "The Palace" in Atlanta to worry about.

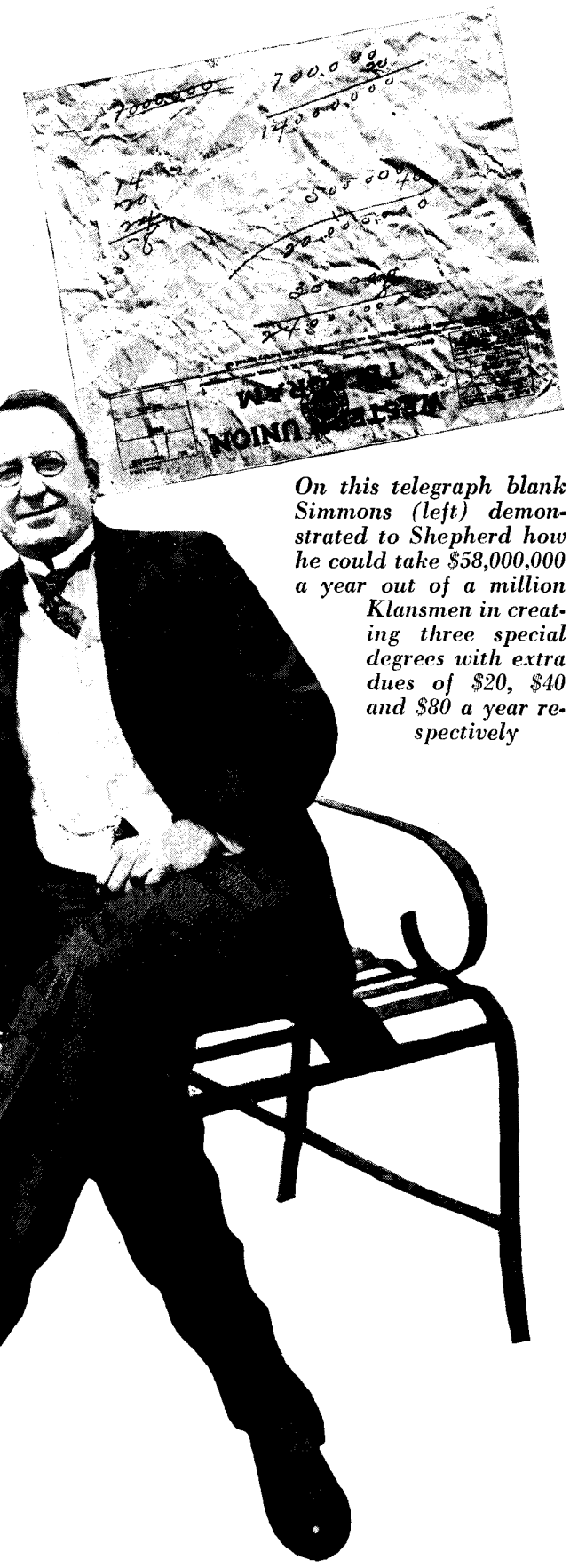
Plenty of money was in sight after the Klan got well under way. Simmons figured it out for me with pencil and paper. He did it glibly, as if he had done it a hundred times before.

"Fifty-eight million dollars was right around the corner for our many beneficent Klan purposes," he explained to me. "I never got a full swing at it, though. The Ku Klux Klan was really finished before it got well started. Look here:

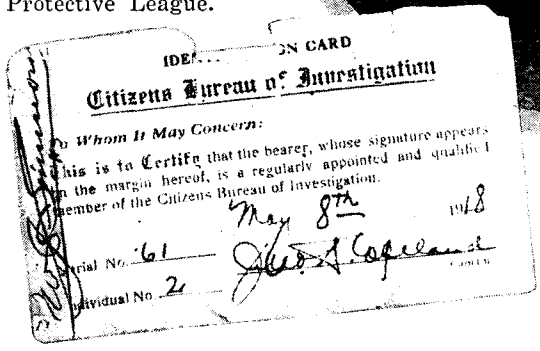
"Take just one million members. We had them too—and more. It cost them $10,000,000—$10 each—to enter the Klan. Of course not all of that money came to Atlanta. Much of it went to organizers and for local purposes.

"But I'll tell (*Continued on page 38*)

Home of E. Y. Clarke, chief organizer, bought with klectons (collections)



On this telegraph blank Simmons (left) demonstrated to Shepherd how he could take $58,000,000 a year out of a million Klansmen in creating three special degrees with extra dues of $20, $40 and $80 a year respectively


IDE... ON CARD
Citizens Bureau of Investigation
To Whom It May Concern:
This is to Certify that the bearer, whose signature appears in the margin hereof, is a regularly appointed and qualified member of the Citizens Bureau of Investigation.
May 8th 1918
Special No. 61
Individual No. 2

Simmons' card of membership in a mysterious war-time "bureau of investigation" unrecognized by the Department of Justice

Simmons secured membership in the minor organization and was appointed a special "Citizens' Bureau" investigator by one of the A. P. L. members. This was enough for a good showman to work with. He immediately turned his position to advantage. He made "secret-service men" of his Klansmen and put them on the war-time man hunt.

This gave him tremendous position and power among the few Klans which had already been established. Thrilled Klansmen reported to him in their "secret service" capacity from different towns in Georgia and Alabama.

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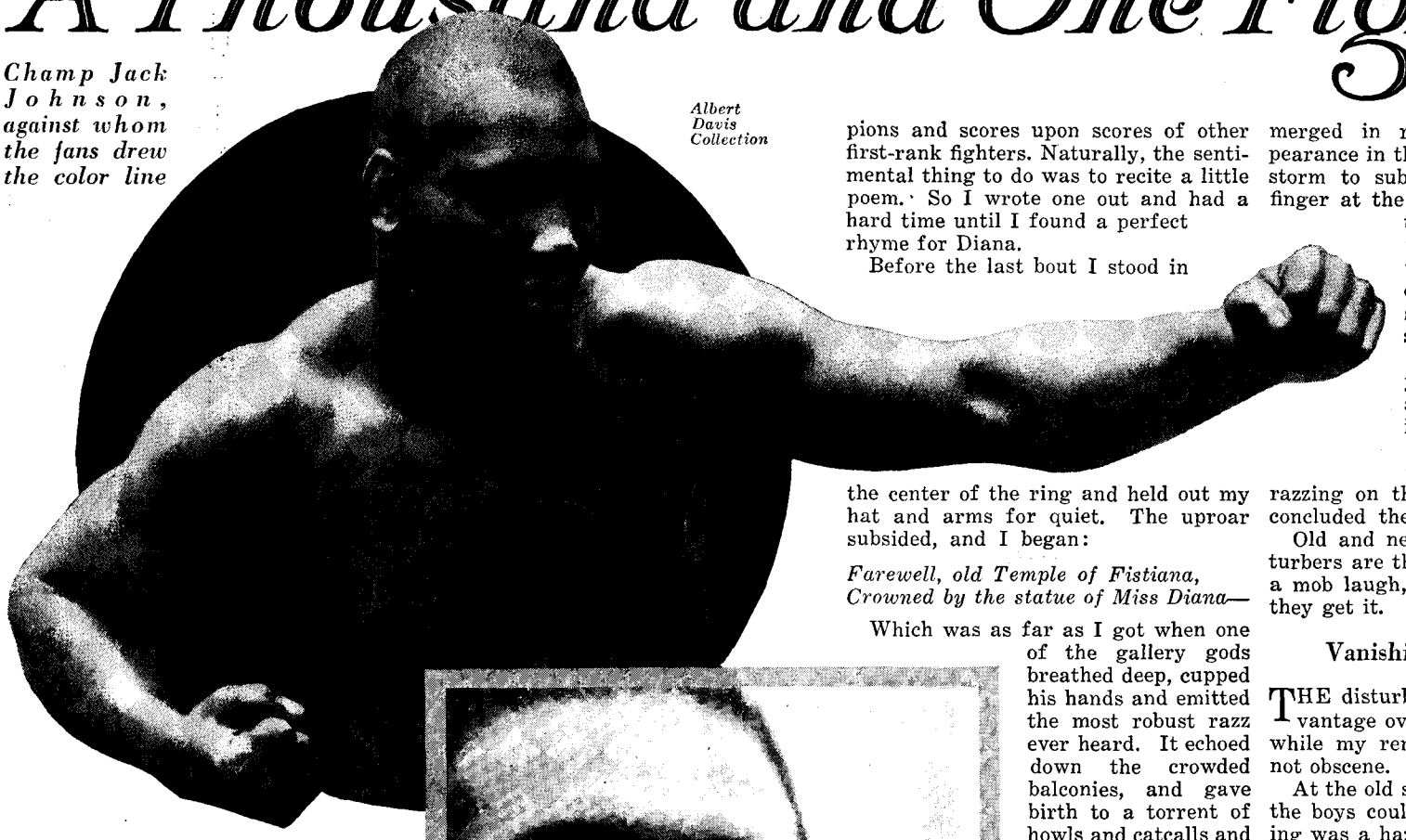
A Thousand and One Fights



Champ Jack Johnson, against whom the fans drew the color line

Albert Davis Collection

AN IMPORTANT prize fight without Joe Humphreys wouldn't be impossible—but it would be unthinkable. After introducing the cauliflower great for nearly 40 years, he has some stories to tell that you'll remember.

By JOE HUMPHREYS
As told to JOHN B. KENNEDY

AS a fruit the raspberry is unexciting; anybody can take it or leave it alone. But as a weapon of social intercourse, what the professors call its vernacular derivative, "the razzberry," can give anybody, no matter how deft at ducking, a psychological punch below the belt. In a career of nearly forty years as announcer at ring contests, six-day bicycle races and kindred sporting events patronized by the extremes of society—the élite and the roughnecks—I've been obliged to develop the art of verbal self-defense more than any other living man.

My job has taken me before at least 200 gatherings a year, ranging in numbers from 2,000 to 85,000. So it isn't extravagant to estimate that the aggregate mass I've shouted at approximates the total population of these United States. And the would-be wits, what I call sidewalk comedians, comprise half that total.

Their particular forte is the wisecrack, or razzberry, in its wild state. They are the torturers of all entertainers, athletic, theatrical, oratorical, journalistic and conversational. The impulse to razz springs from the child urge to puncture toy balloons.

© Keystone

Carpentier: "Ze orcheed it is wilt"

When I succeeded Danny Dunn and Peter Pronty as the regular announcer at leading ring events, I tried to introduce more dignity. Old Peter White, famed announcer of the Coast, had the simplest method. He pointed to the man in each corner, yelled his name and bellowed, "Let her go."

The fans, becoming more sophisticated, wanted a little formality. But the roughnecks, who add color to fistic occasions by trying to embarrass the announcer, often made it difficult to be formal until I learned the trick of outguessing the boys and turning the last laugh against them.

Reversing the Razz

ON WHAT was to me the most solemn occasion in my career but one I was momentarily stunned by the loudest razz I had ever heard. Old Madison Square Garden was passing. Tex Rickard, the last promoter to manage it, had acquired a new garden. It was my honor to officiate that last night from the same ring where I had introduced more than a hundred champions and scores upon scores of other first-rank fighters. Naturally, the sentimental thing to do was to recite a little poem. So I wrote one out and had a hard time until I found a perfect rhyme for Diana.

Before the last bout I stood in the center of the ring and held out my hat and arms for quiet. The uproar subsided, and I began:

Farewell, old Temple of Fistiana,
Crowned by the statue of Miss Diana—

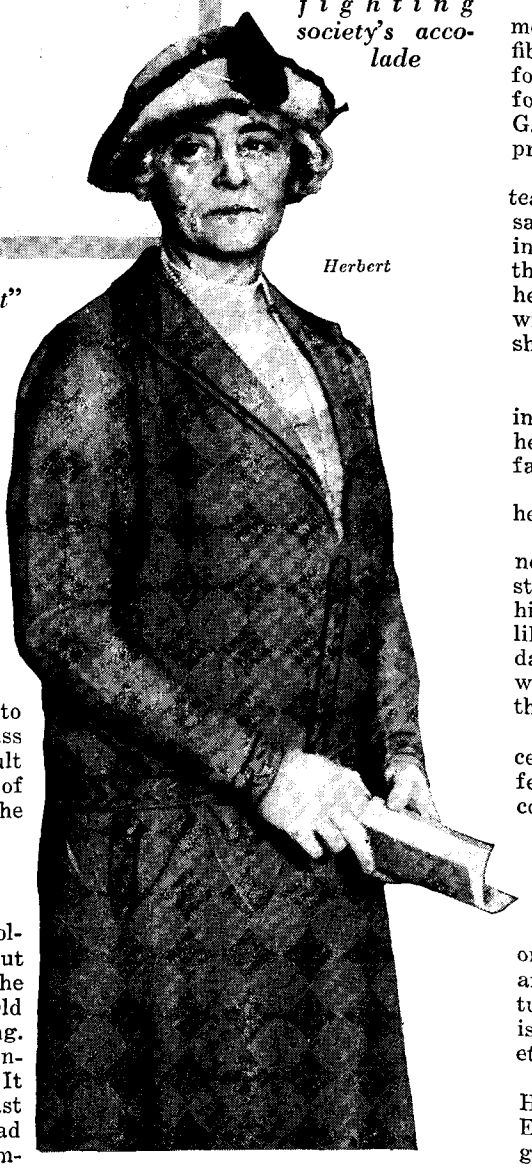
Which was as far as I got when one of the gallery gods breathed deep, cupped his hands and emitted the most robust razz ever heard. It echoed down the crowded balconies, and gave birth to a torrent of howls and catcalls and mocking laughter.

The situation was an awkward one for me, standing there posed for sentiment and about to be submerged in ridicule on my last appearance in that ring. I waited for the storm to subside. Then pointing my finger at the leather-lunged rooster in the gallery who had caused the riot, concentrated attention on him. The racket dropped and in another silence I opened up all stops and roared:

"There you are. I see you, and the more I look at you the more I believe in birth control."

The crowd veered to my support and reversed the razzing on the head of its author. I concluded the little poem undisturbed.

Old and new, the tactics of the disturbers are the same. Their reward is a mob laugh, and they don't care how they get it.



Herbert

Miss Anne Morgan gave fighting society's accolade

Vanishing Coats and Cots

THE disturbers have one forensic advantage over me: they can be ribald, while my remarks may be rough but not obscene.

At the old six-day bicycle races, when the boys could imbibe freely, announcing was a hazardous occupation. Hundreds of the hardest-boiled eggs in town, augmented by the tougher citizens of outlying and far-flung communities, toted blankets and mattresses and camp beds into the Garden late Sunday night, paid 50 cents admission, and remained there until late the following Saturday night. They ate, drank and slept in the Garden galleries.

I always sympathized with the wheelmen in their sweaters, straining every fiber during the terrific sprints—then for mere chicken-feed, although latterly for substantial sums, $100 and up. (A. G. Vanderbilt hung up the record spring prize of $1,000.)

But I had greater sympathy for a team of song pluggers that thumped and sang hour after hour through the racing in the old days. Once I asked one of them—a slim little chap—how on earth he could keep it up in that stuffy place with cigar smoke and disconcerting shouts.

"It's better than biking," he said.

And on a concluding night he came in, brown eyes gleaming, as fresh as if he'd spent three weeks on a health farm.

"I've got a new one for 'em tonight," he told me.

He sang it in a pleasant, though not powerful, voice, while his partner strummed. Impatiently the crowd mocked him. But the same crowd and thousands like it hummed and whistled and danced to that song for years after. It was "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and the singer was Irving Berlin.

The place was filled with humorists, celebrities and sneak thieves. Some fellows used to tie themselves to their cots when they went to sleep to prevent the cots being stolen.

Overcoat snatching was the principal pastime. One year Robert Hilliard, the actor, appeared to start the race. He laid an expensive overcoat on a chair in a box and stepped into the arena to give the signal. When he returned the overcoat was gone. A flourishing business was done in pawn tickets after every six-day race.

Bobby Walthour, George Leander, Harry Elks, Eddie Root, Archie McEachern and Al McLean were the great wheel (*Continued on page 40*)

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Luck

By WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

Illustrated by SAM BROWN

"Tell me about him, kid. Is he a local blossom or an import?"

Sometimes it's important not to pick a winner

LUCKY LOU LARRIGAN awoke, yawned, rolled out of bed and went whistling to the bathroom. The sound of the whistling and the splash of running water aroused Snarly Joe Cook, who occupied the second of the twin beds in the New Orleans hotel room.

"Will you can it?" he yawped. "Where'd you get that canary stuff at sunup?"

"Shake a dog, sap," Lucky Lou caroled from the bathtub.

"Where do you pick that sunup thing? It's been burnin' daylight for many an hour, kid. 'Leven o'clock an' gettin' later. Roll out, fella.. Can't make any money in bed."

"Nor anywhere else at this race meetin'," Snarly Joe grumbled, struggling to a sitting posture and rubbing his eyes. "Can you imagine that bumblefooted Bright Bar in the seventh yest'dy! Out in front by four lengths at the eighth pole an' then folds up like an accordion an' lets Candy Cane nip him by a lip! You know what I think?"

Lucky Lou giggled. "I don't know what you think," he admitted. "I didn't even know you did. You been holdin' out on me, kid."

"Yeah!" Snarly Joe snorted. "Smart."

"Not smart," Lou corrected him gayly. "Lucky."

"Lucky!" Snarly Joe exclaimed. He laughed long and derisively.

"Sure, I'm lucky," Lou Larrigan insisted, standing in the bathroom door as he massaged his long, lean muscular body energetically with a rough bath towel. "I'm thirty-six years old an' never been sick a day in my life. I've had plenty fun. I been playin' the races for the last twelve years an' I—"

"Yah!" Joe snarled. "An' what you got?"

"My health," said Lucky Lou. "My health and $38."

"Yah!" said Snarly Joe. "What you goin' to do if you go out there to the track today an' blow that thirty-eight?"

"Have luck," Lou said assuredly. "Same's I always do. Ring that room service an' get some ham an' eggs, hot rolls an' coffee sent up. I got an appetite."

"Get your clo'es on an' let's go around to a lunch joint," Snarly Joe urged. "We can scoff there for half what it'll stand us here in the hotel. Listen, boy, we took a beatin' yesterday."

"Always fly high when your wing's lame," Lucky Lou said. "Then the boys'll think you got speed an' shoot at some other duck. Order them oats, kid."

LUCKY LOU LARRIGAN came to the races from a Sierra lumber camp. He was twenty-two when he first saw silks in action at the track in Reno, Nev. The woods saw him no more after that. He was a husky, footloose and fancy-free young man accustomed to pampering his desires, and he liked racing from the minute he entered the park. Liking it, he stayed with it. For a year or more he worked around the stables and then got away to a start as a player. He had had the customary ups and downs, but neither state had wrecked him. When he was high in the money he spared himself excessive dissipation, but when he was broke he eschewed worry. Thus, at thirty-six, he was lean and rugged, healthy and happy.

Arrayed only in socks, slippers and sporting underwear, he sat at the little table the waiter wheeled in and attacked his breakfast with joyous gusto.

"How you can lose five grand by a whisker in one race an' then come back in the mornin' an' wolf your bran as if you liked it; 'dunno," Joe grumbled.

"What's five grand?" Lou asked airily, lighting a cigarette and pouring himself a second cup of coffee. "Just a handful o' funny-lookin' paper, kid. That's all. Touch a match to it an' in a couple o' seconds it's nothin' but a pinch of ashes. Why fret about something that fades that fast?"

"Yah!" Snarly Joe jeered. "You can talk! You can't make me believe five grand don't mean nothin' more to you than a whiff o' smoke in a high wind."

"You're right," Lou agreed. "I could never make you believe it. That's just half o' the two reasons why you'll never have five grand, son. Two kinds o' people have plenty dough, sucker: People that know money don't amount to a damn an' people that think nothin' else does. You're neither kind. You like it well enough to worry about it, but not well enough to work for it. You'll never be in the big dough, fella. You'll always be a little hustler with a head full o' worries an' an empty pocket. You were broke when I picked you up in Salt Lake six years ago an' carried you for a couple o' weeks. You were broke in New York the next time I saw you an' I carried you for another spell. You were broke here when I came to town last week an' brought you up here to double with me, an' you'll be broke the next time I see you, whenever an' wherever that is."

"Weren't you ever broke?" Snarly Joe asked.

"Often out o' money," Lou admitted cheerfully, "but never out o' luck. Phone down for the racing sheet an' let's

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have a look at the entries for today. An' while you're about it get that room service an' page another pot o' coffee. I got an appetite this mornin'."

A warm sun in a clear sky. The grand stand filled. The lawn thronged. Lines forming before the seller's windows in the mutuel ring. Fountains playing in the infield. Horses being walked about the paddock. Racing sheet hawkers crying their papers. The voice of Clem McCarthy, the announcer, sounding sonorously from many batteries of amplifiers: "Your attention one moment, please. In the first race No. 2, High Heels, three pounds overweight! Scratch No. 5. The jockey on No. 7, E. Ambrose."

The bugle blew calling the horses to the post for the first race. On the lawn near the judges' stand Lucky Lou stood idly watching the approximate odds board.

"What d'you like, Lou?" an acquaintance asked.

"It's a grab bag," Lou said scornfully. "Just a bonfire for sucker money. Since when do I like anything in a six-furlong maiden scramble? I wouldn't bet a half-smoked cigarette on a thing like this."

"Yeh," the friend agreed. "You're right. Just a bunch o' dogs."

He passed on. Lou started for the grand stand. On the lawn in front of him he saw a shiny copper.

"Lucky penny!" he chortled, stooping to pick it up. "Come, see Papa's pocket."

As he stooped someone bumped into him violently from the rear. Lou straightened up, grinning, turned, and looked into the angry eyes of a fat red-faced man.

"What are you doing?" the red-faced man growled. "Looking for four-leaf clovers?"

"No," Lou said, still grinning. "Huntin' trouble. You seen any?"

The red-faced man bristled. "Why, you insolent pup," he began furiously. "I've a good notion to—"

There was a girl with the red-faced man. She was a slim young thing with timid, dark eyes. She laid a restraining hand on her escort's arm.

"Please!" she begged. "He didn't mean anything, Damon."

"I'll knock his block off!" the big man blustered.

Lou looked at the girl and smiled. "Do you s'pose he could?" he asked mockingly.

THE beginnings of a smile twitched the girl's lips. Her eyes went friendly, and she shook her head ever so slightly.

Lou Larrigan laughed and bowed. "Excuse me for bending where you could bump into me," he begged of the fat man with mock humility.

The fat man swore and moved as if to strike him. The girl caught his arm and held it. Lou laughed again and moved out of reach.

"Evelyn!" the fat man exclaimed angrily.

"Evelyn!" Lou repeated to himself, working through the crowd into the mutuel ring. "Nice name. Nice kid. Wonder who that mutt is she's hooked in with?"

He heard his name called, and turned to see Snarly Joe fighting his way through the crowd toward him.

"I got one," Snarly whispered, panting. "Monty Frayne's goin' to win this one with Top Dog. I just seen him in the paddock after the horses went on the track, an' he give it to me. Told me to slip it to you. Hurry up and set in the checks, Lucky! Top Dog's 15 to 1 in the last line, an' Monty says he's a kick in the pants to take this. He's been runnin' him in the can the last three or four times out, but he's got him fit, an' he's shootin' with him this time. Hurry up!"

Lou chuckled. "Told you I'd have luck," he said. "Monty never slipped me a wrong one yet. Here goes the case thirty-eight pick that Top Dog'll pop down in front."

"Horses have passed the paddock and are on their way to the barrier," the announcer's magnified voice said warningly.

"Hurry up!" Snarly urged. "Don't get shut out."

Lou moved toward the seller's window to buy his tickets on Top Dog. He glanced at his program to make sure of Top Dog's number, and stopped. "Whoa, mare!" he exclaimed. "Hold her, jock! There's a jam on the turn here, fella! We got to take back an' go round."

"'S matter?" Snarly asked anxiously.

"Late info," Lou said. "We're switchin' our bet. See that one? That's where our thirty-eight goes."

Snarly Joe looked at the line on the program indicated by Lou's finger. The filly's name printed there was Lady Evelyn.

"You're crazy!" Snarly yelped. "That thing's 100 to 1 an' she can't run fast enough to beat a one-legged fat man with the rheumatism! Ain't you got any sense?"

"Plenty," Lou assured him, hurrying toward the seller's window as he extracted the thirty-eight from his pocket. "I never let it tout me off my luck, fella. My luck says move in on Lady Evelyn, an' here I go."

THE mutuel clerk grinned when Lou reached the window and called for nineteen $2 tickets on Lady Evelyn to win.

"Since when did you start shootin' at the moon with a popgun?" he inquired.

"It's part of a puzzle," Lou explained. "I do this to make it hard."

"Horses are at the barrier," the announcer said.

The bell rang in the mutuel ring. The shutters on the sellers' windows slammed into place. Late betters scurried for the lawn to watch the start.

"There they go!" the announcer called. "Top Dog was first to break. Silly Sally is second. Alabama Bound is third."

"You crazy sap!" Snarly Joe raged as he and Lou Larrigan hurried across the mutuel ring toward the lawn. "Top Dog's off in the lead, an' he'll towrope that bunch! An' you bet all that's left o' the bankroll on that Lady Evelyn!"

"You're talkin' common sense, an' I'm deaf in that ear," Larrigan caroled. "My luck's leadin', an' I never broke a leg followin' it yet."

THEY reached the lawn and stood atiptoe to see the field just rounding the far turn. Top Dog was in front by four lengths. Alabama Bound and Silly Sally were running second and third, almost neck and neck. Behind them the field, bunched, and three lengths back of the field a horse that seemed to be running for exercise.

"There's your Lady Evelyn!" Snarly screeched.

"So it is," said Lou. "Right where I expected her to be."

Top Dog won by five lengths, and Lady Evelyn came in, her customary bad last.

"Now what are you goin' to do?" Snarly demanded nastily.

"First off I'm goin' to make you a free agent," Lou replied. "I'm goin' to be big-hearted an' give you leave to find some other sucker to keep a bed under your back an' a meal in your middle."

"Yah! You're one o' them fair-weather friends, hey?" Snarly exclaimed.

"That's me," said Lou. "Now I'm pretty near busted, an' all you get out o' me for a while is my best wishes."

"Pretty near busted!" Snarly repeated. "I thought you said that thirty-eight you blew on Lady Evelyn was your last."

Larrigan laughed. "Been holdin' out on you, Snarly," he confessed. He reached in his pocket and drew forth the penny he had found on the lawn. "Them's my family jewels, kid," he went on. "I'm keepin' that handful o' precious gems for my old age. Good-by, kid. Here's hopin' the next one you pick out to sponge on does better by you."

He walked toward the paddock, humming a little tune, fingering the penny he had found, wondering about the fat man with whom he had quarreled and the girl named Evelyn who had exchanged a friendly glance with him.

"Nice kid," he muttered. "Nice name. Good hunch too."

He took out his worthless tickets on Lady Evelyn then and started to tear them. He put them, still untorn, back into his pocket.

"Keep 'em a while," he said to himself. "It was a good hunch. Must mean something. I wonder if that beet-faced old mutt could maybe be her father?"

He still had the penny in his hand when he entered the paddock and met a trainer acquaintance.

"Got one?" he asked, holding up the copper between thumb and forefinger. "Match you for it."

The trainer grinned, matched and lost.

"For two," said Lou. "You're matching me."

Again the trainer lost.

"A nickel or nothing," Lou said. "Got to have one more. Come on. I'm matching you."

Again Lou won.

"Keep away from me," Lou advised the trainer confidentially as he pocketed the five pennies. "It's my lucky day."

He sauntered from the paddock, whistling, and walked around the track to the stables along the back stretch. At the corner of one of the stables he stopped to (*Continued on page 29*)

"Monty Frayne's goin' to win this one with Top Dog. He told me to slip it to you. Hurry up and set in the checks, Lucky!"

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The Manhattan Caverns

By SAX ROHMER

Illustrated by R. L. LAMBDIN

Drake Roscoe matches his wits against the master mind of Great Head Center

She unfastened the silk mask. "I knew you would recognize me," she said. "It was inevitable"

DRAKE ROSCOE wondered why the dream continued. He had passed the stage at which it held complete sway and had come to that phase when one knows one is dreaming, but yet doesn't awaken.

And still the journey continued—down, and down, and down. Thus far the route had been coldly silent, except for that vague, horrible, tongueless babbling which once in a while intruded. But now, from afar off, came echoing a sound of falling water. The descending passage became suddenly very steep, ending in a natural shaft of indeterminable depth.

In this subterranean chimney a zigzag wooden staircase had been constructed.

It was inadequately lighted by electric lamps placed at long intervals. The sound of falling water was becoming louder.

"Wake up!" Roscoe gave himself the unspoken order urgently. "Wake up!"

"On to the ladders!" said a harsh voice.

The dream prevailed. It was extraordinary—uncanny. His wrists, manacled behind him, were very painful.

A grotesquely ugly Negro began to descend ahead of him. And Drake Roscoe followed. For some reason he was unable to look behind him. His curiosity about the owner of the harsh voice died unaccountably. He became passive again—victim of this nightmare dream.

The Negro always some three steps ahead, he passed fifteen landings and stood in a place icily cold—an entrance to a tunnel ending in utter blackness.

PASSIVELY following the Negro, who now cast a ray from a torch along the passage, Roscoe walked to the end of the tunnel and heard footsteps of someone who came behind him without achieving sufficient fixity of purpose to glance back.

A wooden rail barred further progress. The ray of the Negro's torch was lost in the void beyond. The noise of a subterranean cascade was now awesome. Although yet a long way off, it echoed around the seemingly vast cavern upon the edge of which Roscoe stood as a whisper echoes around the dome of a cathedral.

Momentarily, as the Negro turned, the ray of his torch was lowered. It shone upon still, black waters. This was some uncharted, unsuspected, subterranean lake. . . . Where?

"Wake up!"

Drake Roscoe's will struggled to regain charge.

"Wake up!"

"Sit down!" the harsh voice commanded.

Roscoe observed a wooden bench beside the granite wall, and upon this he dropped wearily. But at last he had seen the speaker: a thickset man rather untidily dressed, wearing a black half-mask.

A light sprang up before a small wooden cupboard inset in the granite wall. The masked man opened the cupboard and revealed an outfit similar to a police telephone. It differed in that it possessed twin receivers attached to a headpiece, familiar to listeners-in, and clearly designed to enable the caller to eliminate the sound of falling water.

The headpiece adjusted. "Zone 2 C," said the man. "Standing by in Gallery to report. . . ."

Drake Roscoe started. He twitched savagely at his bonds. He was awake at last!

IN a vault hewn out of the living rock on which New York stands, a natural cavern of dark-green serpentine perfected by the workers of some primitive age, a dim light shone upon the figure of a woman seated behind a long, narrow table.

She was dark and coldly beautiful. She wore a black velvet robe. One slim, perfectly chiseled arm was bare, a movement having thrown back the sleeve. Long, sensitive fingers rested on a keyboard. Upon the index finger of her white, psychic hand a diamond glittered.

In the darkness before her a spot of red light glowed. And now a voice, sounding as though the speaker stood in the vault, announced:

"H. Q."

"Report of Sector Captain covering Commander Drake Roscoe," the woman ordered.

"Report to hand. Sector Captain 1 A 3 reports that Commander Drake Roscoe left apartment at 7:05 and proceeded to house of ex-Governor Bronson. Group Master covering. Timed 7:15. Report ends."

"Report of Group Master covering."

"To hand. Confirms. Commander arrived at Bronson house at 7:15. Timed 7:20. Report ends."

"Report of Chief Chemist."

"To hand. Operating in library, Chief Chemist projected T. N. Vapor, prepared for purpose. Subject became immedi-

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ately unconscious. Chief Chemist employed restoratives and proceeded according to plan. Prisoner, in passive state, handed over to Divisional Chief standing by in Entrance 1. Timed 7:30. Report ends."

The red light glowed steadily throughout two minutes of silence; then:

"Report," directed the woman's cold voice, "of Divisional Chief C."

"To hand. Prisoner taken over from Chief Chemist and removed to car standing by. Driven to Entrance 2. The movement covered by police, but not followed up. Handed over to Zone Officer 2 C. Timed 7:40. Report ends."

"Report of H. Q. Patrol."

"Confirms that of Divisional Chief. Spoke to detective on duty and states that he was satisfied. Timed 7:35. Report ends."

Immediately:

"Put through Zone Officer 2 C to me direct."

"He has already connected and is on the line."

"Disconnect. I will speak to him."

A moment of silence followed.

"Zone 2 C," a harsh voice said.

"Your report."

"Standing by in Gallery," the voice replied. "Commander Drake Roscoe in hand as ordered. Group Master A, Zone X, has acted as guide and is here. Prisoner recovering from effects of treatment by Chief Chemist. Await instructions. Report ends."

The interval between the end of his report and the next order was scarcely perceptible.

"Stand by until Chief Guide arrives," the imperious voice said. "Then report back to Divisional Chief and dismiss. Disconnect."

Another brief interval. Then:

"H. Q.," the nasal tones announced. "Instruct Chief Guide to proceed at once to Gallery and to bring Commander Drake Roscoe to H. Q. Group Master A, Zone X, will assist. Move. Connect Chief Chemist."

The red light died. A blue one came to life.

"Laboratory," a Teutonic voice announced.

ROSCOE remembered. And, as nearly as that indomitable spirit was capable of the effort, resigned himself to defeat!

The episodes leading up to this evil thing which he had dreamed to be a dream stood out starkly before him. He recalled how, conscious at long last of the monstrous purpose of the Zones, he had made sure of the safety of Wilberforce Wright—potential President of the United States—and had hurried to the home of ex-Governor Bronson, Wright's only serious rival.

Great Head Center—the shadowy, unimaginable being operating the Zones—planned to obtain control of the political machinery of the country. Now, on the eve of the election, no prominent politician was safe.

He had been received in the gloomy, old-style mansion where Lew Bronson, last of a once famous family and promising to add final luster to the name, lived in mysterious seclusion.

"Silver tongue," his faction called him. "Red Lew," was the sobriquet coined by his enemies. He had gone far, and millions looked to see him go farther.

He had Mussolinian qualities which delighted his supporters and frightened his opponents. He was the stormy petrel of American politics. But his backing for the Presidency was formidable.

Roscoe was ushered into a vast book-lined library, shadowed, and impressive by reason of its family associations.

Lewis Bronson he had never met. He ly knew him by name and in appearance through the medium of the illustrated newspapers. The real man surprised him.

He was seated behind a big table—a smallish figure, having scanty red hair, pallid complexion and colorless eyelashes. But his magnetic, dark eyes were the eyes of a conqueror. And when he rose to greet his visitor Roscoe's heart seemed to miss a beat.

Given dark hair and a different complexion, Lew Bronson would have been the double of Napoleon Bonaparte. So much granted, Lew Bronson. . . . But at this point Roscoe's brain had reeled.

Perhaps he had betrayed himself. He would never know—now. Perhaps, in their subsequent conversation—no word of which he could recall—he had spoken unguardedly. . . .

As the Negro turned, the ray of his torch was lowered. It shone upon still black waters

In either event he had been right! The incredible was true! But he would never live to proclaim it!

Ex-Governor Bronson was Head Center!

How he had been put to sleep memory refused to reveal. He could recall no attack. He had taken no drink. He was not smoking. He had just been sitting talking to Bronson and trying to behave naturally, diplomatically, in the presence of this monster whose maniacal ambition threatened to bring destruction upon the United States when—a blank came.

Now, in a huge primeval cavern, beneath the world's newest great metropolis, five, ten, fifteen minutes passed. Only the deathless echo of falling water carried on relentlessly—ghastly because of its monotony; because it seemed to have been repeating itself not for hundreds, not for thousands, but for millions of years.

The man who had spoken on the telephone in the cabinet had returned, seating himself beside Roscoe. He had extinguished the light. The hideous Negro sat on the other side of the prisoner. Both of his guards held him firmly. His wrists were handcuffed behind him. And the darkness was like that of the Pit.

Then—a tiny speck a vast way off—a light appeared.

Almost imperceptibly it came nearer, until it revealed granite walls, irregular, monstrous, rearing up into great pools of shadow—still, black water below.

Along a narrow path—a mere ledge above this prehistoric lake—a man appeared carrying a torch.

His was a wild, disheveled figure; his gray hair a mane; his beard long and matted. And he cried out as he walked, seemingly addressing an unseen company.

The light of his torch as he approached shone upward and downward. Sometimes its rays were lost in unexplorable shadows above. Sometimes it glittered on the tideless water beneath.

Perilous though the path appeared to be, this wild creature walked it confidently, coming at last to the narrow rock gallery with its protecting wooden rail.

"Greetings, little lord!" he cried.

The vagaries of the light as he had approached were now explained when the masked man shot a sudden ray into the bearded face. The staring blue eyes were sightless. The torch was evidently intended to assist those whom he led. For the Guide was blind.

"Zone 2 C," said the masked man sternly, "take this prisoner to Headquarters. Group Master A goes with you. Move."

He heaved Roscoe to his feet.

"Follow," he added grimly, "because if you get lost down here you'll never be found."

He turned away. Roscoe heard his receding footsteps echoing along the tunnel leading to the ladders to the world above. Then the sound was swamped by the song of that distant cataract.

He was alone in the bowels of the rock with a blind madman and a hideous Negro whom he had recognized, in the one glimpse obtained since sanity had returned, to be a deaf mute.

"I'M NOT satisfied," Ned Regan declared explosively. "I can't forget what happened to you, Mr. Burke, not so long ago. You stepped around to this very office and signed an order for the release of as big a bunch of electrics as was ever roped in!"

Deputy Commissioner Burke swung back in his chair, staring up at the speaker.

"Sure, I did," he growled. "I was full of hop, Ned, though how they'd loaded me I can't make out. But what's the link, anyway?"

"I rather gather," said Dr. Stopford, the third man in the commissioner's room, "that Regan, although he saw Roscoe come out of the Bronson abode and drive off with some bloke unknown, isn't satisfied that he's safe."

"Well," cried Regan, "where has he gone? Why doesn't he report back? Answer me that."

"Commander Roscoe," Burke replied sourly, "is in charge of state operations against the Zone group. It's no part of his job to report to you—or to me. This crazy idea of yours about Bronson is giving you a temperature."

"Likely enough," Regan growled. "But when you remember that Solke, your own right-hand man, was one of the bunch—and Partington and a few more—why not Bronson—"

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He was interrupted by a knock.

"Come in," Burke called.

Police Captain Markham came in.

"No news of Commander Roscoe," he reported.

Burke swung round and glared.

"Has Mr. Bronson moved out?"

"No, Chief—not all evening!"

"Listen," Ned Regan broke in—"just to oblige *me*—call at the Bronson home and insist on seeing Lew Bronson. Say you're anxious about his safety."

"What's gained?" Burke asked.

"I'll be satisfied," Regan told him, "if Bronson is there."

"You've got me guessing," Burke confessed.

"Like enough. But I'm open to lay a thousand dollars to one that Bronson *isn't* there!"

"He was seen to go in, Mr. Regan," Markham said, "and hasn't come out."

"Then go and talk to him!"

Burke turned again to Markham.

"Do as Mr. Regan suggests," he ordered. "Daly can take over in your absence. Use what brains you've got and be back quick."

"Any other instructions?"

"Sure. Start!"

Police Captain Markham started.

THE nightmare journey was ended. So that the vault in which Drake Roscoe found himself no longer had power to excite his amazement.

Hewn out of living rock, it was roughly oval in shape. The rock was dark-green serpentine, so dark that it appeared black, having been refined to a glossy surface.

A natural column upheld the roof. It was exquisitely fashioned to resemble a date palm, and on the vaulted ceiling it expanded six geometrical branches which swept gracefully upward, dropped downward upon its walls and were caught up and supported by six slender pillars. There were arched doorways to right and left of the pillar. Another, larger opening gave upon the eastern end of the vault.

In this opening Roscoe stood, manacled.

In a high-backed Spanish chair, ornamented with stamped leather, behind a long table, a woman sat watching him.

She wore a black, medieval robe and a silk halfmask.

Somewhere behind Roscoe in the blackness of the rock passage the deaf mute was standing. The woman spoke.

"Commander Roscoe," she said, "I expressed a hope a year ago that some day we might meet. I added that I trusted I should win. Do you remember?"

"Clearly," Roscoe answered. "It was my first introduction to X Radio."

"My hope is realized, don't you think, fully?"

"It looks that way."

There was a short but very eloquent silence.

"If I have your wrists freed," the woman went on, "will you give me your word to attempt no violence?"

"No," said Roscoe promptly.

The masked woman smiled.

"You have nothing to gain. No man, unguided, could find his way under those falls and around the lake."

"I agree with you," he answered quickly, "But there must be another way . . . Duchess!"

He had counted on this stroke: the expression on his brown face betrayed the fact. He was tensed up as he watched for its effect. In that green light he seemed unnaturally pale. He was of a type which never looks disheveled, nevertheless he was not his usual spruce self.

The effect he looked for did not come. Momentarily he doubted—wondered—questioned. . . .

Then the woman stood up, walked around the end of the table and faced him. She dropped the medieval robe and unfastened the silk mask.

Beneath her robe she wore a simple sea-green gown which sheathed her statuesque figure like a serpent's skin. Her arms and shoulders were of ivory whiteness. Her long, unfathomable eyes looked into his.

"I knew you would recognize me," she stated calmly. "It was inevitable."

This was a night of revelations.

Great Head Center was the *Duchesse de Guise!*

"I suppose," said Roscoe, and laughed dryly, "I am privileged because my hours are numbered?"

The duchess leaned back against the table, resting her slender hands upon its edge.

"You can make your own choice," she answered softly. "I have a goal upon which I keep my eyes steadily fixed. You have tempted me to glance aside. I am strong. So are you. Together, we should be unassailable."

Roscoe stared; met her unwavering look—and understood.

"Thanks," he said, but not mockingly. "Let's talk about something else."

"Drake Roscoe," she said, "you are a brave man and a clever one. But this is your Waterloo. Why not make the best of it?"

"I must try to," he returned, and she said intensely, "I had never met a man I could *respect*, until I met you. Does this confession interest you?"

Roscoe's unflinching regard encountered the challenge of dark eyes which had never known defeat. It was a clashing of cutlass and rapier.

"It does," he said. "You are a very bad but a very wonderful woman. Your respect is an honor."

The *Duchesse de Guise* watched him unwaveringly as he spoke. Her expression never once betrayed her.

A speck of red light glowed on the pillar above Roscoe's head.

"H. Q.," said a nasal voice. "Head Center is here."

The duchess turned to Roscoe.

"As I have an important conference," she said, "I must give you an hour's leisure to consider your plans for the future."

She went behind the table and touched a button on a switchboard.

"In one year from tonight," said the duchess softly, "I shall control the greatest empire in history . . . the American empire! You may share it if you wish. Think over your decision."

"BRONSON wouldn't see me, Chief," Police Captain Markham reported.

"Is he home?"

"Sure, he's home. But he's locked in his library with orders not to be disturbed."

"I knew it!" Regan shouted.

Burke took up a telephone.

"Send Captain Daly," he directed, and replaced the receiver.

He turned to Markham.

"Go out and get Judge Walsingham," he ordered tersely. "Chase him, if he's from home, but *get* him, and put him through to me, here."

Markham hurried from the room, colliding with Police Captain Daly, who was hurrying in.

"Daly," Burke went on without pause, "take a raid squad and go to ex-Governor Bronson's and demand to see him. He isn't President yet. He's a plain citizen. If you're refused, smash the library door. But you don't have to come back till you've *seen Bronson!* Got it clear?"

"All clear, Chief."

"Wait for Powers. Report to me, here, before you start."

"Very good, Chief."

"Beat it. Get busy."

Dr. Stopford busily burnished his monocle.

"Good work," he murmured—"clean, sparklin' work.". . .

Drake Roscoe looked around him. He was in a small cave, quite untouched by artifice, except that a heavy oak framework had been fitted to the entrance and a stout door set in. This door he knew to be bolted.

The place was furnished with a table, a stool and a divan with mattresses. It was lighted by an electric bulb higher than a man could reach even by standing on the table. Clearly enough he was not the first occupant.

Twelve feet up in one wall was a ragged opening.

Roscoe's handcuffs had been removed by the tongueless Negro who had escorted him to the place. At the moment of release from their torment he had weighed chances. His numbed arms and useless hands had decided the issue. He must wait.

He dropped down on the divan. His pipe and tobacco were still in his pocket. And now, the agony in his arms having passed and his muscles being restored again to normal, he lighted a pipe and began to think.

"Boss!"

Roscoe started, taking his pipe from between his teeth.

"Lieutenant!"

He jumped to his feet and looked up.

A bearded face protruded from the opening above! It was that of the blind Guide. . . .

"Yes?" said Roscoe sharply, ashamed of his panic.

"You don't recall me, sir. I didn't know, not when we was comin'! My eyes is gone and you never spoke. Besides, there's times when I'm cuckoo, an' all! But I'm Tom Flynn, sir, that was bo'sun in the old Corcoran. . . ."

"The Corcoran!" Roscoe exclaimed, and stared up into the sightless eyes. "Flynn! By Gad it *is!* Flynn! Flynn! Can you get me out?"

"As easy as kiss me hand! But if ye should note me goin' cuckoo just slug me in the ribs, Lieutenant dear. Hoof up the wall. Here's a line."

THE end of a rope dropped at Roscoe's feet. He dashed out the smoldering tobacco from his pipe and put the briar in his pocket. Fiercely he massaged his wrists, still numb from long confinement. Then, grasping the rope and using his feet on the irregular wall, he went up, hand over hand.

In the narrow tunnel above he grasped Tom Flynn's hard fist.

"God bless you!" he said. "What are you doing here with this gang?"

"It isn't that I'm with the gang, sir," Flynn replied, and his voice was infinitely pathetic. "But they've taken my caves and I love them. I know every inch of them. There's supposed to be no way through here! But here we are! They think they know all. But there's miles and miles of wonder, sir, they've never seen—and never will see. The woman is here tonight. I don't mind the woman. But the prize swine of the bunch is here too. Him I've marked—and me time will come! . . ."

"Who d'you mean?"

"They call him Head Center, Lieutenant. There's a god in these caves. He lives under the big falls. And he's told me that Head Center—"

Roscoe banged his fist into Flynn's ribs.

"Talk sense, Flynn!" he ordered. "You're going cuckoo."

Flynn breathed deeply, rolling sightless eyes.

"Right you are, sir!" he said. "You saved me, you did. I *was* goin' again! What was I talkin' about? Oh, sure, Head Center has to go back tonight around the lake. There's trouble at Entrance No. 1."

"But how can I get out, Flynn?"

"Havin' heard the trouble about Entrance No. 1, sir—I hear everything that's said (*Continued on page 36*)

And so to Bedlam

A story about the men and women who manipulate Broadway's lights, by a famous author who knows the strange fascinating world of the theatre

SAMUEL MERWIN

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

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The Glamorous Lady

For a moment she thought about it and smiled as if she were touched

A Short Short Story

By KATHERINE BRUSH

Illustrated by JEROME UHL

THE last letter in the little pile on the corner of the breakfast tray was a buff-colored letter, plump and stiff and square and from a man. Obviously from a man. Over the delicate gilded rim of her morning coffee cup the actress regarded it casually. It bore two stamps and had been mailed at New Haven.

The coffee was too hot to drink. The actress set the cup down—*klink*—in the shining saucer and patted her lips with a lace-edged napkin. She picked up the letter, opened it, glanced at the first page, turned to the final (the seventh) one, and examined the signature. "Brock Henderson."

Below this, at the side, was written, 922 Yale Station, April third." The actress smiled slightly. A *young* man.

Settling herself more comfortably into the pillows heaped high at her back, she began to read:

"Please," (no other salutation) "PLEASE" (printed large) "don't think I'm the sort of apple who does this sort of thing. I mean habitually. Cross my heart, I never wrote a mash note before in my life; I never dreamed of writing one; I never could see how anybody could be such an ass. But that, as the movie titles would say, was before You came.

"Remember the night you played in New Haven last October, before your show opened in New York? That was the night. I was the fellow breathing hard in the fourth row on the aisle. The fellow who had to be nudged by his roommate when it was time to stop clapping. I never had seen you before, you see, and I felt—but that's nobody's business. The point is that ever since then I've had just three things on my mind; and one is you, and another is you, and the third is you."

HERE page one ended. The actress thumbed it aside and slid it under the last page. Holding the letter in her left hand on the satin puff that covered her, she stirred her coffee and tasted a spoonful speculatively. And put the spoon down.

She read on:

"Of course I know it's an old, old story. Maybe you're yawning. Probably you are. But I can't help telling you anyway. . . ."

He had, it appeared, seen her play over and over again since October. Every week-end he could get off he came to New York and saw it. And once (there were two full pages about this) he had watched her emerge from the stage door after a performance and get into her car and drive away. She had worn "a white fur wrap like a snowdrift," and she had looked "even more marvelous" off the stage than on.

He had wanted terribly to speak to her, to say *something*—but he hadn't dared. "You might have thought me merely fresh, and I couldn't have stood that."

He devoured everything about her he could find in the papers and magazines; every news note, every interview. He knew what her apartment looked like, what cigarettes she smoked. He knew that, for all her fame, she was "hardly more than a kid—about my age," and somehow he got a tremendous kick out of that.

He knew her life, her glittering life, and the things of it: the parties, the perfumes, the flowers, the flattery. She was to him a gay and golden person, born to laugh and dance and to be loved. "An orchid person—if that isn't too trite. Exquisite and exotic and rare."

This part of the letter forgot flippancy, neglected self-ridicule. It was painfully in earnest. The meticulous handwriting of the first page or two hurried now, went tumbling along, as if, once loosed, it could *not stop itself*.

"I don't suppose I'll ever really meet you. Optimistic as I am about most things in life, I can't honestly hope ever to bridge the illimitable chasm that lies between a girl like you and a boy like me. Some fellows would manage it, I know, but I haven't the ingenuity to think up a way, and, besides, I wouldn't want to risk your indifference. Or your amusement.

"But whether or not I ever meet you—you belong to me, sort of. You're part of my life, and the things I do, and the things I dream. You're in music and in moonlight. When I'm kissing somebody I shut my eyes, and you're there. The *glamour* of you. I suppose that's what I'm in love with. Nothing ever can take that away from me.

"I'm not going to read this over, because I know if I do I won't send it. . . ."

The actress folded the pages slowly and laid the letter above her other mail. For a moment she thought about it; her lips curved a little, in a smile that was sweetly soft, as if she were touched.

Then she forgot it.

She drank her coffee and lit a thin imported cigarette. She had ceased to smile. Her face was serious now, absorbed, the forehead puckered with a frown.

Presently she took a silver pencil from the taboret beside the bed and the letter from the top of the pile. With heedless, hasty fingers she ripped a strip off it, and on the blank side she scribbled:

Shower curtains
Dish towels
New cord elec. iron
Socks, shirts, pantie-waists Pinky. . . .

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Living till it Hurts

By SINBAD

IF WE could only dissuade the serious students from studying how to make a living, the problem of What's Wrong With Our Colleges? would be solved.

"NOW that we have seen so much," said the Commander of the Faithful, "would it be impertinent to inquire just how many things are wrong with the American college?"

The president of Southern Reserve stared. All that day he had been acting as personal guide to His Majesty in our tour of the campus, and from the first the Successor of the Prophet had expressed warm approval of everything he saw.

It was now the late afternoon and we were returning from the baseball field where Southern Reserve had once more taken the measure of its ancient rival, Sonora State, by a score of 11 to 4.

No one on the campus wastes time in study

"Your Majesty believes that our schools of higher learning are not all they should be?" said the president of Southern Reserve.

"Well, naturally," said the Caliph. "I have been long enough in your country and I am sufficiently acquainted with your press to know that concerning every one of your American institutions it is one's duty to ask, What is Wrong With It, and Whither Are We Drifting?

They Don't Learn to Live

"IN THE case of the colleges the thing is obvious. Your young men throng to the colleges by the hundreds of thousands. Your buildings are many and handsome. Your endowments, as you have told me, multiply by leaps and bounds. Your playgrounds teem with vibrant and joyous young life, as we have just had occasion to note. Consequently there must be something radically wrong with your colleges."

The president of Southern Reserve nodded emphatically.

"There is, there is," he said. "Our colleges do too much to train the student for making a living and not enough to train him for life. It is a thought which I have been turning over in my mind for my next baccalaureate address, of which I shall be happy to send you a copy."

The Caliph bowed with true Oriental courtesy.

"Be assured," he said, "that I shall treasure it highly. I shall keep it on my desk between the Koran and the Maxims of Hafiz. That you prepare your students for making a living is obvious. I recall the Physics building, and the Cream-Separator Institute, and the Laboratory of Dynamic Salesmanship, and the School of Applied Millinery and Sport Dress Design."

The president of Southern Reserve looked up in a glow of pardonable pride.

"We have the finest university plant east of the Mississippi," he said.

"Beyond doubt," said the Caliph. "And I am certain that when your students leave you they are assured of an excellent livelihood in the trades and professions. But whether they have been equipped for the understanding and management and enjoyment of life—"

"That is the difficulty," cried the professor of Malay philology as distinguished from the president of Southern Reserve. "We are not training our young men for the proper utilization of leisure; and leisure has come to us in overwhelming quantities as the result of national prosperity and the progress of mechanical inventions. No, Majesty, we do not prepare our young men for life."

The Caliph nodded thoughtfully.

Many Do Not Belong

"UNLESS," he said, "this magnificent spectacle on the baseball field which we have just witnessed—"

"Ah," said the professor of Malay philology; and I attribute his disregard of etiquette to his limited experience with royalty. "There we have another thing that is wrong with our colleges; the exaggerated emphasis on athletics. It grieves me to state, Your Majesty, that our young men display a much heartier interest in their games than in their studies."

From my position diagonally behind the Commander of the Faithful I saw his eyebrows lift slightly and his lips frame a question; but the Counsel on Public Relations interrupted.

"The president has spoken truth," he said. "In nearly all the colleges the salary of the football coach is three times the salary of the professor of medieval history up to the Fall of Constantinople."

The Caliph looked inquiringly at the president.

"Of course," said the latter, "there is this much to be said: We have only half a dozen football coaches, and we have 300 professors, and a football coach must produce results. Nevertheless, it is as your well-informed subordinate has just stated. Athletic salaries are much higher than academic salaries. We must deal with a flood of young men who come to college for the primary purpose of having a good time. Many come for the social prestige that attaches to a college education. A great many men in college—I am speaking, of course, in confidence—do not belong here. Either they are wanting in serious purpose or often, I am sorry to say, they lack the requisite degree of intelligence."

"Luminescence," said the Counsel on Public Relations, "90 per cent of the American people have a mental age far below the average."

"Has that fact been duly established?" said the Caliph.

"Repeatedly," said the Counsel on Public Relations. "Every little while in the magazine and in the special-features section of the Sunday papers."

The Caliph smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"They will soon be proving," he said, "that 90 per cent of American men are below the average height. But that is not the point. I was wondering, Your Excellency"—this to the president of Southern Reserve—"whether some of the things which you describe as being wrong with the colleges might not turn out to be the remedy and the answer to other things that are wrong. To begin with, you have, you have told me, a faculty of 1,200 whose salaries are such that we may truthfully speak of them as having been educated for life rather than for making a living. But what is more important, of course, is the students. In the great majority they are not interested in study and are very much taken up with athletics and other diversions—we may safely say 75 per cent of the total enrollment.

"I fail to discern a reason for your profound depression of spirit. If every one of your students came to college with the firm determination to get all he could out of his studies you would have ample reason for complaining that they are being taught to make a living, but their preparation for leisure has obviously been enormous."

"We have a good many earnest students, Your Majesty," said Prexy.

"I know. Your engineers, your doctors and your men of law are second to none in the world but they come from the 25 per cent of serious students. You must devise a method for discouraging the serious students from studying. You will then have nobody on the campus wasting his time in learning how to make a living. Your student body will be 100 per cent engaged in preparing for life and the ultilization of leisure. And may I suggest that you seem to be well on the way to perfecting a method for the universal discouragement of serious study?"

"How, Your Majesty?"

"By the salaries you pay your professors," said the Caliph.

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Down the Line

Walter Scott Shinn

The late Theodore Roosevelt with two of his grandchildren, the children of Dr. and Mrs. Richard Derby. Mrs. Derby was Ethel Roosevelt. On the right is the engaging countenance of Paulina Longworth, another Roosevelt grandchild

© Harris & Ewing

Walter Scott Shinn

The late ex-President with his grandchild and namesake, son of Teddy, Jr. (Left) Mr. and Mrs. Archie B. Roosevelt and their three children in their garden

Bachrach

Below: Interrupted in his reading Lyon Gardiner Tyler, II, grandson of President John Tyler and Julia Gardiner, his second wife

Bachrach

Pach Bros.

Right: Princess Cantacuzene was another White House baby. She was born there when her grandfather, Ulysses S. Grant, was President

Left, above: Named for his noted grandfather is James Garfield, attorney, of Cambridge, Mass. His father, Dr. Harry A. Garfield, is president of Williams College. Mrs. John Preston Comer, left, is a granddaughter of President Garfield

Depheimer

Above: William Henry Harrison, Jr., is a lawyer in Indianapolis. His grandfather, Benjamin Harrison, was twenty-third President of the United States

Walter Scott Shinn

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Some grandchildren of the Presidents. Can you see family resemblances?

Left: The only living ex-President of the United States and his ten grandchildren. They are the children of Robert A. Taft, Charles Phelps Taft and Helen Taft Manning

Donat Girard

Sydney H. Wood

Above: Marion Frances, 8, and Philippa Ruth Bosanquet, 7, of Gainford, County Durham, England. Their mother, the former Esther Cleveland, granddaughter of President Cleveland, married an Englishman

© Harris & Ewing

Kinder-graph

Grandsons of President Rutherford B. Hayes. Dalton Hayes (right) served with the old 69th N. Y. during the World War. He was wounded severely during the Argonne fighting. On his return to this country he was graduated from Princeton. These four brothers, Sherman, Scott, Walter and Webb Hayes, are also grandsons of the former President

© Harris & Ewing

Kindergraph

And here we have (left) Mary Faith McAdoo at 7, (left above) Ellen Wilson McAdoo when she was 12, Woodrow Wilson Sayre (above) and Eleanor Axson Sayre, and Francis Bowes Sayre, Jr. They're all grandchildren of the late Woodrow Wilson

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Quinta's eyes lit radiantly as she sprang up: "Billy McCrae at last!"

By CHARLES

Illustrated by

Finding himself castle Vanished long chance to

The Prince

HE MUST cut ahead of her somehow. The truth, that was it. Tell the truth in such a way that no one would believe him nor believe her after he had uttered it. He doubled his grin at the row of down-looking faces.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we thank you. Permit me to present my charming colleague, the marvelous Galli-Curci, singing in disguise. And I—need I say it? I am Vanished Valdez."

They laughed and threw more coins. On Ann Wrex's face all the enigma had swept suddenly back.

Oh, it was time to move on. . . .

No one had noticed the storm's approach. It was suddenly there, in a smother of warm drops. All was now umbrellas, women with newspapers over their hats, and a panic for shelter with none in sight. Quinta wailed, "*My dress*," and he flung her his coat. A sedgy opening promised a backwater and probably trees. He poled through.

A sort of houseboat, weather-beaten, shuttered, seen through gray rain. Any port in a storm, with water trickling down one's neck. The door was locked but a baby could have picked it with a hairpin. He flung it open. Quinta jumped past him with held-up skirts and long stockings.

The boat was small. There was a saloon, about as large as a pocket with sofa berths, an oil stove and a writing gallery, where everything slid or folded into something else. Next to that came a nutshell cabin with two bunks, one recently slept in, and a man's things strewn about. Quinta sighed relief as she saw them. "Good, no women! I can handle a he even if *he* does come back. But I don't think he will—do you?"

Valdez asked, "How the dickens should I know?" and she peered into the galley.

"You might *say* it, anyhow. Well, we may as well be hung for sheep as for lambs, and I'm starving. Let's see—bread, butter, milk, honey, jam, ham, and—oh, glory—tea! Bring in the luggage. Give me my black bag, light that stove thing and put the kettle on while I make myself decent." She caught up a pair of trousers from the bunk and measured the waist. "Not more than thirty inches—he's *young*, anyhow—though they aren't always the easiest—hurry up. . . ."

The rain pattered pitilessly outside. Valdez cast about for some clue to the boat's owner. On the desk was a pile of manuscript, and he turned it over.

THE PHENOMENA OF SLEEP
By
J. B. Bernadot, M. A. Oxon. F. R. S., F. R. G. S., Etc. Formerly Associate Assistant to the late Sir Mannister Hope, P. R. S.

Valdez knew that last name now. It was that of the father to the girl in the photograph. He read eagerly on:

"Synopsis Part 2. The Profound Sleep state (review distinctions already made between *profound* and *dream* sleep). *Résumé* of researches at the Sorbonne 1903-7. M. H.'s lecture to Royal Society 1911. Experiments in India, 1920-21. Quote Lajeune's paper before French Academy on 'Beneath the Subconscious.' M. H.'s controversy with Freud.

"Illustration—radio an inert machine, its value being its negative receptiveness. Turn screw and all the unseen vibrations invisibly present come to audible sound through it. Universe mass of electric vibrations. Man a machine of infinite delicacy and receptivity—trouble is to get them negative enough. Tide of sleep rolling eternally round the earth. One third of world perpetually sunk in sleep. Deep Sleep a state of complete negativeness—"

Then Quinta called from the galley: "Tea's ready, praise be."

THAT commissariat was a wreck before they spoke again. Quinta pushed away her plate, sighed, and said, "Who was that woman who scared you so? It's no use putting on that blank air—you know perfectly well who I mean. The one on the houseboat who turned shirty when she saw you with me."

Valdez stared back in brazen denial. "I haven't a notion what—"

"Oh, you haven't?" Quinta's eyes narrowed at him. "Then I'll tell you myself. It was Ann Wrex, the newspaper cat—she interviewed me when I was a twinkling star, and showed her nasty claws too."

"Well, if you knew—" he began.

"You seem to choose the weirdest females," she sniffed. "First the sleep girl and then that cat woman—"

"How can I help knowing of them if they're so famous?" he demanded.

"You needn't throw that at me. I was nearly famous too, only—"

She cupped her chin in her hands, looking at him in sudden weariness. "All I want is a couple of quid to pay my fare to Penzance. I'm beaten, and I'll admit it and crawl back to Tregannock. Heaven knows I ached for it enough, last winter in that awful house. . . . The blue skies, the soft rain, the yellow jasmine at Christmas, the first daffodils in February springing up under the fuchsia trees. . . . There are two men down there, too, who want to marry me. One's a baronet, so I can be 'my lady' if I want to."

"You mean you'd quit the stage?"

The Story Thus Far:

VALDEZ, really Mike Byrne, born in Brooklyn, N. Y., son of a fortune teller, has become a disappearing artist and handcuff expert. Ann Wrex, newspaper reporter, interviews him at the Imperial Theatre in London, where he is playing. He tells her about himself, confessing to her that he is disguised while playing to avoid recognition outside.

After she goes a Mr. Niklaus, secretary of Sir Helios Cordato, mystery millionaire, the man who has suddenly gained control of radio broadcasting in England, is ushered in.

Sir Mannister Hope had made phenomenal radio discoveries but refused to reveal them because the public scoffed at his belief in Deep Sleep. After his death his daughter, Brenda, kept his secret.

Brenda, against the wishes of Professor Bernadot, her father's assistant, is now, under the direction of Lady Wallingford, giving performances in public of this Deep Sleep, during which she answers any questions asked except those which she has willed herself not to. She wills herself not to answer any questions about her father's radio discoveries although Lady Wallingford, on behalf of the British Government, is trying to find out the secret.

Niklaus asks Valdez to disappear from his packing box on the stage after his performance and not return until he has discovered Brenda's secret. Valdez agrees. He goes to one of Brenda's performances but it is stopped in the middle because word has come from Ann Wrex that Valdez has disappeared, leaving in his dressing-room a newspaper picture of Brenda.

Valdez, unseen, hears this news and hears that Lady Wallingford suspects the Cordato crowd and then slips out to his rooming house. After a few days here a designing woman holds him up and she and her cronies get all but a few pounds away from him. Then one evening the housemaid comes into his room, turns out to be Quinta Pell, a musical comedy actress, down on her luck, and tells Valdez that the owner of the rooming house has let him get behind on the rent so as to have him in her power.

They escape together and that afternoon, wearing masks, they go busking (mysterious musicianing) on the Thames in a stolen boat. They row near one houseboat on which are sitting the Countess of Wallingford, the prime minister of England and Ann Wrex who recognizes Valdez and is about to betray him.

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SAXBY

HARRY BURNE

near the enemy's Valdez takes a win to his goal of Escape

"No, it isn't Billy McCrae, and you blighting well know it"

"I didn't have to, old dear. The stage quit first."

"And you'd *marry?*"

Valdez wondered why he should so disapprove.

"Don't be a quitter. Perhaps if you wait—"

"Wait where?" Quinta steadily asked. "Wait in another beastly Bloomsbury house until another man—"

Her lips remained parted for speech, but the words had died upon them. Valdez followed her suddenly tragic gaze, and froze to immobility. The door had opened, and from it a man looked in on them in cool, scornful amusement which proclaimed him the houseboat's rightful owner.

VALDEZ could see the picture they must present to the eyes of that man in the doorway.

Emptied dishes, Quinta with her cigarette, her hair still variegated by oxeye daisies! Himself, with that green sash, and the operatic mask he had forgotten to remove! Then Quinta's eyes lit radiantly as she sprang up with welcoming hands.

"Billy McCrae, at last! We've been waiting ever so long for you, and it took us ages to find your old boat too. Wasn't in the least where you told us it would be, and—and—oh—it isn't—you aren't—"

The intruder merely grinned on in adamantine fashion.

"No. It isn't Billy McCrae, and you blighting well know it."

He stepped into the saloon, dripping rain water. A compactly built fellow of perhaps thirty-five, pleasantly, even attractively, ugly, in a clean, rather powerful, purely English manner. There was about him too a certain innate distinction which not even those plastered white flannels could hide.

"That was well done, my dear. I admit that I really ought to be fooled on it. Infernally stupid of me, and all that sort of thing, not to be. But—"

Shivering violently under his wet clothes, he slammed the door and leaned against it, seeming to find amusement in their blank dismay.

"You see, entirely too many strangers have been poking round me of late. My diggings in Berners Street, my laboratory out in Notting Hill, have both been entered and all my papers gone over with a microscope. And in the last week down here on this boat several different kinds of people have tried several different kinds of dodges to get in."

"D'you imagine that we—" Valdez began, but the other checked him.

"Oh, I'll admit that you two are far and away the best looking of them, as yet. Probably that's why they chose you. But I'm getting a bit fed up with being an object of interest to the powers that be. So I wish you'd tell me straight out: do you come from the Wallingford crowd or from the Aërial Syndicate?"

Quinta's amazement was genuine, of course. But even Valdez' stage-hardened face wasn't quite proof against that surprising shot.

"I'm J. B. Bernadot, of course," he was going on. "I don't blame our friends, whichever side it is you represent. Times are hard since the war, and a few millions would come in awfully handy to anybody these days."

"If you'll kindly furnish a map of what you're talking about—" Quinta sighed; Bernadot nodded approval at her.

"Splendid, my dear; I like the way you keep it up. Go on like that and I'll almost believe you weren't sent here to search my boat for a possible clue to the hiding place of Sir Mannister Hope's radio invention."

Bernadot shivered again until the door shook behind him, and Quinta took a hand.

"I don't know what you're talking about, but I do know you're catching a most frightful chill. Go and get off those wet things. You can send for the police just as well in dry clothes."

"Look here," Valdez cut in, "we are just a couple of vaudeville people—music-hall artists you'd call us over here. We were out of a job and utterly strapped, so we went singing on the river. It began to rain, we saw this boat and—"

"You broke into it for shelter," Bernadot finished for him. "My good egg, you tell it splendidly. But you shouldn't have jumped when I mentioned the Aërial Syndicate."

"Oh," Valdez groaned, "I'll just have to tell you the truth and take the consequences. The fact is—"

Once more Bernadot was unshakably ahead of him.

"Now don't—please don't spoil it all by confessing that you are really Vanished Valdez."

EVEN truth would be useless now, Valdez saw; the very facts would only confirm him as a liar. Bernadot shivered again, suddenly gray-white. Quinta turned to the galley. "I'm going to make you some hot tea."

"Have burglars kind hearts after all?" Bernadot asked. Then that hard humor broke: he might have fallen but for the door behind him, as he blinked in grave warning.

"The little lady's right. I shouldn't have got wet. . . . Beastly malaria coming back on me, and the Indian ghats have a virulent brand of it too. . . . I'm going to be infernally unpleasant company. Generally I go out of my head—I'd advise you two to clear out. . . . Just help me to my bunk, and send in a doctor. . . . The drugs are in that cabinet. . . ."

He swayed forward, his skin striking a shocking heat on Valdez' arms. His legs crumpled under him, and he lurched unconscious into the berth. Back in the galley again, Valdez faced Quinta.

"That guy's sick," he announced.

"D'you suppose I didn't see that? If you'd been one of a doctor's thirteen— A *nice* mess you've got us into," she finished.

"Why, I never—"

"Perhaps you think I didn't notice that sleep girl's picture over his bed," she accused. "The one you were mooning over in front of that theatre this morning! No, you needn't *explain.* We'll just call it a *very* remarkable coincidence." She banged pans to drown reply, and gave orders: "You get him into bed, and then I'll come."

The rain had increased with the dark, lashing relentlessly down. A clock coughed, then struck two, and the sound echoed hollowly in Valdez' brain. Exactly twenty-four hours since he had first met Quinta! It was strange how merely meeting someone will sometimes change things. Quinta, at least, had trailed sufficient events in her wake.

Now he sat, propping his eyes open by sheer will, listening to the stream of incoherencies which this Bernadot was babbling.

"Mannister Hope—Mannister Hope—you'll never dare tell that to the world. . . . Deep Sleep the basis of all knowledge. . . . Oh, they'll wreck you if you announce it. . . ."

The words went ceaselessly, tonelessly on, like the audible clicking of the fever films revolving in the fellow's brain—broken memories of years that now raced by on the minutes.

"Don't try to tell them that. . . . 'Cast not your (*Continued on page 44*)

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Fighting Mad

Wide World

To be labeled the human bye was too much for Charley Williams

By GRANTLAND RICE

AN ACCIDENT, a bad play, hard luck, or an insult is sometimes an excellent stimulant. Tunney, knocked down, got up and beat Dempsey. Bobby Jones, far behind, bucked up and took a championship.

THE vital spark is a peculiar feature of the competitive makeup. It glows and fades and comes and goes, and queer events often control its candlepower. It is one of the greatest factors in all sport.

Some years ago Yale was playing Maryland. The Yale team had been up against a hard schedule and, while the material that year was unusually good, it had begun to sag. At the end of the second period Maryland was leading 14 to 0.

All the pleas and burning oratory of the Yale coaching staff had apparently had no effect as the third period began to move along. Yale continued to play listless football—and again Maryland started a march down the field.

About this time, with Yale sinking rapidly, a tall Maryland tackle stood up and loudly remarked, with a fine sneer, "So this is Yale!"

The effect was highly explosive. From that point on Yale came like a whirlwind to score 16 points against a strong Maryland team and win, 16-14.

There are times when queer stimulants are needed to revive drooping spirits. Two years ago Bobby Jones went across to win the British open in one of the finest finishes of his career. He returned just about in time to enter the United States open at Scioto. He looked tired, but had a fair first round.

Seeds of Victory in Defeat

ON THE second he had a 4 for a 76 as he stood on the eighteenth tee. He played a weary-body shot for his drive, slicing the ball into heavy grass. His second shot traveled about 30 yards—and remained in the rough. His third shot went across the course into more rough, and he was still 100 yards from the green. He put his fourth shot on, and then proceeded to take 3 putts for a 7, while several thousand amazed spectators looked on. His 76 had suddenly turned into a 79 through this terrible finish.

"That ends Bobby Jones," was the comment from more than one fan. But instead of ending Jones it made him.

He was still thinking of that ghastly 7 and that 79 when he went to it the next morning. He was 4 strokes back of Joe Turnesa, with only 9 holes left. But in spite of a gale that was tearing across the course at the time, he came back in 35, to win by a stroke.

When he came to the hole where he had taken a 7 the day before he hit the ball at least 310 yards, splitting the fairway. Still remembering that 7, he lashed an iron to the green that barely missed the pin, leaving him a 12-foot putt for an eagle 3, which he barely missed. But the 4 was enough.

If Jones had turned in an ordinary 76 or 77 that second round, he might have continued in the same mood of weariness through the remainder of the championship. As it was, the spark returned, but he almost collapsed when he entered the locker-room. He was all in—on the edge of a breakdown.

There are occasions, of course, when the situation can swing around. In the Artists and Writers' Golf Championship Clarence Budington Kelland, the eminent author, was drawn against Charley Williams, the justly celebrated illustrator. Mr. Williams had been keener than a carload of mustard before the match started. He was champing at the bit, all set for one of the battles of many centuries. There was a steely gleam in his eye and courage in his heart.

As Williams waited at the first tee, Bud Kelland came up and offered just one remark. "You know, Charley," he said, "the only difference between playing you and drawing a bye is that I will have someone to talk to on the way round."

This poisoned javelin pierced Mr. Williams to the marrow. It extinguished the vital spark. The steely glitter departed from his eye and the pep left his soul. To be labeled the human bye just before taking his first swing was more than his proud spirit could endure. He lost that match.

There is little question that the wild and woolly beating Walter Hagen took from Archie Compston was a big factor in his victory at Sandwich in the British open. To be beaten was one thing. I doubt that Hagen, with little practice, expected to win. But to go down to the most crushing defeat any first-class golfer had ever suffered was something else. That beating was the torch that lit the vital spark and kept it burning until he sank his final putt to lead the big field by 2 strokes.

If he had beaten Compston, he could never have put the same tremendous earnestness into his practice and play that he used later on. That lopsided annihilation set him on fire.

It took another near disaster to light the vital spark in Gene Tunney at Chicago. In his first meeting with Dempsey, at Philadelphia, Tunney had fought a careful, countering battle. He had let Dempsey hold the aggressive side of the argument. It was much the same at Chicago. Even when he had Dempsey half groggy in the fourth round, Tunney made no attempt to open up with an aggressive assault that might have led to a knock-down or a knock-out.

But something happened in the seventh round. Dempsey nailed him seven times and left the champion on the floor. It was not until he had had time to think things over through the intermission that Tunney realized what had happened. The champion of the world, the man who had never been knocked down, had been on his back for fourteen seconds!

An Insult Did the Trick

IT WAS another Tunney who came from his corner in the eighth round. Before the fight was over he not only knocked Dempsey down, but he cut his face so badly that it was several weeks before Dempsey could see well out of one eye. Tunney, always a good boxer, looked more like a fighter the last three rounds than he had ever looked before.

Benny Leonard came near losing his title by reviving the vital spark in Ritchie Mitchell's breast when they met at Madison Square Garden. In one of the early rounds Leonard knocked Mitchell down. As Leonard stood over him the champion inquired, audibly, "why the bum didn't get up and fight." Whereupon the aroused Mitchell got up and parked Benny on his left ear in the dust of the rosin.

Just seventeen years ago this summer Grover Cleveland Alexander, then a big-league rookie, was pitching against Cincinnati. Clark Griffith was managing the Reds. Alexander had been going along fairly well without any great flourish. He finally filled the bases, with no one out.

Figuring that the young pitcher was about to begin skidding, Griffith decided to help the operation along. He walked to the coaching line at third base, cupped his mouth with a pair of megaphone hands, and informed Alexander what a yellow dog he happened to be.

"Just for that," said Alexander, "I'm going to show you some pitching." He struck out the next three men on ten pitched balls.

"And that," said Grif later, "is the last time I ever tried to ride that guy."

You Never Can Tell

JACK SHARKEY had fought two listless fights against Johnny Risko and Tom Heeney. Even the promise of a championship meeting with Tunney had failed to steam him up. Later on he was matched with Jack Delaney.

When Delaney was announced the crowd roared its welcome. Sharkey's name was accompanied with a chorus of boos and groans. For just a second there was a startled look on his face, and then he looked like a wounded tiger.

At the gong he was almost on top of Delaney before the latter could get up from his corner and less than a minute later Delaney was on the floor.

From his reception Sharkey had caught fire. Any man in his way that night would have felt as though he had met a cyclone.

Not long ago I saw a first-class golfer start out playing poorly and listlessly. At the fourth he put his second into a trap, walked in and took a careless swipe at the ball which, in turn, bounded on the green and flopped into the cup for a 3. From that point on he played like a combination of Hagen and Jones.

It may be an accident, it may be an insult or it may be a bad play—no one can ever be sure just what torch will rekindle the missing spark.

Wide World

Clarence Budington Kelland made just one remark but it pierced Mr. Williams to the marrow

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The Thunder God

By PETER B. KYNE

Old Uncle Ben Whitton plays his part in the unraveling of the tangled lives of two dear friends

Illustrated by HAROLD BRETT

Ben Whitton pounded his desk. "Meeting will come to order," he announced

The Story Thus Far:

JULIAN GRANNIS, electrical engineer, loves Gloria Justin, but during the war marries Mercedes Lindberg, a Y. M. C. A. entertainer and violinist.

Gloria's father dies in bankruptcy and she becomes secretary to Ben Whitton, an old friend of hers and Julian Grannis'.

Grannis inherits $600,000 from an uncle but keeps it a secret from his wife because of her uncontrollable extravagance and because he wants to use it for experiments in making lightning.

Julian and Ben go to Oregon to make an estimate of the cost of a branch line of the O. R. N. railroad through some timber, a great part of which is owned by Jacob Brander whom Mercedes wants to marry because of his wealth.

Mercedes tells Jake of the O. R. N. plan and he buys options on more tracts of timber and plans to carry on huge, price-cutting lumber operations.

Mercedes decides to divorce Julian and marry Jake.

Ben and Julie do their work and also survey the watershed in the same region in connection with a prodigious electric power scheme they have. Then they return home. Julie is served with notice of the divorce suit. Ben urges him to marry Gloria but Julie insists that Ben have his chance with Gloria.

GLORIA JUSTIN came into her employer's office in answer to his summons.

"Julie's wife has divorced him and married Brander," he announced. "Got the news while Julie and I were fishing down south."

Gloria's countenance underwent no change. "Does he feel bad?"

"His sense of feminine values is badly upset. He says he will never marry again; that he could never trust another woman; that scientists should be wedded to their jobs, not to women, and he has gone off to Sweden to confer with the world's greatest authority on lightning. As a matter of fact, he does not know what he's talking about."

"Poor Julie! I do hope he'll find happiness."

Whitton shifted in his chair, and cleared his throat. "Well, from now on I'm not going to make his happiness a special order of my business. He'll have to attend to that job himself. Just at present my interest is centered in my own happiness. Gloria, has it ever occurred to you that I am of a marriageable age and that I would make an excellent paterfamilias?"

"It has—frequently, Ben."

Mr. Whitton tapped his desk meditatively with a ruler. "I doubt if I am capable of what the French call the grand passion, Gloria, but in the matter of solid affection, continuing and increasing through the years, I think I could, with 50 per cent coöperation, be an outstanding success as a husband. You are familiar with my financial condition, which we will admit is steadily on the upgrade. I'm not rich enough for a Mercedes Grannis, but a Gloria Justin might be able to put up with me."

HE LOOKED bravely into her eyes, his own grown suddenly tender and whimsical. "Has it been any secret to you, my dear Gloria, that for quite a few years I have regarded you with a sentiment decidedly non-fraternal; that, as a matter of fact, I have permitted myself to fall in love with you?"

The girl's glance fell to her hands, nervously twisting in her lap. "It has seemed to me that, on occasions, I—I—detected—"

"Quite so, quite so, Gloria. Well, here's what I want to know: Will you marry me, my dear?"

"No, Ben. You have paid me a very great honor. I'm rather at a loose end in this savage world and you would be an anchor, a protection. And I think I could be reasonably happy with you, Ben, and, perhaps, with the passage of the years, achieve for you an affection sufficiently strong and tender to be—quite—satisfactory to both of us. But—"

"You do not feel that you ought to make the experiment now. Is that it?" His voice was kindly, infinitely gentle. The girl nodded, and he noted her trembling mouth, knew that she would have given much if he had not forced this decision upon her.

"Well, I reckoned that'd be the way when I druv up," he assured her with a creditable imitation of Yankee twang in his speech.

She came around the corner of his desk, took his great head in her arms and kissed him on the lips. "It's a very great shame I can't have you, Ben," she whispered. "It's no compliment to you to inform you that you're the runner-up in a dreadful handicap."

He patted her cheek. "Well, whatever happens, don't feel sorry for me," he pleaded, and drew toward him a tray of unanswered correspondence. He skimmed through the letters, apparently oblivious of the presence of the woman who had just refused to marry him.

Suddenly he sat upright. "By the great duck-billed platipus," he cried sharply, "the brass hats of the O. R. N. have definitely decided not to build that branch line into the Columbia River upper basin—at least not until the lumber market has been greatly stabilized and (although they do not say so) until all that vast smear of timber gets out of Jake Brander's hands and into the hands of operators who can be depended upon to play the game with their competitors and not cut prices."

HE GLANCED up at her, malevolent pleasure gleaming in his stern eyes. "Well, thanks first to Mercedes and secondly to ornery, spiteful B. Fido Whitton, Mrs. Jake Brander isn't going to have quite so many millions to spend as she figured on. A big bond house in New York bought a million dollars' worth of Brander Timber Company bonds, which they plan to unload on the public, if they haven't already done so. But The Brander Timber Company, in issuing those bonds, has obligated itself to spend another million or two in the erection of sawmills, etc. With the O. R. N. reversing its decision to build into that country, Brander's timber will remain inaccessible indefinitely, and the timber for which he paid two dollars per thousand feet stumpage is now worth about seventy-five cents and not salable.

"The bond people will call upon Brander to take up his bonds immediately—a million dollars' worth of them, plus accrued interest—otherwise they will be in the position of having sold bonds under false pretenses and they'll be up to their eyes in trouble. Brander just dare not build his mills and lay out his town sites, because that would be money wasted. And he can't float an additional bond issue, according to his contract with the New York financiers, unless a certain portion of the money is spent to erect sawmills, etc., thus lending additional security to the bond issue. And the financial house has the privilege of voiding the contract if the railroad neglects or refuses, for one year, to build its line.

"Without the railroad Brander can't get his building material in or his manufactured product out—so he'll have to give back the first million! Unless he has a million in ready cash (which I doubt) he'll have to dig it up, and that operation may ruin him. He can't raise it on the timber, because nobody loans money on a frozen asset, no matter how potentially valuable it may be. He'll have to unload other assets, probably at a sacrifice, if news of his financial embarrassment (*Continued on page 46*)

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Pryde's Fall

By LAURIE YORK ERSKINE

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

When a man felt that way about it, there was only one thing to do—go up

IT WAS in the last days of the war. Glory and color had long since faded into a dull monotony, and now monotony had been succeeded by a torturing hope. The Germans were giving way. A man might even yet come through alive. . . .

With bowed head and eyes that frowned intently upon the ground, Captain Pryde walked over to the hangars of Squadron 47, R. A. F. Encircled by the loose flaps of his flying helmet, his face was white and sharp, the black lines of his mustache and brows accentuating its pallor.

Lieutenant Currier, watching his senior officer approach, noted the tensity of his expression, and steeled himself to maintain the attitude of polite indifference he had decided to assume. Captain Pryde marched straight into the hangar, making his way about the several S. E. 5's which it contained, and marched out the other end, passing close to the spot where Lieutenant Currier stood, ill at ease, with his companions. As he passed the little group of pilots, Captain Pryde spoke.

"Come on, Currier," he said. "Let's fly."

Currier didn't follow him immediately.

"What's the matter?" snapped Pryde. "Didn't you hear me?" As he spoke his eyes glanced up at the lieutenant with a quick, sharp inquiry, then fell immediately to the ground again.

"Sorry, Skipper," said Currier. "But the fact is I'm not flying with you any more."

This time the dark eyes of Captain Pryde leaped to meet Currier's with the effect of an angry flame.

"The devil you're not!" he demanded with an oath.

"'Struth, I'm not!" protested Currier. "They've switched me over to D Flight."

Captain Pryde looked into Currier's face.

"So you've joined the lead swingers too?" he sneered.

"I don't know what you're talking about, sir," said Currier.

"YOU'RE a bloody slacker!" Pryde snapped. "You and the rest of them! Go back to your warren!" And, abruptly turning his back upon the delinquent, he strode with his nervous, agitated stride to the two planes which stood waiting at the tarmac. Currier watched him clamber into the cockpit of one machine and continued to stand, as though fascinated, until he took off. Then Lieutenant Currier turned to the group of his fellows standing about him.

"Flying all alone again, eh?" Eaton's voice was regretful.

And Currier nodded. It was all he could do. There was apparently something in the mind of every man there which could not be approached in words more nearly than Eaton's question had approached it. Captain Pryde had not always flown alone; that was the gist of it.

"Sorry," said Currier. "But I'm not flying with you any more"

"Matheson's making up a flight for him," said Dorgan, as though responding to an unspoken challenge. "Replacements coming in tomorrow."

"Well, it's his own funeral!" blurted Openshaw. "Why can't he chuck the brass hat and be human? He acts like a boy from the Henty books. Up and at 'em! For king and country! Fight to the last ditch! Hah! A lot of thanks a man gets for that. Let the pot hunters have the glory, and I'll play round with Fanshaw!"

The lips of Captain Pryde were stretched tightly as he sat huddled in his cockpit. His flight had once been the crack flight of a crack squadron. They had been proud to follow him. Scout pilots had boasted of being among Pryde's men—and now he flew alone.

Why? . . . Well, here he was, flying homeward after a lone patrol, and there they were, in the bar waiting for him. . . . That about answered the question.

He knew well enough what gave Fanshaw his popularity. "The Lord knows," he thought as he flew, "if I didn't have a flight of my own, I might join up with him too. Lead swinging. . . . Slackers." . . . His lips tightened again. Didn't he feel it too? Didn't he have to force himself into his bus every time he went up? Didn't he know it was going to get him some day? The splutter in the take-off. . . . The buckled wing . . . the collision upstairs . . . the fire! . . . Faugh! What slackers they were! What damned—

HIS fingers leaped to expert manipulation of plane and gun control as the enemy scouts swept across the cloud stuff to the west. Almost unconsciously he had altered his course so that he was climbing across their line of flight and putting the brazen glow of the sunlight out of their background. There were three of them, and they showed by their behavior that they were interested only in a safe return to their own country, probably with fuel running low. Without thought for the ease wherewith he could avoid a combat with them, Pryde tuned every frayed nerve up to its highest tension, turned his back to the sun and swept into battle.

They tried to outrace him, but he had judged the angle of his approach with that uncanny exactitude which had made him a leader whom flyers had delighted to follow. At the last moment of his onslaught the two who followed the German leader took the only way out and veered northward. The leader himself turned valiantly but tardily to meet him, and his tardiness was his doom. The German came about in a wide arc which saved his enemy the trouble of seeking for deflection, and Pryde pressed his trigger handle home.

The German plane tipped up on its nose, for all the world as though it had tripped on an invisible wire, then it tumbled sidewise, and, astonishingly, one of its wings fell away.

"That's twenty-seven, Captain Pryde?" The adjutant smiled deferentially as he took the log book.

"Yes," said Pryde, his eyes on the floor. "Twenty-seven. God knows why." And, leaving the book for the C. O.'s signature, he left the room. Outside he found Fanshaw, who stood with one foot on the running board of a staff motor car, obviously about to go somewhere. But not up in the air. . . .

Pryde strode up to the trim, handsome young officer who waited for his chauffeur.

"I say, Fanshaw," he snapped, and his dark eyes snapped as well. Everything about Captain Pryde seemed to snap in these tense, hard-driven days. "Currier tells me they've switched him over to your flight. What does it mean? Is the whole damn' squadron joining the dancing class?"

FANSHAW turned upon him with his inevitable, gentle smile. He was a handsome devil, Fanshaw was, with the face of an angel. His uniforms were the most effective advertisement for the best West End tailors, and his breeding was absolutely a museum piece.

"Oh, come, old man, you're not going to rag me about it, I hope?" He was smiling upon the overwrought warrior with that ineffable combination of sympathy, regret, admiration and confident friendliness which he achieved rather through the medium of his remarkably expressive eyes than through any vulgar contortions of his mouth.

"Rag you? Good Lord, man," Captain Pryde cried, "you've taken the last man away from me! They're slackers and quitters to the last man, but they're my men. How am I to fight without men?"

Fanshaw, to whom this sort of thing

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Merivale, heartsick and frantic with
The wreck of the Fokker tripla

was immeasurably disgusting, treated it as all his life he had learned to treat disgusting or disagreeable occasions. He turned his back upon it.

"I'm sorry," he murmured. "But I'm off on a run to Amiens just now. Colonel Tremain's jamboree, you know. I wonder you're not coming."

"That's better," said Pryde; and, since he said it between tightly clenched teeth, his remark had the quality of a hiss. "You mean that you're off to Amiens to make another bid for Matheson's shoes. Well, you've got the whole blasted squadron with you now, Fanshaw, and if they don't give you command it's a dirty trick. You certainly earned it. And now I'll tell you why I can't come. It's a matter that has probably slipped your mind, and I hate to remind you of it. But there's a war on!"

Having delivered these remarks with great intensity to the three stars which gleamed on his colleague's shoulder, Pryde turned on his heel and strode past the few officers and mechanics who had listened from a respectful distance, without appearing to see them. He proceeded to the hangars, where he oversaw the conditioning of his machine, stared at the prop while a sergeant ran up the engine, and then clambered once more into the cockpit, muttering something to himself which really summarized the force which drove him to go aloft once more that dismal afternoon which all the rest of the squadron found too thick for flying.

"Little beast!" he muttered. "She's sure to get me one of these days. This flight or the next. Oh, damn! Damn! Damn!"

When a man felt that way about it, reasoned Captain Pryde, there was only one thing for him to do—go up. It was a bitter thing that he could no longer constitute for Currier, Dorgan and the rest of them who had transferred to Fanshaw's flight, that driving force which was lacking in themselves. A man must go up.

It was a short flight. For some reason he could not bring himself to venture far. He stuck it out as long as he could and then came down, with the frightful knowledge that suddenly, in an abrupt and soul-quaking instant, he had forgotten all he had ever learned of flying: the feel, the judgment and control of it. He made a perfect three-point landing seven feet above the ground, and crawled out of the wreckage after wiping off his undercarriage and turning almost two complete somersaults.

THE following morning, while Captain Pryde still enjoyed repose, Major Walter Matheson, D. S. O., who for sixteen months had been one of the most brilliant young leaders of aërial combat on the western front, duplicated Captain Pryde's landing of the day before in every particular, excepting that he straightened out fifteen feet above the roof of No. 4 hangar and burst into flames on crashing. Two days later Captain Fanshaw was appointed acting major in command of Squadron 47 and Captain Pryde, with smoldering eyes, and lips which twitched more frequently than before, was drilling a flight of replacements in the intricacies of aërial combat.

During the seven days following Matheson's demise Pryde lived on a diet of milk punch and eggnog exclusively. Considering this, together with the fact that he was rather more than three parts drunk for at least seventeen out of every twenty-four hours, the score of five enemy airplanes brought down by his flight in that week constituted a record. Pryde threw himself into the hands of death time and time again that his flight might remain intact until the youngsters were blooded. As a testimonial of appreciation (snarled Pryde) the youngsters avoided his company while on the ground, and gathered about the handsome, sparkling person of Major Fanshaw.

A fellow couldn't help envying the veterans who flew in A Flight, which Fanshaw led himself. It seemed that they went up when they felt like it, knew nothing of discipline, and lived the life of sportsmen.

A slave you were under Pryde.

"It isn't tea time on the promenade," he'd snap. "Get into your machines, gentlemen, and we'll try that combat formation until we can right-about without using up the whole sky!

That afternoon Merivale reported late for Pryde's projected patrol. He found Pryde standing before the nose of one machine—Merivale's—which alone of the six S. E.'s which stood lined up at the tarmac stood with a silent engine and unmoving propeller. With a jerk of his head Pryde drew the delinquent aside.

"DRINKING with the C. O., eh?" he snapped suddenly, raising his dark eyes from their contemplation of the cinders.

"Major Fanshaw invited me, sir. I couldn't very well refuse."

"No," sneered Pryde. "You couldn't refuse. I suppose he was kind to you eh? I suppose he pitied your hard lot, having to go into the nasty cold air and fly?" He clapped one hand across his eyes and rubbed his brow with a peculiar boyish gesture. "Gad!" he blurted. "As if I loved it any better than he. . . . I suppose he told you you were a bloody fool to let me drive you the way I do?"

"You're mistaken, sir," said Merivale calmly. "Major Fanshaw was very keen about the work we're doing. He said we were the hottest flight he had and that he wished more of his pilots got up as often as we did."

"Why doesn't he send 'em up then?" snapped Pryde. Then: "Well, let's fly. Stick close to my tail, old man, and don't take chances."

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limbed upward for the trip home. smoldering in the green grasses

Again Merivale was surprised. For Captain Pryde had spoken with a kindliness, with a genuine solicitude which Merivale had not heard in his voice before. Without knowing it he had caught a glimpse of the leader who in months gone by had been peerless in the eyes of the men who followed him.

The crux of the situation in Squadron 47 lay in the fact that while the terrific tension of two years' fighting for life in the air had resulted in Fanshaw's surrender to the security of politics and promotion, it had aroused in Pryde a splendid and fanatic resistance to the devils which dinned into his ears that he must stop, give up, let the damned thing spin into the ground and have it over with.

AND Fanshaw envied him. It was true that Fanshaw had spoken as Merivale reported that afternoon, and he had spoken wistfully. For he was in a difficult position. Having been promoted to replace Matheson because of the splendid morale which the enthusiasm of his pilots suggested he inspired, he was now unable to make the showing expected of him.

The officers of Squadron 47 were, save for Pryde's flight, veterans all. They too had known what it was to battle against odds, unyielding, while their fellows went hurtling down the sky in flaming death. And they had been ripe for Fanshaw's encouragement; they had been eager to listen to the voice of this tried and accomplished champion of the air when it counseled them, ever so quietly, to take things easy. The result was that Fanshaw found himself now called upon to fight with a squadron which had learned that fighting could be avoided.

HEROICALLY he endeavored to inject something of the old spirit into his squadron by following the indomitable Pryde. He took up three flights, with the pilots of A Flight in formation behind him, and the others beautifully keeping place in a V-shape triangle of winged monsters. As Pryde was doing twice every day, Fanshaw led his men over the lines between the salient and the sea, and, as Pryde did every day, he met the enemy who harried the British observers in that sector.

With the roar of the motors his spirit ascended as his plane did, and, meeting the enemy, he regained once more the old serene, calm vision which had steadied his hand in combat and made him a deadly adversary. He flew serenely into his wide arc across the sunlight and, turning to counter the enemy's own turn, he saw B Flight, still in perfect formation, winging its way southwest.

Later Verney, who led B Flight, would explain that he had lost sight of Fanshaw when he turned, but the truth was that Verney had never dreamed Fanshaw would attack. Lead swinging had been the order of the day in Squadron 47; the war would soon be over, so why not swing the lead until a truce was called? There was too much to live for. . . .

Anyway, Fanshaw broke the even course of his expert swing about the sky to cut across Verney's flight and signal anew his order for combat, and the German flyers pounced with glee upon the tail of two British flights which were apparently seeking escape.

Taken at a disadvantage, the British swept about in blind, uneven circles, and the Germans opened fire upon a shattered formation. Dorgan's plane went sweeping across Currier's vision with a horrible red head streaming blood upon the cowling. Currier swerved, deathly sick, and missed the wing of a German plane by inches. The German whisked about expertly and fell in behind him. Currier, cursing into his engine's roar, heard the roar of the Spandau and felt the bullets which rained about his ears. He glanced about and saw only German planes. Horribly, as it had never come before, the knowledge came home to him that he was to die—to die in the last days of the war—alone—deserted. Incontinently he threw his machine into a spin and collapsed as the earth swirled up.

Fanshaw, with Eaton and Openshaw vainly seeking to hold a position covering his rear, weaved a devious pathway about that sky full of Fokker triplanes and somehow found that he was striving with all his skill not to visit punishment upon them, but to escape, in his flashing, meteoric flight, the fate which a moment before he had seen meted out to Kendal. His mind was filled with thoughts of Verney flying off toward the lines, of Kendal bursting in a ball of fire to his death . . . and Dorgan, Currier, Eaton, Openshaw. . . . Where were they? . . . Was this to be the last flight? The last battle? . . . With his squadron scattered and his splendor gone? . . .

His cowling burst into splinters at his cheek, and the fabric of his upper wing crackled, flapping in the breeze. The chatter of the Spandaus at his back battered mercilessly upon his naked nerves.

HE ZOOMED blindly, and the black belly of a Fokker flashed before his eyes. Wildly he kicked over his rudder and slid outward, barely missing collision, and two German planes swept across his nose as they soared in a climbing circle to get behind and above him. He too circled and almost crashed the wings of Eaton's plane, which had been close behind him.

To the right and before him he saw Eaton madly stunting to avoid the bullets of three German scouts, and they were separating to circle each in its appointed place until the poor wretch straightened out. . . . With an effort Fanshaw steadied his hand and fingered his trigger handle as he swerved to give Eaton (*Continued on page 42*)

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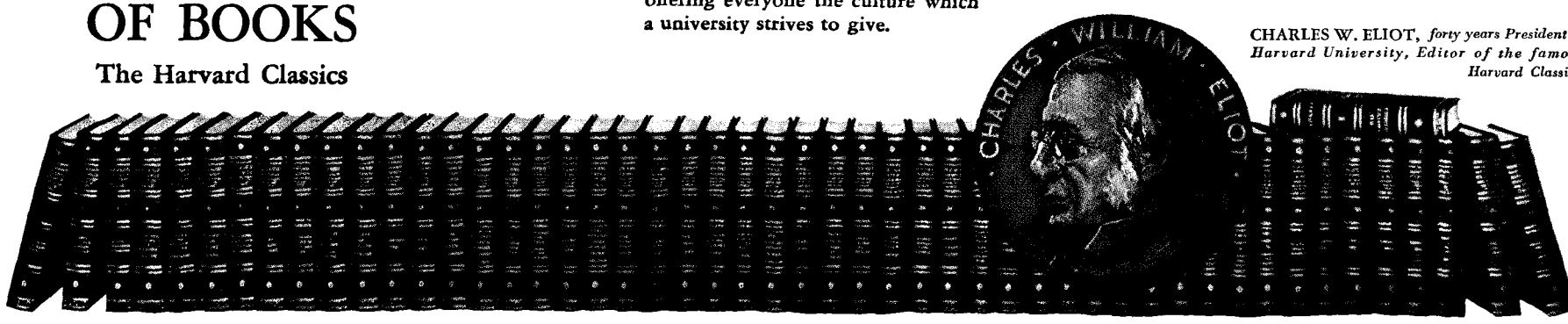

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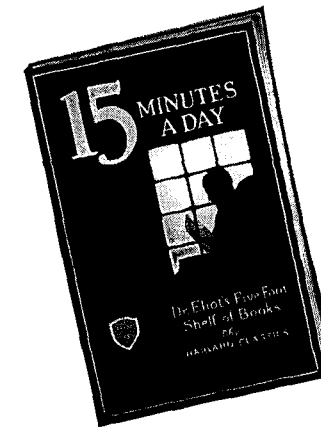

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Luck

Continued from page 12

watch a group of swipes shooting craps. After a little he dropped his five pennies on the ground and picked up the dice.

"Leave uncle take the twins out for a walk," he said, warming the bones between his palms.

He was faded and rolled a seven. He let the ten cents ride, threw eight and then made his point. He shot the twenty cents and won and then doubled that with a natural. His five pennies had grown to eighty cents. He pocketed a half dollar of his winnings, shot the remaining thirty cents and lost.

"Onward and upward," he said, the half dollar safe in his pocket.

Whistling, he walked on down the back stretch a few hundred yards to where two trainers stood leaning against the outer rail watching the start of a mile and seventy-yard race just opposite them across the infield, and arguing horse. Lou joined them.

"That chestnut colt o' Danny McFee's is raisin' Cain at the barrier again," one of the trainers said. "I hear Danny refused five thousan' for him last week. If I had him I'd take the half o' that an' figure I'd made a smart sale."

"Talkin' about Tartan Lad?" Lou asked. "He's run a couple o' good races."

THE horses broke. Tartan Lad reared as the barrier was sprung and was away a bad last. He was last, ten lengths back of the leader as the horses went by the spot in the back stretch where Lou and the trainer were standing.

"I've got a maverick four-bit piece in my pocket I'll gamble against a deuce that he finishes in the money," Lou said.

"That's my supper," one of the trainers agreed. "You're on."

Tartan Lad was still a bad last as they rounded the turn out of the back stretch. Turning for home, he began to move up a bit.

"Ride him, jock!" Lou yowled suddenly, gripping the rail hard. "Turn that lightnin' loose an' let it flash!"

The trainer regarded him scornfully.

"Want to press that bet?" he asked.

"I want to but I can't," Lou yelped, his eyes fastened on the flying horses far across the infield. "That four bits I've got with you is the last bit o' dust in the feed box. It's the case coin, fella. Watch it add up! Come on with him, jock! Hot bibbety bam! Look at that four-legged eagle fly! Come on, Tartan! Take 'em!"

Tartan took 'em. He took 'em one by one and two by two. At the wire he was very decidedly in the money and only a short neck back of the winner for first place.

Lou pocketed the $2 and cut straight across toward the grand stand. He had the price of a bet in his pocket once more, and he was on his way back to business.

"Evelyn!" he muttered to himself as he hurried across the infield. "I don't know's I ever knew a girl by that name. Evelyn! It tastes nice in your mouth when you say it, that name does. Nice kid! I wouldn't be surprised if that jelly-bellied hoptoad that was along with her was maybe her uncle."

"Lucky!" exclaimed a pleasant-faced young man. "I been combin' this crowd for you for the last half hour! Just heard this mornin' you were down here an' I came a-runnin'! Why, you splay-footed, swaybacked, knee-sprung old windsucker, you! You are good for sore eyes!"

"Old Spud Devoe!" Lucky returned the greeting. "Where in the name o' pet canary birds did you drop from?"

"I'm livin' down here, Lucky," Devoe said. "Been here for more than three years now. Ever since I got married an' quit the racin' racket."

"Livin' here in New Orleans?"

"Over in Mississippi. About sixty miles. Got a little picture theatre over there. Doin' fine with it, Lucky. My own home an' a car. Got a kid now, Lucky. Nearly two years old. Little girl.

"This wife, baby an' business racket's got 'em all cheated, Lucky. I'm havin' the time o' my life," Devoe declared earnestly. "Listen, Lucky, come over here a minute. I want to talk to you an' talk fast."

He piloted Lucky out of the crowd to a deserted corner in the mutuel ring. "Laugh this off if it don't hit you right," he said. "You an' me were pals around the tracks for so long I kind o' got used to the sight o' your ugly mug, an' I miss it. I got a chance to pick up a picture house in a town about eighteen miles from my burg. It'll take twelve thousan' cash to swing it. I can set in six o' that. If you can hustle the other six an' want to take a chance with me, why, there it is. Love to have you in with me, Lou. Good life. Plenty huntin' an' fishin'. Fair profit. What d'you say?"

Lucky took off his hat and scratched his head. "When do you have to have an answer to that?" he asked.

His golf handicap

"By noon tomorrow," Devoe told him. "I'm not tryin' to give you the rush act to get you in on this, Lou, but I've got to grab this thing by then or let it go."

Lucky fingered the 50-cent piece and the $2 bill in his trousers pocket and squinted thoughtfully at the ceiling of the mutuel ring.

"I may be able to rake together six grand by tomorrow, Spud," he said. "I'm not sure. How about letting you know at nine o'clock tomorrow morning at the Roosevelt Hotel?"

"Fine, Lucky," Devoe exclaimed. "Gee! I hope you can make it. Love to have you in with me down here. Some mighty nice girls around that part of the country, kid. Like to see you hooked up with a wife and home of your own."

"I'm thinkin' o' gettin' married."

"Yeh?" said Devoe, delighted. "Anyone I know?"

"Nope," said Lucky. "I think not. Her name's Evelyn."

The bugle blew, calling the horses from the paddock.

"See you tomorrow mornin' at the Roosevelt, Spud," Lucky said hurriedly. "Got a little business to do on this race. 'By, kid."

EVELYN CAMPBELL sat before a mirror in a theatre dressing-room wiping off her make-up with cold cream.

"I can't stand it!" she declared to Maisie Arnold, who shared the room with her. "I went out to the races with the old fool this afternoon, and now he's waiting outside to take me to a night club. I'm so sick of the sight and sound of him I could scream!"

Maisie Arnold sighed as she leaned forward to draw on a stocking.

"It's a rough world!" she said sadly. "Twelve girls in this show an' eleven of 'em'd like nothing better than to have Damon Gordon for a sugar daddy. An' he has to go an' pick on the only one o' the lot that don't want him an' won't have him. You know, kid, I begin to doubt you're goin' to have much of a career as a chorus girl. You got the shape, but you're shy the disposition."

"If I had any money saved up, I'd quit," Evelyn declared tearfully.

"Beginnin' to get rough with you?"

"No," Evelyn admitted. "He knows better than that. He doesn't even give me a good excuse to get mad. I just simply can't stand being with him any longer. I can't stand it, and I won't! I won't, that's all. I just won't!"

Maisie paused with a stocking half drawn on one lifted leg and looked at Evelyn curiously.

"Why all the hoity-toity hoorah tonight?" she asked. "I know you don't like our fat manager, but you've stood for him so far, an' you say yourself he treats you like a poifect loidy! How come you can't stand him the width of a supper table distant for one more evening? Listen, kid, you tick to me like a clock that had done gone an' met somebody!"

"You're crazy!" Evelyn exclaimed.

"Am I just!" Maisie jeered. "You're blushin'!"

"I'm not!" Evelyn declared furiously. "My face is red 'cause I was leaning over to tie my shoe."

"Our chilly little lily's met a big hot rose," Maisie caroled gleefully. "Tell me about him, kid. Is he a local blossom or an import?"

Evelyn refused to answer. She was furious with herself for being so silly and more than furious with Maisie Arnold for reading her so nearly right. She was so mad that she decided to go to supper with Damon Gordon and be extra nice to him just for spite.

Gordon was waiting for her backstage when she left the dressing-room.

They stepped out into the alley. There, plain to be seen under the light above the stage door, stood Lucky Lou Larrigan. He smiled and nodded.

"Ready?" he asked, looking at Evelyn.

"What is this?"

"I got a date with this young lady," Lou explained pleasantly. "Be glad to have you along, only you'd be in the way, an' I don't like your face, anyhow."

"A date!" Damon Gordon sputtered. Then to Evelyn: "Say, what is this?"

Evelyn, trembling, was staring hard at Lou. His lips kept a smile, but his eyes begged earnestly.

"I'm—I'm sorry," she said to Damon. "I—I forgot. I had a date with this gentleman."

Lou threw back his head and laughed.

"Luck lead me!" he cried gayly. "All right, Evelyn. Let's go."

"You throw me down for this pup: You're through!" Damon Gordon shouted. "I've had enough of this foolishness! I—"

Lou reached out suddenly with both hands, took the fat man by the ears and shook him savagely.

"I don't want to hit you, 'cause I'm scared you might spatter," he explained.

He released him then and took Evelyn by the arm. As they walked together through the alley toward the street Gordon bellowed after them: "You're through! You hear me? You're fired! You're done. I'll show you!"

"Shall I go back an' sign that station off?" Lou asked.

"No," Evelyn said in a small voice. "Please. Let's not have any trouble."

"Funny how we think alike," Lou said. "That's just my idea."

A rented limousine stood at the curb.

"Drive around," Lou instructed the chauffeur as he opened the door and helped Evelyn in. "Just here an' there. Keep goin' till I give you further orders."

"How did you find me?" Evelyn asked shakily as Lou settled in the seat beside her and the car moved.

"Luck," Lou explained, lighting a cigarette. "Going by the theatre and saw your picture in the lobby display. Say, who is that loud noise we left turned on back there in the alley?"

"The manager," Evelyn explained.

"I figured he was somethin' unimportant like that," Lou said, chuckling. "Manager or uncle or friend o' the family or something."

Evelyn began to cry. "Oh," she wept. "I don't know what's got into me! Oh! what must you think of me!"

Lucky Lou Larrigan took her hands in his. "I want to tell you about that," he said gravely. "Listen—"

AT NINE o'clock the next morning Spud Devoe met Lucky Lou Larrigan in the lobby of the Roosevelt Hotel.

"All set, Spud," Lou informed him. "I'm with you. Six grand you said I'd need to start out on?"

"Right."

"I got it," said Lou. He grinned. "Ran it up off a lucky penny I found on the lawn, Spud," he confided. "Worked the penny into a deuce note an' stuck that on a 12 to 1 shot that popped down in front. Won every race from that on till the seventh. Had just exactly one hundred smacks on me then, an' I spanked it all right back into the iron man on Jumping Jimmy to win."

"Jumping Jimmy!" Devoe exclaimed. "Lucky! That horse that paid 82 to 1?"

"None other," Lou assured him. "I drew back $8,200, an' I'm all set for that theatre thing."

Devoe's face clouded. "Listen, Lucky," he said in a troubled voice. "This'll sound like preachin', but I've got to say it. If you come in with me, you'll have to lay off playin' horses. You know the old gag: You can make a livin' workin' or make it gamblin', but you can't do both."

"Made my last bet, kid," Lucky assured him happily. "You see, I got my wife to think of from now on."

"Go on!" Devoe exclaimed. "You married?"

"Goin' to be in about half an hour," Lucky chuckled. He turned and called to a girl seated on a divan near by: "Evelyn, just a minute. Come meet my buddy."

There are no racing papers lying about in the Larrigan home in Spillman, Miss. There are no pictures of horses on the wall. The sporting page of the local paper goes unread at the breakfast table. There is no gossip of the track among the friends who sometimes gather there of an evening. There is visible there only one record of Lucky Lou Larrigan's long period of action as a horse-player. Over the mantel in the living-room, spread fan-wise in a frame under glass, are nineteen $2 win tickets on Lady Evelyn, and under them the one printed word:

LUCK.

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The Make-Believe Wife

Continued from page 7

had vaguely shamed Beatrice, even five years ago. Why should Marcia ejaculate "Thank God!" so fervently just because Alice Challoner had had a good night? What was it to plain, hard-working, obscure Marcia St. John?

Now, today, into the midst of the girl's vague fretting and uneasiness over the whole situation, had fallen this bombshell of a serious offer of marriage from Houston Challoner. Beatrice could hardly believe it, even now. But her memory of the few words he had said was perfectly clear, and there were the violets to prove it.

He was a rather tense, serious man, at best, and today he had shown a certain nervousness—almost a shyness—with this girl who might so easily have been his daughter.

"Will you ask that very lovely mother of yours something for me, Miss Beatrice?" he had said.

"Anything!" the girl had answered simply, smiling. But the color had rushed up into her face none the less, at his tone.

"Will you ask her if you may dine with me, any night next week, at the Underhill, and go to see 'Robinson Crusoe'?" he had said.

"Robinson Crusoe" was the great musical spectacle, coming from New York for one week at North Underhill. There was not a girl in the office who was not scheming to see "Robinson Crusoe." But Beatrice's heart had sunk strangely at the invitation, and under her shabby old fur-trimmed blue coat she had felt the muscles drawing back from the neighborhood of Houston Challoner's shoulder.

He—why, he was forty-eight; he was old. And if he took her to the theatre—if he showed everyone what he thought of her—

Loyalty had sprung up within her too—loyalty to dear Marcia, so unable to protect herself from the anguish this news would cause her!

Thoughts surged confusedly back and forth in her mind as the quiet snowy afternoon went by and Marcia dozed and waked and dozed again and Mrs. St. John rocked fitfully in her favorite chair, played solitaire fitfully, knitted fitfully for the old soldiers in the home, and fitfully went to and fro between the bedroom and the kitchen, putting out milk bottles, refusing agents, talking to the laundryman.

"Well, look here—where were you with the wash yesterday? Friday, yes. Well, of course. Oh, I see. Oh, that's too bad. No, it didn't make the slightest difference, as it happens."

BEATRICE washed her hair and doubled herself over at the lighted gas logs in the false fireplace, drying it.

"Of course it doesn't make the slightest difference," she echoed her mother's words scornfully, deep in her soul. "Nothing makes the slightest difference to us. I wonder if anything will ever happen to this family?

"I always used to think," she reflected further, "that the girls in books were fools not to marry a rich man, if one came along. Why not? All men are pretty much alike, especially if you're not in love, and certainly Mr. Challoner is as nice as he can be. He's always been lovely to us; he came to see us when Mummy was sick. But—"

She tossed her red mane back, and drew a great gasping breath.

"But, good gracious, what an awful thing it is when you come right down to it!" she said.

"Don't catch your hair on fire," Mrs. St. John, who rarely said a necessary thing, warned her absent-mindedly.

Marcia, in the bed beyond the archway, awakened with a little moan.

"Bee—darling!"

Beatrice was arranging her thick, copper-colored crop. It was just long enough to be ruffled back in two curly heavy bands over her ears, and tucked under, with infinite spraying and rippling and rebellion, at the white nape of her neck.

"Bee, I feel rotten, dear." Marcia looked flushed and dark, and there was an unhealthy glisten on her face.

"The tea wasn't the right thing!" Bee exclaimed, at her bedside.

"No, it wasn't that. But—I feel so horribly weak," Marcia said thickly; "and my heart's—beating so—"

So that was an end to personal dreams for that afternoon, although, as it turned out, there was nothing much the matter with Marcia. The doctor was entirely unalarmed, and talked comfortably enough of blood pressure and slight localized anæmia and underweight. Marcia was eleven pounds underweight, it appeared, and the first thing to do was to put on those pounds.

Marcia, laughing and relieved, and a little inclined to flirt with the doctor, took her diet list and studied it interestedly and promised to eat like a wolf. She was always hungry, anyway; there would be no trouble about *that*.

SHE went back to work on Monday—only drinking a pint of milk at eleven and at four. And Beatrice went back to work Monday and found an opportunity to say quickly and without punctuation, but quite distinctly, to Houston Challoner, "I didn't ask Mother what you told me Mr. Challoner because I never go out to dinner or theatre except with the boys I've known all my life but I do appreciate your asking me and I know I would have had a lovely time if I had gone."

Houston Challoner looked at her very attentively while she said it, and answered kindly that he appreciated exactly how she felt, and he thanked her for being so honest with him, and that he hoped she would think of him as one of her realest, truest friends.

"If anything ever comes up in which I could be of service to you," he said, "I want you to feel that you would turn to me."

Beatrice thanked him again, and went away feeling more uncomfortable than ever. Even while he spoke she was thinking that he had never said that to Marcia, for all the loyal service Marcia had rendered him, and that it was not fair. How prickly it made her feel! How ecstatically it would have thrilled Marcia!

Beatrice had spoken to him at midday, when they both happened to be coming out of the Challoner Building, where the offices of the company were situated. She watched him go down the street to the snowy curb, where his car was waiting; a well-made, slender, handsome man in a fur-collared coat, with just the right gloves and hat, just the right nod to his chauffeur as he got in beside him.

"I declare I think there's something chemical in the way people make you feel!" Beatrice mused, turning into Canfield's Cafeteria, and eying creamed carrots and fruit cup and macaroni salad with an absent eye. "Some persons are alive to you, and some are dead, and you can't help it; it's just that way. It's no use for me to tell myself that he's terribly nice and that I'm an awful fool in a town of this size, with the boys here what they are, to let him get away. He simply isn't alive to me, and there you are!"

She turned her attention resolutely to Younger May and Harry Fontaine. Roger Newberry had gone away. Beatrice studied them as possible husbands. Of course neither had a penny, but, then, that didn't matter, or, at least, that shouldn't matter, for, after all, thousands of rich, successful men had started as poor boys.

Younger was a handsome creature, with a deep natural ripple in golden hair that went far toward atoning for his shallowness and stupidity.

Harry would be a safe enough person to marry, if one loved him. But, unfortunately, she herself could not seem to feel even the faintest stir of emotion where he, or anyone else, was concerned. It scared her a little, this remoteness.

"I never get anywhere with your red-headed, proud, tall type," one boy had told her once, quite frankly. "I like 'em loving!"

Beatrice had looked at Marcia, entirely respectable and fine and capable—and unwanted. And she had determined to unbend. But she never could do it. And meanwhile she was twenty. Beatrice could remember Marcia's twentieth birthday, and of her own pride, at eleven, in the big sister who had got such a wonderful job with the finest architectural firm in the city. It seemed yesterday.

"Marsh, when you were down at the drug store today, did you weigh?" she began to ask every evening.

"I didn't have a penny, and neither did Miss Phelan."

And then, days later:

"Did you get weighed, Marsh?"

"Yes, I did. But those scales are crazy. The man said they were."

"You mean you haven't gained?"

"Oh, it isn't that. But he said they were crazy."

"But you *haven't* gained?"

"Not by them, I haven't. But it doesn't worry me, because I know they aren't adjusted."

"It seems just ridiculous the fuss people make about weight nowadays," Mrs. St. John, playing a black ace, said dreamily. "I don't know as I ever weighed once, when I was young!"

Beatrice looked at her levelly, patiently. She did not speak.

"You certainly eat enough," said the mother comfortably. "You eat more than Bee does!"

"I don't eat any more than I used to," Marcia presently observed, as if the point were unimportant. Beatrice looked at her in turn thoughtfully. She knew this was untrue. Marcia was forcing herself to eat puddings and cream soups and cereals; she drank milk twice a day. And still the strange pallor continued and the oily, damp, dark look to her skin. She tired easily too; she often came home at about four o'clock and lay down.

BEATRICE'S heart, as she watched her sister on this untimely warm April evening when the windows were wide open to soft, scented airs, began to hammer in slow, thick, terrified strokes. Were they letting Marcia die by inches under their eyes?

"But what can I do—what can I do—?" she asked herself in a panic. "I have no money. The doctor seems satisfied enough. Marcia doesn't seem sick, exactly. Oh, why, why doesn't somebody fall in love with her? She's so sweet, she's so good, and she'd be so happy in her own life, with a husband and a car and kids and a garden—"

Late in May she went alone to Marcia's doctor, and blubbered helplessly, forlornly, like a child, when he began to talk to her.

"I'm sorry," said Beatrice, mopping her eyes, struggling to regain her dignity as the man looked at her in polite sympathy. "But we had no idea—my mother and I—that it was so bad!"

"Oh, yes—this sort of thing is always serious!" Doctor Duchesne said simply, regretfully.

"But you said—you said all Marcia would have to do was to gain those eleven pounds—"

He shook his head faintly, polished his glasses with a fine handkerchief.

"Yes. But it is almost impossible to gain, in her condition. Run down, you know—"

A silence. Then Beatrice wiped her eyes, gulped, and looked at him courageously through wet lashes.

(*Continued on page 32*)

Jingles in the Rough

Maybe it's the strain of the game that makes them that way, but you'd be surprised at the doleful note sounded by so many golf-jingleers in the little rhymes that they're penning these days in the hopes of winning a Collier's gold luck-piece. Oh, well, a dirge is as good as a smile, no doubt, so long as it has to do with golf.

Here's Pessimistic Perkins (J. C. of Stapleton, Staten Island, if you're a hound for detail) chanting his woes:

The ball won't sail so very far;
It very seldom rolls.
But I always break a hundred
—On the first nine holes.

Fred Carroll of San Diego, Cal., is apparently no more gifted with the driver:

Twinkle, twinkle little ball,
Though I drive you far enough,
How come that you always fall,
Like a diamond—in the rough?

The plight of a fellow-golfer is thus sung by Elizabeth Lee Wheaton of Texas City, Tex.:

Rotund Mr. Fatt just loves to play golf
But hark to the poor fellow's plight—
When the ball's where he sees it, it's much too far off;
When it's near him, it's quite out of sight!

With a bow to the guy who takes it out on his clubs, W. Gleason of Jackson, Mich., offers:

Now that drug stores sell mashies for sixty-nine cents,
They ought to be quite an attraction.
It's cheaper to smash 'em on top of a fence—
But you don't get the same satisfaction.

Marion F. Scott of Queens Village, N. Y., has solved the lost-ball problem at any rate:

I used to lose a ball each drive,
But found a way to stop it.
I never slice nor hook it now;
I step right up—and top it.

Well, read these over again and take heart! Then send your worthiest efforts to Jingles-in-the-Rough, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Remember, it's not only a swell gold luck-piece but it'll have your initials on it, too.

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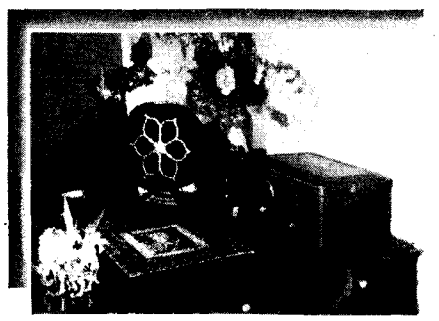
ATWATER KENT RADIO

"Where shall we put it?"—why, ANYWHERE!

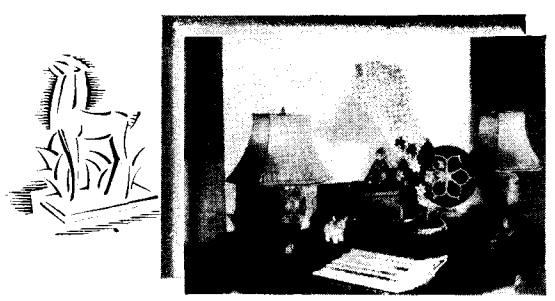
REALLY, almost as many places have been found for the Atwater Kent A. C. electric set as there are owners—and of these there are more than 200,000.

For, wherever you put this demure and friendly receiver—alcove or angle, bookshelf, mantel or tiny table—it *belongs.* Guests invariably say, not "How odd," but "Why, that's just the place for it, isn't it?"



Its trim compactness, its grace of line, the charm of its warm coloring, the lovely sheen of its satiny finish—make it companionable in any room—a companion of quite superior attainments, you find as you press the electric switch.

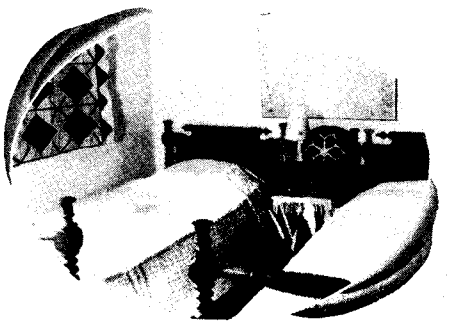
In the living room (where you oftenest encounter it) you will like to live with it. In the



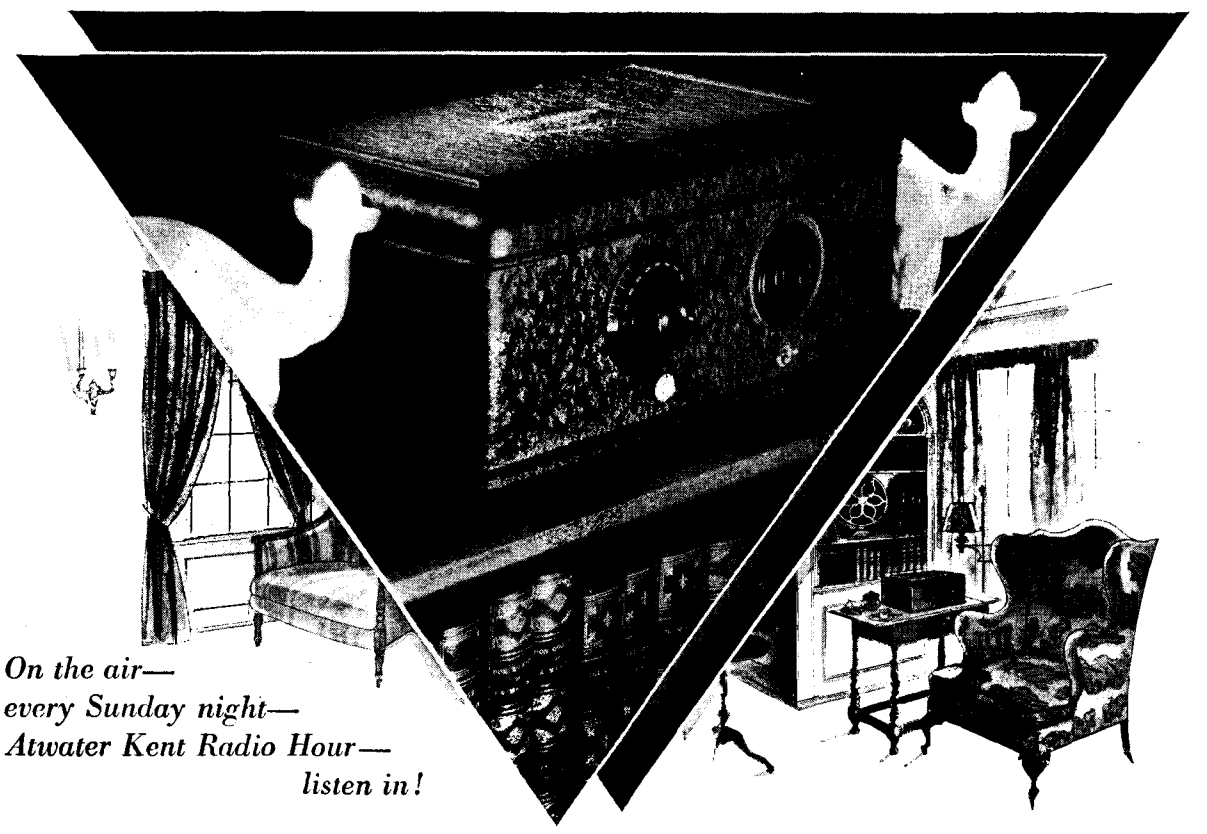
chimney corner, on the mantel, at sofa's end—it just fits. Or, how about that table there by the armchair, where you may so easily convert the music to your mood by turning the one FULL-VISION Dial! Or, over there on the window ledge, or rubbing elbows with the books?

The music room? Naturally—though this soft-voiced receiver makes any room the music room. In some homes the sun parlor is the radio room, in others the dining room or library. At the stair-turn it is well met. For the nursery or children's playroom—an extra set perhaps.

And, with radio at your bedside, have you ever enjoyed the truly regal luxury of lulling yourself to sleep with music from afar?



Such is the newer convenience of unobtrusive Atwater Kent Radio. It is a little surprising that such beauty of tone and of appearance—such matching of eye value with the inner values that make radio reception fine and enduring—can be had for so small a sum. But it is a fact—and you needn't pay more. Easily provable by asking an Atwater Kent dealer for a home demonstration.



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The Make-Believe Wife

Continued from page 30

"But, then, what are we to do, Dr. Duchesne?"

"Ah, there are plenty of things for us to do!" the doctor said almost gayly.

She hated him. She hated the spring, coming so softly, so richly, so fluffily green to the trees in his horrid little side yard. She hated his tan net window curtains and his bronze elephant book ends; she hated this orderly office, with the sunshine slanting into it, on this hideous Saturday afternoon.

And she hated poverty, humiliating, heartbreaking, inexorable. Why should she have come to ask this dapper, unconcerned little doctor if Marcia oughtn't to stop work, if Marcia oughtn't to take a long rest, in some hot, dry country? Of course he would say that Marcia ought to do exactly those things—and what of it? That wouldn't even pay him his five-dollar fee, so simply solicited by his secretary, as Beatrice, blind and agonized, walked past the neat little desk on her way out.

"I don't see how my sister can get away just now," Beatrice had stammered to him wretchedly.

AND he had answered in doctor's phrase, "I think it's hardly a question of can, Miss—ah, Miss St. John. I think it's a question of *must* now. I told her months ago that rest might put that weight on and start her in the right direction again. It hasn't, unfortunately. Ask her to come to see me."

Meat balls, fried potatoes and chocolate custard for dinner that night; somehow it did not seem the right supper for a hot May night. Beatrice was so quiet, so preoccupied, that her mother asked her if she would like a can of asparagus opened, as a salad. The girl said no, and Mrs. St. John offered kindly to telephone for some ice, and they could all have iced tea. But Beatrice, angry, helpless tears in her eyes, said "No" again, and then, more appreciatively:

"No, thanks, Mummy. You're awfully kind. But this is fine—this is all right. I guess I'm just not hungry."

"Don't you get sick!" Marcia said, with a faint, despairing laugh and an accent on the pronoun, and Beatrice, pulling herself together, disclaiming sickness and fatigue and low spirits boldly, asked herself in a panic what families as poor as theirs did in circumstances like that. What *could* they do?

That night Mrs. St. John played cards as usual, and Beatrice sat at the table in the center of the parlor, pasting last summer's snapshots into her photograph book and lettering them carefully with white ink. She liked fussy, dainty work, and pressed and snipped carefully, absorbed in what she was doing.

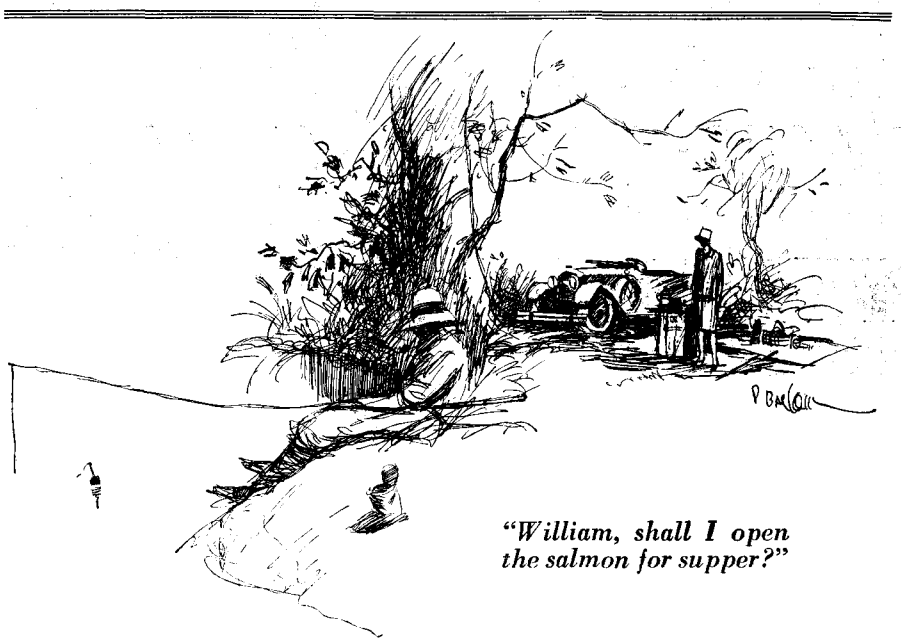
There had been recent rains, but the night was warm and clear, and the twilight seemed to linger a long time. There were unwonted noises and voices in the shabby street, and the thick new leaves on a maple tree, at the corner, waved and moved restlessly, gently, in a soft wind. Marcia sat at the window, looking out, as twilight gave place to dusk, rocking a little now and then, hardly speaking.

Suddenly, to Beatrice's horror, Marcia burst into tears. She was struggling in their arms, her mother and sister both trying to hold her, for a few minutes, and then they were all in the bedroom, and Beatrice, the larger and stronger of the two, was embracing her, Marcia's head on her sister's shoulder, and Mrs. St. John was standing holding out a fresh new nightgown bewilderedly, as if Beatrice were the mother, and her mother the child.

"It's just—" sobbed poor Marcia, gulping and plunging, and wiping her eyes upon anything she could reach, and beginning to laugh again even as she began again to cry—"it's just that I know—oh, I know, you darlings! And I *do* want to live—I *do* want to live—I don't want to die before I've had my chance to live—

"I see it in your faces," she gasped, straightening up, and blowing her nose, and facing Beatrice with trembling, smiling lips and drenched eyes. "You can't hide it. And I think I'd been hoping—I think I'd been hoping—I'm not putting on weight, Mummy, and I know it. I've seen it all! And in a few w-w-w-weeks," she faltered, "I believe I'll get used to it. But now—just sometimes—"

Beatrice found words. They were heartening, scolding words, and she did not spare them, as she helped Marcia's lean, chilly form in between the sheets, and ran about for pillows and hot-water bag.



"William, shall I open the salmon for supper?"

An odd look was in the younger sister's green-gray eyes as she came and went. There was a sobered, sensible quality to it that contrasted itself oddly to Beatrice's favorite expression of dreaming and laughing through life. It had suddenly occurred to her that she was a fool. And in her prayers that night she put a new petition:

"Oh, my God, I think I must be crazy. I've never fallen in love with any man—I've never wanted to, and consequently I've come to believe that something remarkable is waiting for me—that some Launcelot on a white horse is going to come galloping into North Underhill and carry me off. Please—please—don't let it be too late for me to save Marcia if marrying Houston Challoner will save her!"

Some weeks later she dined with Houston Challoner at a little cafeteria that was just around the corner from the St. John's apartment house.

IT CAME about quite naturally, after all. Mr. Challoner had called, as he often did, to ask for Marcia, and had brought roses. There were a few minutes of wild confusion and laughter in the apartment, and then he was conducted from the kitchen to the bedroom, and Marcia, looking suddenly quite lovely, with the flowers in her arms, had a few minutes in paradise.

Mummy wasn't dressed, and didn't want anything but a cup of tea, but Beatrice, it appeared, was going to the cafeteria for her dinner. The caller quite simply and naturally offered to accompany her.

"It's a little Southern place—they have a colored cook—sometimes it's quite good," Beatrice said nervously as they walked to the cafeteria.

"I like a cafeteria," Challoner said.

"I can't imagine you in a cafeteria," the girl said, amused. "I hope they will have corn bread—they have the best corn bread!" she exclaimed more than once.

He really did seem to know just what to do; he took his tray and the napkin-wrapped utensils quite readily, and he and Beatrice went along the track, admiring everything and choosing here and there. There was corn bread tonight, and—by fortunate chance!—apple pie too, and bluefish.

The place was quiet; it was late for diners, and they could sit isolated and at peace in a window ingle, with pots of flowers and blue-checked curtains framing the pleasant vista of the warm, twilight street. Two candles embellished rather than lighted their meal, and Beatrice's strange blue-green eyes looked mysterious and starry by their light; her face was a little pale, and her manner oddly gentle and quiet; she seemed tired. Against the white lining of her old, shabby, dark-blue straw hat her richly red hair sprayed in tendrils.

Houston Challoner helped her set forth her meal, and she lent him a hand with his; he went off to get two glasses of water and came back carrying them steadily.

"It seems funny to see you in a cafeteria, Mr. Challoner."

"I've often been in them, though. This is a particularly nice one, small and dainty. I like the curtains and the blue china."

"It's a little more expensive than some," Beatrice said. "They've got a real old mammy for a cook—what she cooks is delicious. We often come here, if it's hot, because our kitchen sort of warms up the whole place."

"I have never tasted bluefish any better than this," the man said.

"It's a specialty here. But whatever she cooks is good. She makes popovers every Friday night, between six and seven, and everyone comes here for them."

"Colored, eh?"

"Oh, yes, she's a regular old Southern mammy."

"Well," said the man pleasantly, easily, in a short silence, "did you get my letter?"

"Yes, I did," she answered quickly, laughing and coloring.

"And what did you think of it, mademoiselle?"

"That you were one of the kindest persons alive," she answered readily, but deeply embarrassed just the same.

"Then it's an understood thing?" he said.

"Oh, it can't be, Mr. Challoner!" Beatrice protested, shaking her head. "I couldn't let you do it!"

He was watching her, an expression of kindness and admiration in his face.

"Then what are we to do, Beatrice?" he asked simply. "About Marcia, I mean?"

Beatrice put her elbows on the table, and linked her finger tips to form a rest for her round, firm chin, and looked at him steadily.

"I couldn't let you put all that money in the bank for us," she assured him. "It wouldn't be right."

Challoner was smoking; he looked at her quietly through a drift of blue smoke. Beatrice faced him, an odd, confused expression on her face.

"I wonder you have patience with me!" she exclaimed, irrelevantly and impulsively.

"Patience with you!" Challoner said. "To me you are the most—interesting—girl I ever knew! I am thinking of you always, whether I see you or not. Why shouldn't I have patience with you?"

"You think too much of me—" Beatrice muttered, reddening and looking down.

"Possibly," he conceded, smiling. But he was a little shaken too.

"What I was thinking"—she began again after a while, with a little difficulty—"what I was thinking is that—that *nobody* could be kinder—could be more generous than you've been—about everything, and that nobody"—she was growing incoherent again—"nobody could appreciate it more than I do—" She stopped short.

Houston Challoner put down his cigarette, and ground it out. He looked across the table at her seriously for a moment of silence before he spoke.

"You mean that you might be willing to try the experiment, Beatrice?" he asked, in a carefully leveled voice.

"I mean—would *you?*" she countered, flushed but brave, her bright eyes on his.

"Yes," he said soberly, "I would. You would make me very proud and happy."

He watched her; her eyes were lowered now, and her color still high, but there was a smile tugging at the firm, fine line of her young mouth.

"Well, then—?" she asked, shrugging, looking up. And there was a long silence, while they smiled at each other.

MUCH later—days later—she told him that the world would say that she was marrying him for his money, and that it would be true.

"And yet money doesn't mean much to you, Beatrice," he said.

"Oh, yes, it does! Not for stockings and furs," she explained, laughing. "But for Mummy and Marcia—and things like that."

"But you wouldn't be marrying a man you didn't like, for all that, would you?"

"I wouldn't be marrying a man I didn't love," she corrected it.

"Then you do love me?" he could not ask it often enough.

"Love you! What do you think I'm made of? You're the kindest, most considerate and thoughtful person I've ever met. Why shouldn't I love you? Of course I love you."

She would laugh joyously, saying it, and rest the deep firm waves of her red hair against his cheek.

"But you haven't a 'case' on me!"

"I don't believe in cases and crushes and all that nonsense," she answered.

"But you do know something about marriage?" he pursued, a little uneasily. "Your mother's such a gentle, old-fashioned little lady, and you're only twenty, after all—"

An amused, maternal flash of the blue-green eyes answered him.

"I know enough to know that you are going to have a devoted wife," the girl said, suddenly grave. "I know that you're spoiling me, and that I'm going to do my best to spoil you!"

And for such a speech she was always rewarded by seeing a look of utter happiness and satisfaction come into his rather serious eyes, and by hearing something actually boyish in the happy ring of his voice.

They were married on a burning August morning, as quietly as was possible, which was not very quietly, after

(Continued on page 34)

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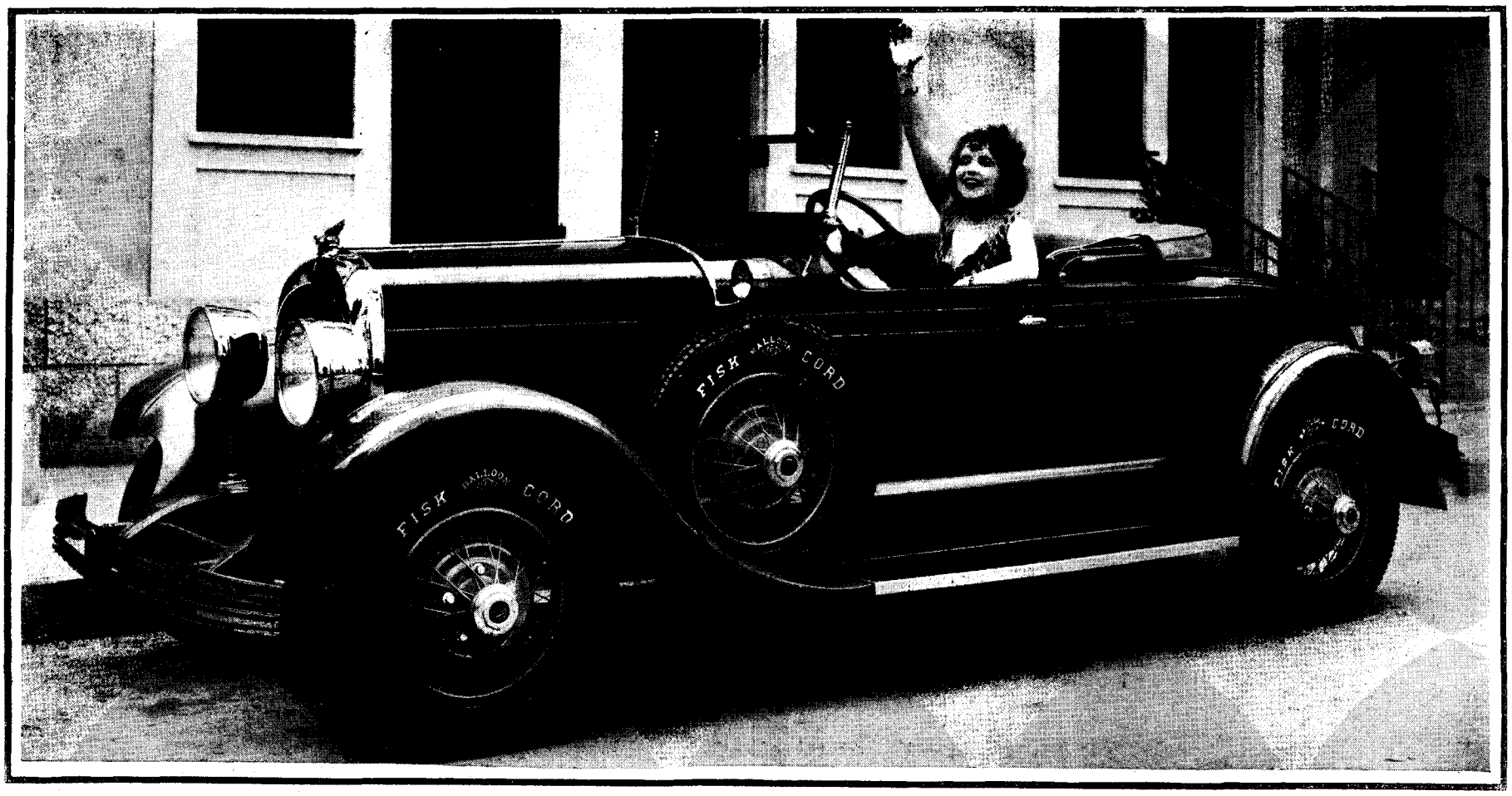

CLARA BOW, *the Paramount Star, says:* "I have forgotten all about tire trouble since I have been using Fisk Tires, but I always remember how much better looking the car is with Fisks."

Stage and Screen Stars

ANNA Q. NILSSON
SALLY O'NEIL
DORIS KENYON
RENEE ADOREE
AILEEN PRINGLE
LEATRICE JOY
MAE M'AVOY
BETTY COMPSON
MILTON SILLS
CHESTER CONKLIN
CLIVE BROOK
LAWRENCE GRAY
BEN LYON
FRED ASTAIRE
JULIAN ELTINGE
WILLIAM COURTLEIGH
JOHNNIE WALKER

COLLEEN MOORE
MAE MURRAY
MARIE PREVOST
LILA LEE
EMIL JANNINGS
WILLIAM HAINES
HOOT GIBSON
WARNER BAXTER
EARL A. FOXE
DENNIS KING
JACK DONOHUE
LYNNE OVERMAN
HALE HAMILTON

CLARA BOW
MABEL NORMAND
DOROTHY MACKAILL
JOAN CRAWFORD
MARION NIXON
LEW CODY
H. B. WARNER
FORD STERLING
WILLIAM BOYD
OTTO KRUGER
HAL SKELLY
DONALD BRIAN
JAMES GLEASON

MARION DAVIES
VIVIENNE SEGAL
MARY EATON
GRACE LA RUE
WALLACE BEERY
CONRAD NAGEL
EDMUND LOWE
ANTONIO MORENO
BRYANT WASHBURN
OSCAR SHAW
CHARLES WINNINGER
ARTHUR BYRON
W. C. FIELDS

BEBE DANIELS
MADGE KENNEDY
FLORENCE REED
MARILYN MILLER
GERTRUDE OLMSTED
ADELE ASTAIRE
LINA BASQUETTE
GWEN LEE
LON CHANEY
CHARLIE MURRAY
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.
LOWELL SHERMAN
JAMES KIRKWOOD
FRANK MORGAN
LEON ERROL
WILLIAM COURTENAY
SAM HARDY

FRED NIBLO
MARSHALL NEILAN

JOHN FRANCIS DILLON
KING VIDOR

RALPH INCE
JACK CONWAY

ALLAN DWAN
TOD BROWNING

EDDIE SUTHERLAND
JAMES CRUZE

GEORGE H. MELFORD
LEWIS MILESTONE

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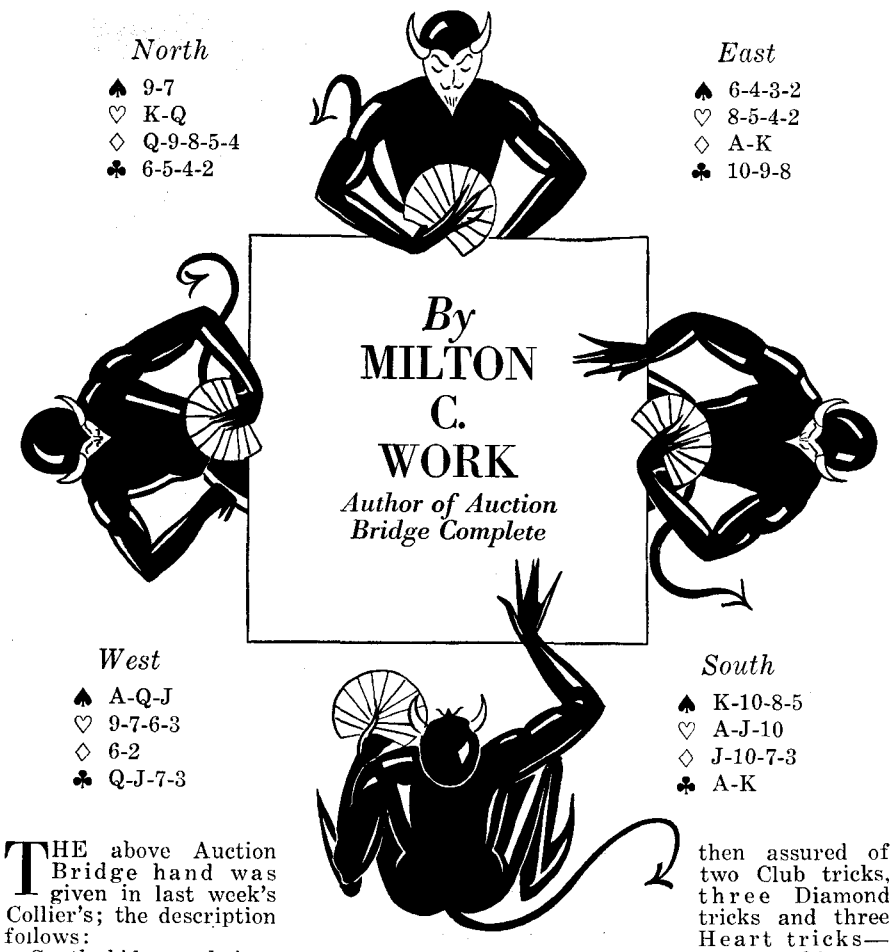
HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?



THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description follows:

South bid an obvious No Trump, and none of the other players had anywhere near the strength for any declaration but a pass, so it was only natural that when this hand was dealt originally in a Duplicate game, the bidding was the same at every table.

The Play

AT EVERY table the first two tricks were played in exactly the same way. West led his fourth best Club (the Trey), Dummy played the Deuce, East the Eight (the lowest of a head sequence) and Closed Hand won the trick.

A large percentage of Bridge players think that the rule "Third hand high" applies literally even when a card is being played from a sequence at the head of a suit, and consequently they play the higher or highest. This hand is an admirable example of how playing the lowest, as East did, may give important information to the leader. West of course knew when the Eight of Clubs forced the Ace or the King (some Closed Hands false-carded by playing the Ace and others played the King) that East had the Ten and Nine.

To trick 2 all Declarers led a Diamond. As Dummy and Closed Hand contained a complete sequence of Diamonds from Queen down to Seven, it was immaterial which Diamond was led. This trick was taken by East with the King (no false-carding in this case because East was facing a partner anxious for information—not a Dummy not needing information) and, to trick 3, the same lead was made by every East; viz., the Ten of Clubs. This was sound play—returning the higher of two remaining cards of partner's suit. The highest is led, but Second, Third or Fourth Hand plays the lowest.

The first difference in this hand occurred when West played to trick 3 the second round of Clubs. About 50 per cent of the Wests proved to be thoughtless and played the Seven of Clubs; South led a second Diamond, establishing the Diamonds, and East won the trick. Most of the Easts whose partners played a small Club on the second round then led another Club and West won the two remaining Clubs, making a total of four tricks; he then led the Ace of Spades to save game. Whether West cashed his Spade Ace or not was immaterial as the Closed Hand was then assured of two Club tricks, three Diamond tricks and three Heart tricks—one over his contract. The more careful Easts at trick 5, knowing that West had but two more Clubs and therefore that the game could not be saved merely by cashing Clubs, led a Spade up to Dummy's weakness. This play gained a trick by allowing West to make two Spades, so the Declarer was held to his exact contract.

But the important play of the hand occurred on trick 3. There the thoughtful Wests, being able to place the Nine of Clubs in the East hand and being reasonably sure that East also had the Ace of Diamonds, appreciated how important it would be to get East to lead Spades twice. This could be accomplished by playing the Jack on the second Club trick. A thoughtful East would infer that he was to lead up to Dummy's Spade weakness. Most of the Easts understood the significance of the Jack play when it was made, and, after winning trick 4 with the Ace of Diamonds, led a Spade to trick 5. When this happened West won with the Jack of Spades, led the Seven of Clubs, putting East in with the Nine of Clubs so that East could lead a second spade. With the hand played in that way, East and West took three Spade tricks, two Diamond tricks and two Club tricks, defeating the contract.

At the tables where West played the Jack of Clubs but East failed to appreciate the significance of the play and led the Nine of Clubs to trick 5, West permitted the Nine to win and East then had to lead a Spade, which netted six tricks for East and West, but gave the Declarer his contract. This hand illustrates a situation where Declarer's rôle was an easy one and all the skillful play was with the defense.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. K-J-8	S. A-10-7-5-4-2
H. K-9-4	H. 6-3
D. 7-6-3	D. Q-J-10
C. A-K-7-2	C. 8-6

West	*South*
S. Q-6-3	S. 9
H. 10-8	H. A-Q-J-7-5-2
D. A-9-5-2	D. K-8-4
C. 10-5-4-3	C. Q-J-9

The Make-Believe Wife

Continued from page 32

all. Houston's mother was brought carefully to the church, and wheeled to a front pew for the ceremony; Houston's married sisters—Mrs. Randall White and Mrs. Tom Carey, with their husbands and children: handsome, well-dressed, confident folk—were all in evidence. Houston's niece, little Marian Carey, preceded Marcia, as flower girl. And Houston's cousin, a clergyman, performed the ceremony.

Marcia, in orchid organdie, was maid of honor, and looked so plain and weak and sick that Beatrice's heart sank at the mere sight of her. Yet Marcia was happy. She had insisted upon filling this proud post and had had her rather colorless hair elaborately waved for the occasion.

There were pews filled with Fairfaxes and Flints, the members of the firm, and all their families, and many employees; Beatrice was too confused and excited to identify them, but her mother told her afterward that even the elevator boys from the building were there.

And finally there were scores of old friends of the Challoners, the finest folk in town, and an amazing number of old friends on the St. John side too, many of whom had not remembered her existence until this brilliant marriage of the pretty red-headed St. John girl had brought her suddenly to mind again.

BEATRICE had insisted upon simplicity; she would not wear bridal white and a veil, no matter how passionately Marcia and her mother urged it. Only twenty-four hours before the actual event she burst into angry tears, while they were talking to her, and protested that as Houston was paying for everything—flowers and breakfast, Marcia's gown and Mummy's and hers: paying for their actual rent and food and doctor's bill all this while—the less display the better.

Marcia and Mrs. St. John, both wrapped in sentimental dreams, had been shocked and pained by this frankness, but in the end Beatrice had her own way, and wore a creamy organdie not any more elaborate than Marcia's, and a small white hat, with a little white feather wound tightly about the low crown. Her burning hair blazed against all the whiteness, but her face was unusually pale and her voice quite inaudible in the responses.

Afterward everyone in his own family teased Houston, in a dignified, characteristically Challoner fashion, for his own eager, audible answers to the clergyman's questions, and Beatrice—flushed and radiant at her wedding breakfast—laughed at him too.

"You sounded perfectly sure of yourself, Hugh!" his mother said.

She called him Hugh, and Beatrice liked the abbreviation. Some of the other members of his family called him "Albert," which was really his given name, but the world of architecture knew him as "A. Houston Challoner," and that was the name upon Beatrice's new cards.

Her wedding day was a blur to her. She was conscious of feeling sorry for everybody—for Hugh, handsome and proud and pleased—and so inexorably forty-eight; for poor pallid, sentimental Marcia, entirely ineffectual in her organdie, with her pink roses; for Mummy, fussing and awestruck, and too polite to all the Challoners, and finally for herself, feeling strangely young, lonely, tall and bewildered somehow, in the creamy scalloped gown and the hat with the white feather around it.

She smiled at everyone; she was polite to everyone. The wedding was at ten o'clock, and Beatrice had been up and dressed for four hours by that time. Reporters had besieged the St. John apartment; Marcia had had hysterics; Mummy had jumbled tremulous advice and agitated compliments during the long trying process of the three women's dressing. She had laid Beatrice's scalloped creamy gown upon the bed, and a wet scrap of blue paper from the hat box had happened to be on the bed, so that Beatrice's last domestic act as a girl had been to wash the blue stain carefully from her wedding gown and press it with an iron.

MARCIA, for weeks, had taken the position of martyr. She had agreed to go with Mummy to La Crescenta, and drink Jersey milk and bask in California sunshine and sleep under California stars, with the air of a heroic big sister who humors a spoiled little one. And just of late she had implied rather than said openly, but implied none the less, that she had given up Houston Challoner to Beatrice; that she could be happy without him; she could make the sacrifice: it was better, happier for them all that it should be so.

"You must be very happy—for us both, Bee!" she whispered, on the wedding morning, wistfully, emotionally. "I shall be far away—my life is over, dear. All my happiness I pour into you!"

Beatrice—harassed, tired, excited with all and more than a bride's usual unsureness of herself and of what she was doing—had had an impulse to slap her sister in the face. She was willing to die for Marcia, but it was becoming increasingly difficult to live with her.

There was a beautiful little new watch ticking on her wrist; it said twenty minutes past one when she and Hugh came away from the decorously happy wedding group in the dining-room of his big house up on Tory Hill, and began saying good-bys in the hall. The open roadster was waiting in a blaze of sunshine at the side door; the servants were everywhere—useful, smiling, efficient. Somebody had put Beatrice's new suit case into the car, and her new woolly white coat; a rough big champagne-colored Airedale had come up the side steps, and sidled into the hall, and was nosing Hugh's hand.

"Come on, now, we must make this snappy!" Hugh was muttering, excited and nervous and happy. Beatrice noticed beyond him a little confusion at the front door: a late arrival.

"It's Mr. Bert, sir," a middle-aged maid said submissively, eagerly.

"Mr. Bert!" Hugh exclaimed, amazed, looking about.

"Yes, sir. He just came up the drive in a taxi, sir. I thought you mightn't have seen him sir," Nelly said delightedly.

Beatrice heard Hugh say "Bert!" in as astounded tone, and she turned to see a tall, loosely built young man come rapidly through the scattered groups in the wide hall, and stoop his high fair head to kiss his father, simply.

"Hello, Dad!" Bert Challoner said, in a youthful sort of voice, with a laugh in it. "I had to come home to see you—hello, is this the mater? Greetings, Madame Beatrice!"

EVERYBODY laughed delightedly as he took both her hands, and she swayed a little on her feet, like a tall, creamy lily, perfumed and rosy and wide-eyed, in her organdie gown, with the little white feather wrapped tightly about her brilliant hair.

"From Paris!" she said, with her wide, slow smile.

"From Paris. New York Tuesday. And I'm too late!"

"My dear boy, you should have wired," said his father.

"I know it. I know it. Frog's brains—that's my trouble," the boy said, not removing his eyes from Beatrice's face. "But the truth is that I made up my mind to leave early one morning, before I was half awake, and sailed that day," he explained. His tone had become almost absent-minded: it was as if some absorbing problem had suddenly presented itself to him, and would not be shaken away. "So—! You're Beatrice?" he said slowly. "Well," he added, in an odd tone, looking straight into her eyes, "that's that, isn't it?"

(*To be continued next week*)

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Halitosis may get you discharged

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The true reason for discharge, however, is usually hidden under such phrases as "Inefficient," "You can do better elsewhere," "We need a more experienced person," etc.

Realize these facts about halitosis. That, due to modern habits, it is much more prevalent than is suspected. That it is a definite liability in friendships, affections and business. That you can have it and not know it.

The one means of being sure that you are free from it is to rinse the mouth systematically with Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And between times when necessary, especially before meeting others. Keep a bottle handy in home and office for this purpose.

Listerine ends halitosis instantly. Being antiseptic, it strikes at its commonest cause—fermentation in the oral cavity. Then, being a powerful deodorant, it destroys the odors themselves.

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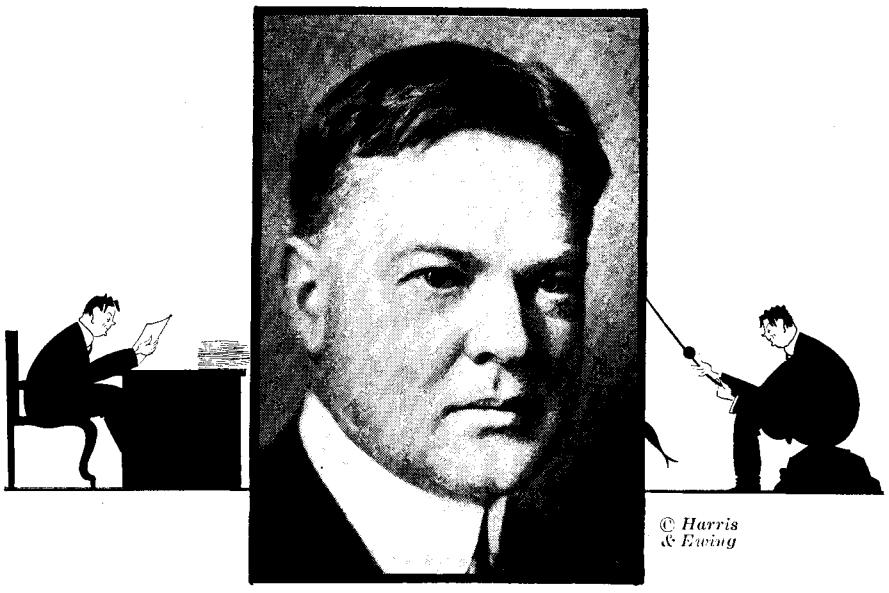

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The New Hoover

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

MR. HOOVER is a novelty as a candidate for President. Never has anyone remotely resembling him been nominated for the highest office in the land. He is so different from all previous candidates that a year ago no one familiar with the ways of politics believed that he could get himself accepted by his party as its candidate for President.

I remember participating in several discussions of this question several months ago, and without a dissenting voice it was agreed that Mr. Hoover could not be nominated. The farmers were against him. Big business was against him. And the politicians did not half like him.

And this skepticism persisted right up to the last. Three quarters of the belief that somehow someone else would be chosen at Kansas City—which in spite of a steadily increasing number of Hoover delegates persisted almost up to the moment the Republican convention was held—sprang from his not having the attributes usually found in successful candidates for party nominations.

And this very novelty leads to the feeling, rather widely held, considering that he is the nominee of the stronger of the two leading parties, that he will be defeated in November.

There are never any halfway predictions about novelties. The airplane would either be a toy or it would revolutionize modes of travel. So Mr. Hoover, almost as much a novelty in politics as the airplane was in mechanics, will be defeated according to one prediction, and according to another will be the greatest of our Presidents.

Almost no one ventures to say that he will just squeak through in November, or that he will be like most previous chief executives, just a pretty good President.

There is unquestionably a great deal of force, a great deal of industry, a great capacity for accomplishment in the man. You cannot look upon the possibility of his being President with indifference or mild interest.

In the campaign which is just beginning he will transcend his party in importance. It won't be a Republican whose name happens to be Hoover, but Hoover, who happens to be a Republican, running for the Presidency.

Not a Lazy Bone in His Body

WHAT kind of President will he be if elected? Some things are obvious from his record. He will be a very industrious President. He is the lad of whom it was said that he hadn't a lazy bone in his body.

Now, this characterization is more distinctive than it seems. I am not one of those that believe our Presidents work very hard.

Joseph P. Tumulty, a green young man from New Jersey about to be Wilson's private secretary, came to Washington to find out what his duties would be. He listened with a sinking heart while Mr. Taft's private secretary impressed him with the seriousness of his responsibilities and the unremitting nature of his task. His heart was down near his ankles when a messenger came into the office at three o'clock in the afternoon to say to the secretary:

"The President wishes you to play golf with him." The prospect brightened considerably for Mr. Tumulty.

Mr. Hoover is the kind of man who arrives at his office in the Commerce Department at nine o'clock and stays there until he has just time to reach home for dinner at eight o'clock in the evening. No detail of his department ever escapes him.

Time Alone Will Show

HE NEVER plays, except on rare occasions when he goes fishing. He never takes any exercise. He never walks, even when he has to go three or four blocks from his office to his club for lunch. He will, if elected, know the government that goes on under him as perhaps no other President ever has.

He has always had the most loyal and enthusiastic subordinates of anyone in Washington. His department seems fresh and new, not a tired old branch of the government. Temperamentally an autocrat, he still has the kind of aides who act as if they were inspired.

He tends to take the whole government as his province. Some Presidents have been their own Secretaries of State. He is likely to be not only his own Secretary of State but also his own Secretary of the Treasury, his own Secretary of Agriculture, his own Secretary of Commerce and his own Secretary of Labor.

I have described a remarkable administrator. But predictions that he will be a great President obviously rest on more than this. They are based on the belief of his admirers that he has never had a chance to show his real qualities.

But this is all in the realm of speculation. Office does not set men free. I remember poor Mr. Harding saying in 1920: "I could make better speeches than this if we weren't in a campaign." Mr. Hoover is in a campaign now, has been in a campaign for some time, and may be observed.

And the campaign never ends. From March 4, 1929, it will be the campaign of 1932, and from March 4, 1933, it will be the campaign of 1936, for Mr. Hoover is the kind of man who will be likely to name his own successor, as Mr. Roosevelt did.

Mr. Hoover suffers more than the professional politicians do from the inhibitions of politics. He will be a great administrator if elected, and how much more he will be time alone will show.

The Manhattan Caverns

Continued from page 15

down here—I would suggest that way for Your Honor!"

"Then for Heaven's sake lead me there!"

"Follow me, sir."

A semicircular rock corridor was traversed. At a point where the granite had been split in prehistoric ages a wooden staircase led upward into immeasurable blackness.

"Three hundred steps!" said Flynn. "I helped build them!"

THEIR only light the solitary torch, they climbed three hundred steps. Now they were in a winding rock gallery, ascending. And this they followed for all of ten minutes, until it terminated at a heavy wooden door.

"It isn't locked," said Flynn.

"Flynn!" Roscoe cried, "Flynn! Wait a minute. This is all a nightmare to me! *You* found these caves, I know. But why did you never tell anybody?"

"Ah!" Flynn switched his torch off. They were mantled in impenetrable darkness. "Now I can see you, sir! Listen! They're *my* caves. Is that plain? I've spent years of me life explorin' them. They're a new world—or a very, very old world. But they belong to a different god entirely. It's only *me* that knows him."

"Flynn! Show a light!"

"Not even for Your Honor! Because why? Because I can see you, Lieutenant dear, now, but I can't see you when the light's on! Don't be afraid. No friend of mine has anything to fear in the caves. Let me tell you. They stole them from me! One of the gang was me neighbor—hell burn him! Today the little house I had is pulled down and the entrance to the caves bricked in."

"They found another entrance, then?"

"Two. Meself had climbed the chimney before these devils came. I had it charted. I knew it led nearly to the city level. They built the stair Your Honor came down. They took over the house on top and had a cutting made to the cellar. They call it Entrance No. 2."

"There's another entrance?" Roscoe asked eagerly.

"There is. No. 1. They found it themselves, and it's the way they mostly use. It opens into the house of ex-Governor Bronson."

A long wooden staircase having no turnings or landings was negotiated. It terminated in a tunnel artificially made—a sort of mine cutting supported by timber. A second door was come to. It was unlocked. They passed on. A final passage, short and low; and the last door—an iron one.

"Generally," said Flynn, "damn him, he locks this one!"

He grasped the door.

It was locked!

"Listen!" said Roscoe. "Listen!"

From some place beyond the door came a muted clamor.

"*I* say," cried an angry man (his voice reached them as though coming through bales of wool), "that if Governor Bronson isn't here—and he isn't!—there's another way out!"

"Beat it back, Flynn!" Roscoe said. "You may be missed. Count on me, bo'sun. Your caves will make you famous!"

"You're not out yet, Lieutenant!"

"I soon will be! Go back!"

"Right, sir!" Flynn raised his hand in salute. "I've got to guide Head Center to the Gallery tonight. There's a god of this place, boss. . . . Head Center may lose his way!"

" 'Hoy, there!" Roscoe bellowed, his mouth and hands used as a megaphone, close to the iron door. "Party, 'hoy!"

He had a magnificent sea voice. The babel in Lew Bronson's library subsided.

"Who's there?" cried Police Captain Daly.

"Commander Drake Roscoe! I'm locked behind an iron door. Find your way to it! Smash everything! Have someone telephone for gear to burst the lock! Hurry! It's urgent!"

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, according to Roscoe's calculations. Alone, unarmed, in darkness, he waited: always listening, not to the discords beyond the iron door, but for footsteps behind him.

She had said "an hour." When he was found to be missing—what would the Zones do?

Suddenly came a crash.

"This way, Chief!" a voice cried.

"All O. K., sir?" someone called.

"Still alive!" shouted Roscoe. "What's happened?"

"Big business," came a familiar voice. "*I'm* here—"

"Burke!"

"Sure thing! We found the door in the bookcase. But this iron job may take time. Stand away, Roscoe. We're going to breathe on it."

Through the door, hissingly, came the voice of a powerful blow torch. They were fusing the lock.

Then, behind, in the darkness . . . running footsteps!

Roscoe watched a luminous patch in the blackness, where the rescuers were cutting through the iron door of his prison. He turned.

"Lieutenant!" came in panting tones. "They've missed you! But don't worry, boss! Here's the key! Head Center has gone—like the god of the caves said! He's under the falls!"

Now came the ray of Flynn's torch. A key was pressed into Roscoe's hand.

"I'm goin' back," said Flynn. "The caves need me. But these is me last words, Lieutenant dear: the Zones has got the stairs mined! Is that clear? Head Center's gone to pay his bill to the god of the caves. It's up to me that devil a soul comes down again!"

The light went out.

"Flynn!" Roscoe cried.

Out of the darkness: "You'll be free in five minutes, Lieutenant. Clear the house! God bless Your Honor!" . . .

"Flynn!"

Roscoe's voice was raised to gale register.

There was no reply. Flying footsteps were his only answer.

"Belay, there!" he roared.

The dim luminance died out. The hissing ceased.

NONE too steadily, he fitted the key in the lock outlined in a glow of heated metal. It worked stiffly. But it worked.

Drake Roscoe opened the door.

He saw a small room, presumably a dressing-room. It appeared to be crowded. Stopford sprang forward.

"Old man!" he said.

Drake Roscoe fell into his arms, hung there a moment, helpless; then:

"Clear this house!" he ordered. "Don't waste a second! Every soul in the building must be out in three minutes! Stand away from that door! Send a man to the first police telephone and get the fire department. All out! *All out!*"

He staggered, and collapsed. . . .

The house was cleared inside of two minutes. The street became choked with curious onlookers. They dispersed when the wail of approaching fire units gave warning.

A colossal explosion shook the entire section. Many windows were blown out of the Bronson house. A dull glow showed through shattered panes on the ground floor. Red juggernauts of the fire department came roaring to the scene.

Roscoe revived, temporarily. He was in Burke's car anxiously attended by Stopford.

"Entrance No. 1 is closed," he murmured, "forever."

Another story of the Emperor of America will appear in an early issue

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WHEN vacation time comes the average family demands recreation. From father down it urgently desires to be re-created—refreshed—made over—and pepped up.

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And for either swagger hotel or water-front home the Sea Sled adds the last finishing touch for the gayety of their guests.

There is no more exhilarating sport in the world than Sea Sledding, and even the many folk born timid about water sports realize in short order that the Sea Sled furnishes grandly exciting speed and backs it with safety and comfort sufficient to allay all fears.

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The big luxurious Model 28 is adequate for the requirements of hotels and costly summer homes, while the little models for outboard motors are quite within the means of anyone planning a real vacation. All of them are distinctively well built and good looking. All of them combine speed, comfort, and safety to an extraordinary degree. And anyone of them will add to your vacation a "kick" that you never got out of summer play-time before.

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Model 16 is a fast outboard runabout, all-mahogany, full deck, double cockpits, double-planked bottom, and complete equipment with the exception of motor.

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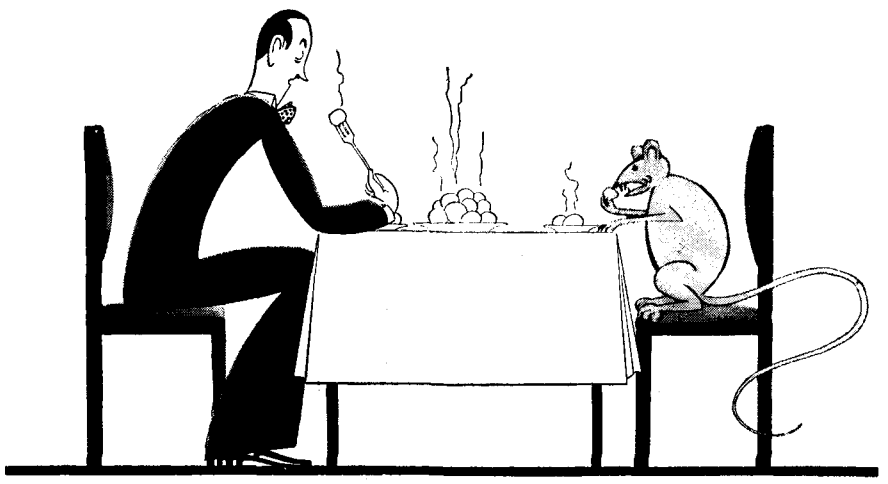

Cancer Can Be Conquered

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON
Director Science Service

A METHOD is now known by which cancer can be eradicated within three generations. This method involves no expense, no operation, no medicine, no inoculation, no system of exercise, no sanitary measures, no restriction of diet.

But this method has been applied only to mice, not to men.

These experiments, which are being carried out at the University of Chicago by Dr. Maud Slye, point to a possibility of ridding a race of cancer for keeps. Mice, being the housemates of humans, are much like mankind in many ways. They eat the same sort of food and are subject to many of the same diseases. In particular they are liable to develop tumors in similar organs that cause death in the same way. That is, some of them do. But, as among human beings, some families seem to be immune by nature. Cancer is not contagious. Nor is it inherited as such.

But certain individuals are susceptible to certain kinds of cancer, and this susceptibility is inherted. Being inheritable, it can be eliminated by confining parentage to the nonsusceptible strains.

If a cancerous individual is mated with one wholly resistant to cancer, all their offspring will be exempt from cancer. If these offspring are mated with cancerous stock some of their offspring will be subject to cancer. But if they are mated with cancer-immune stock all their offspring will be immune. Their descendants, generation after generation, seem to be freed from the danger of the disease—so far as the experiment has been extended. By this method of selective breeding Dr. Slye has reared from cancerous stock hundreds of families comprising thousands of individuals among which no case of cancer has arisen, even in the course of more than fifty generations during the eighteen years of observation. These mice may be subjected to the same sort of injury, irritation or overstimulation that in other strains is likely to cause cancer, but they never develop it. If, for instance, they are injured by a blow from the cage door on the face, breast or leg, the wound heals with a scar that is eventually absorbed, leaving no bad results.

It seems then that two factors are necessary to produce cancer. The first is an inherited local susceptibility to the disease, and the second is irritation of sufficient intensity and of a certain sort applied to the susceptible tissue. It is curious how limited and local is such a sensitive section of the body. Some families of mice are liable solely to cancer of the breast, and injuries to other parts do not give rise to cancerous growths. Other strains are susceptible to skin, or subcutaneous, or internal cancers of a particular kind. If a mouse susceptible only to skin cancer of the face is struck anywhere except on the face, normal healing takes place.

It is probable that the same principles apply to men as to mice. So if it is too much to expect unanimous consent to breed it out, the disease might now be cut down considerably if persons whose parents or grandparents had suffered from cancer of a particular sort would take care to avoid, so far as possible, all forms of chronic irritation or accidental injury to the parts peculiarly susceptible to the disease.

Cancer at present causes the death of one out of every six persons between the ages of thirty-five and sixty-five. It is apparently on the increase.

Has Mankind Reached Its Limit?

THE extinction of the human species from this planet is very probable, says Professor Max Scheler of the University of Bonn. For man is the most complete and fixated form of all the mammals and therefore the most unlikely to develop further. The present gain in the average length of human life in civilized communities is no assurance of perpetuity, for increased duration of individual life is accompanied by a shortened life for the species as a whole.

Nor does he see a good sign in our boasted intellectual progress, for the human brain is the least capable of all organs to regenerate and grow. The human species is relatively old compared with other species of plants and animals, and it has run most of all to brain. Man has not changed fundamentally since the dawn of history, either in bodily form or mental ability. Any gains he may make through education, or any capacities he may individually acquire, will not add to the value of his inheritance through the germ plasm. The struggle for existence can no longer serve to force men upward, for nowadays such strife does not eliminate inferior individuals or groups, and they continue to propagate their kind. Man will never, says the German professor, degenerate to the animal state biologically, though he may ethically.

Scheler sees signs of a desperate effort at self-rejuvenescence of the human race in the youth movement, the dance mania, the vogue for primitive forms of art, the athletic craze, the recrudescence of superstition, the rise of dictators and other anti-intellectualist movements of our time.

"All these point to a systematic revolt of impulse and instinct. It is a reaction against the one-sided rationality, spirituality and asceticism of our ancestors; a mass movement to divert a greater share of human energy from the higher centers of the brain to the rest of the body. The World War was the effect of a century-long damming up of the dark deep forces of the submerged infancy of the race. This may be a natural and wholesome reaction against an overgrown mentality, but the desire of a weary world for a return to a second childhood is in itself a sign of old age and fatigue."

So speaks Scheler. Let's hope it isn't so.

Ku Klux Koin

Continued from page 9

you something that has not been publicly told before:

"Only the very lowest possible degree of the Klan was ever administered—the K-uno degree.

"I was preparing a K-duo degree. About 700,000 of our first million members would have been invited to join that. The fee for this degree would have been $20. That would have brought in $14,000,000.

"Then we were going to give a K-trio degree. About 500,000 of our million would have been eligible for that degree. The fee was to be $40. That would have brought us in an additional $20,000,000.

"Then there was the highest degree—the four-K degree. I was going to call it the K-kwad. The fee was to be $80, and only the most select members were to be called to that branch. Members, of course, could take several degrees. We estimated at 'The Palace' that only about 300,000 could be chosen for all four degrees. The fourth degree would have brought in $24,000,000.

"There was so much money in sight that we could lay almost any sort of plans.

He Lived Like a King

"I REMEMBER one time when 'The Palace' in Atlanta was closed for three days by court order to have affairs under the Evans régime investigated. During that time the mail piled up—a little mountain of mail sacks. Most of the letters probably contained checks and money orders."

The dream of money was an amazing one, but the reality itself was nothing to scoff at. I followed Simmons' pencil again:

"One million one hundred thousand new members or renewals in 1922! Taking 313 working days in the year, that's about 3,500 new members a day. That meant $35,000 a day being paid by Americans into the Klan merely in fees and dues. Perhaps one fourth of this found its way to the Atlanta headquarters. I don't know. There wasn't any way of telling, because in the last year of my connection with the Klan Hiram Wesley Evans kept all figures away from me. Some of the money, of course, went into local Klan treasuries.

"Say we received $9,000 a day at Atlanta from dues and renewals, the rest of the $35,000 going into local Klan treasuries.

"We charged $6.50 for costumes and were making $1 profit on each sale. That meant that another $1,000-a-day profit was coming into 'The Palace' for robes. Add that to the dues and you have a safe minimum of $10,000 a day coming into the Atlanta treasury. That's an income of more than $3,000,000 a year that we were taking in just as a starter. It's safe to say that Americans put at least $12,000,000 a year into the order. Look at the money some of the organizers and field men made.

"There was D. C. Stephenson, who picked up more than 400,000 members in Ohio and Indiana.

"Stephenson took in enough within less than two years to enable him to live like a king. His dream was to be the Mussolini of America.

"Steve gave regal parties on his Great Lakes yacht. He had an airplane, with an air chauffeur, and a private railroad car. His home outside of Indianapolis was a mansion. I figure that Steve picked up about $3,000,000 for himself before he went to the penitentiary for life.

"It wasn't until newspapers began to attack the Klan that it really grew," says Simmons.

"Certain newspapers," he says, "also aided us by inducing Congress to investigate us. The result was that Congress gave us the best advertising we ever got.

"Congress made us. A congressional committee was appointed to investigate the Klan. This was in October of 1921. We had only 125,000 members at that time, though the newspapers were saying that we had 7,000,000.

"Before I got on the train one November day in 1921 to go to Washington to testify, I asked Dr. Montgomery, an optician who was acting as my treasurer, how much money the Klan had. He said, 'About $300 in cash and $3,000 in the bank.'

"I had spent over $2,000 for telegrams to congressmen, demanding an investigation of the Klan, as soon as gossip of an investigation began. Newspapers were full of the story. I was on the stand for several days. Reporters were sending my story all over America.

"Suddenly the investigation came to an end. The congressional committee declined to act.

"'We've got hold of the hot end of the poker!' one of the committeemen said."

The truth of the matter is that "Wee Willie" Upshaw, congressman from Georgia, a Klansman who had been elected by Klan votes, helped Simmons tremendously at this time. He prepared a bill demanding that every lodge in America with secret rituals be investigated by Congress.

"Those were exciting hours in Washington: government detectives, Klan detectives and newspaper reporters were scurrying all over the place," Upshaw recently told me, after one of my visits with Simmons.

"I had those congressmen jumping in every direction because if they reported on the Klan they would have had to investigate and report on every other lodge in America. When reporters asked me if I was a Klansman I always said, 'Well, go and find out what lodges the other fellows belong to.' My bill was the 'hot poker' the congressmen were talking about. They didn't dare go on with the Klan inquiry."

Congress, by failure to act, gave Simmons a chance to say that it had put its stamp of approval on the strange new order.

"Things began to happen as soon as I got back to my little office in Atlanta. Calls began pouring in from lodge organizers and others all over America for the right to organize Klans.

"We worked twenty-four hours a day trying to meet the demand. By 1923 we reached a rate of 3,500 new members a day. Each new member meant $2 net profit to my own office. The organizing department got $8. We had to start a department of supplies. I got hold of C. B. Davis, who made paraphernalia for lodges in Atlanta, and asked him if he could make our robes and helmets. He said he could. He organized the Gate City Manufacturing Company, put in a few sewing machines and started out.

"First he made robes of stiff white cloth. They were not right. I wanted a soft, white cloth that would flow in the breeze. We had to send to the mills for special cloth. It wasn't long before Davis put in more machines, built a larger factory, and was buying cloth by the carload.

"When he showed the banks his business they gave him a credit rating of $350,000. His factory went bankrupt, however, when the Klan began to die out.

Simmons Paid High

"E. Y. CLARKE was my chief organizer. He lived in Atlanta and had organized what he called the Southern Publicity Association. In this association he had a very able assistant, Elizabeth Tyler. These two, with their associates, were the managers and collectors of 'war drives' and, later on, of 'community drives' in various places in the South. You know how it goes. You would make a contract with them to promote a campaign and give them a share of their collections.

"Well, I had watched Clarke, and I wanted him. In order to get him I had to sign a contract with him giving him 80 per cent of all he took in from new

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members. That meant that every new member brought him in $8. Of course he had to pay all expenses. He put an army of 1,100 paid organizers in the field; hundreds of smart men were working for him. They made things hum all over America.

"I know I paid Clarke a high rate, but I had to. When I asked him to come with me as organizer, he said:

"'Why, I have lots of friends among the Jews and Catholics. They have helped me in Red Cross drives and in all the other drives for various purposes here in the South, and I don't see how I can afford to break away from them.'

"Clarke told me that if he broke with those old friends he would have to drop his Southern Publicity Association entirely and give up all his drives.

"I told him to go ahead and break up his organization. I promised him 80 per cent for himself, for a limited time. That was the only way I could get him. I made him my chief of staff."

Wanted: An Aid for the Emperor

IT WAS Clarke's high-pressure professional salesmanship that sold counterfeit "patriotism," doped-up "Americanism," and all the other shoddy wares of the Klan to millions of misled Americans. His organizers under his guidance became experts. They made their listeners sincerely fear for the welfare of America.

NO AMERICAN WHO ACTUALLY BELIEVED WHAT CLARKE'S ORGANIZERS TOLD THE PUBLIC REGARDING THE DANGERS FACING THE NATION WOULD HAVE BEEN A PATRIOT IF HE HAD NOT TAKEN STEPS OF SOME SORT TO PROTECT HIS COUNTRY.

It is this fact that Clarke and his crew coined into cash for themselves.

"I know that a fortune must have passed through Clarke's hands," Simmons told me. "He bought himself a magnificent home in Atlanta."

One sordid story after another appears as you trace the careers of some of the men who have used the Klan to fool America. Federal court records at Houston, Tex., show that Clarke, on March 10, 1924, pleaded guilty to transporting Louise Martin, a Houston girl, to another state for immoral purposes and paid a fine of $5,000. The offense was committed in 1921, when Clarke was at the height of his Klan power.

Klansmen have heard of "The Palace" in Atlanta. It was purchased in these big-money days. It was merely a moderate-priced old-fashioned residence on famous old Peachtree Street.

Simmons' title for this moderate-priced house was only another instance of his ability to "make pictures" in the minds of misguided followers.

The name "The Palace," applied to an ancient residence, carried a sense of power, greatness and pomp in the minds of millions of men and women.

With money coming in faster than Simmons could open its containers and with Clarke at Simmons' urgent request hunting throughout America, as he went about his business, for some man who could aid the Klan emperor, Simmons, nevertheless, found time to use whatever money he pleased from the incoming flood to exercise his sense of showmanship.

Six miles out of Atlanta, to the north, running through wooded and rolling ground, there remains to this day the outlines of a Civil War trench. Kind friends in Atlanta will show it to you. Here is the battle field of Peachtree Creek, sacred ground in Georgia.

Simmons bought this battle field. He erected a frame convention hall, straddling the creek. Thus he gave himself an amazing theme for perfervid oratory.

At the very time that Klansmen were whipping white women Simmons said in this hall:

"I will impress upon you the sacredness of the soil upon which we meet. On this very spot, beneath this woodland shade, you stand on the bosom of one of our nation's famous battle fields. From this brook, winding its way to the sea, with the rippling melody of its ancient song, the wounded and the dying slaked their thirst and soothed their painful wounds, placing their lips to these innocent waters with the fervor of devoted lovers, each giving his blood and his life as a sacrifice upon the altar of his country. . . . Here we meet in convention with naught but brotherly love. . . ."

"I was going to build a great university on the battle field," Simmons told me.

But, in spite of the flood of hard-earned American gold to which Simmons and his crowd were "placing their lips with the fervor of devoted lovers," the Klan university was only a dream, never to come true, for it was in this same great shed, on this same Peachtree Creek battle field, that Simmons, as I shall show in a later article, lost his Klan, with its million-dollar treasury, and saw it fall into the hands of a strange man whom he had known for less than a year—one Hiram Wesley Evans.

Clarke, after weeks of search, finally found Simmons an assistant.

"'I've found your man,' Clarke told me"—so goes Simmons' story.

"'He's already a Klansman. He's a dentist in Dallas, Tex., and a Cyclops in the Klan there.'

"I told Clarke to wire Evans to come to Atlanta. When he turned up he had all sorts of credentials. He belonged to many different lodges, it appeared, and I felt I could trust him.

"That night Clarke and Mrs. Tyler took Evans out to dinner. Mrs. Tyler told me later that Evans told her he could not come to Atlanta until he had paid about $2,500 in debts back in Dallas. She told me that she lent him the money.

"Anyhow, he came. I believe I paid him $8,000 a year. I had to pay good money to get the men I wanted. For instance, I asked Nathan Bedford Forrest, grandson of General N. B. Forrest, head of the Civil War Klan, to join *my* Klan. Forrest said he would do so when I could pay him $5,000 a year. As soon as the money began coming in I made it a point to put him on my staff at that salary."

More showmanship employing the grandson of the man who fifty years before had publicly disbanded and dismissed the Reconstruction Klan because of the evils of night riding, whitecapping, and masked floggings which Klan officials could not control.

The Best of the Lot

ELEVEN months of big money in the Klan was all that Simmons ever had.

"I didn't take any salary," he told me. "I refused it. How could I live on my child? I was the only unsalaried official. When my cabinet tried to vote me a salary of $1,000 a month, I refused, in spite of their pleading.

"'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I shall veto this resolution. I cannot take a salary!'

"They insisted. Finally I said, 'Very well, gentlemen. If you will change the word "salary" to "gratuity" in that resolution, I will put my name to it.'

"They agreed to do this, and so I can truly say that I have never received one cent of salary from the Klan."

It is true that the Klan organization in Atlanta gave Simmons a home—"Klancrest" he called it. The Klan also gave him a car.

But, in all fairness to Simmons, I ought to say that during his months of "good pickings" he did not rifle the Atlanta treasury.

How newcomers tried to coax Simmons to go in for big money, how he refused, how they routed him, took over the rich Klan treasury and left Simmons flat-broke is my next story.

No investigator can deny that Simmons was the least questionable leader, financially, that the Klan ever had. He was an honest fanatic.

Mr. Shepherd's next article about the Ku Klux Klan, "The Fiery Double Cross," will appear in next week's issue

The lather makes the shave

MEN changed their shaving habits after Mennen developed the *dermutized* shave. And Mennen Shaving Cream daily grows more popular with men everywhere.

Mennen-lathered is well-shaved. Unless your beard is completely softened, the razor either hurdles over the hairs, or hooks part way into the beard, yanking and dragging painfully at the roots. Mennen avoids all that. For Mennen lather has that special beard-softening process of *dermutation,* developed in the Mennen laboratory and available only in Mennen Shaving Cream. Dermutation starts the instant you touch the moistened brush and cream to the face. Its gentle action completely softens the beard. No finger rubbing necessary.

It levels the minute mounds at the base of each hair, smoothing the way so that the razor slips clean and smooth through the thoroughly softened hairs at the skin surface. No nicking or scraping of these little peaks—no rawness or smarting. No caustic to burn. And *dermutation* is complete in any water, hot or cold, hard or soft. Five soothing emollients in Mennen lather soothe and soften the skin, leaving it soft, fresh, clean and smooth. And how long a Mennen shave seems to last!

Also Made Mentholized

Like a cooling shower on the face is a dash of menthol in your lather. To those who relish its reviving freshness we have good news. You can now get Mennen Shaving Cream with or without menthol. Thus you may enjoy this added feature in Mennen, the shaving cream that softens your beard by the Mennen *dermutation* process, giving you the world's finest, coolest shave. To get Mennen mentholized, ask your dealer for the tube with the red ball. He has it, or can get it for you. Either tube—50c.

Top off with Mennen Talcum for Men

It's growing—this habit of toning down after-shave glitter with a splash of Mennen Talcum for Men. Neutral tinted not to show. Soothing and comfortable. 25c per tin—in stick form 50c.

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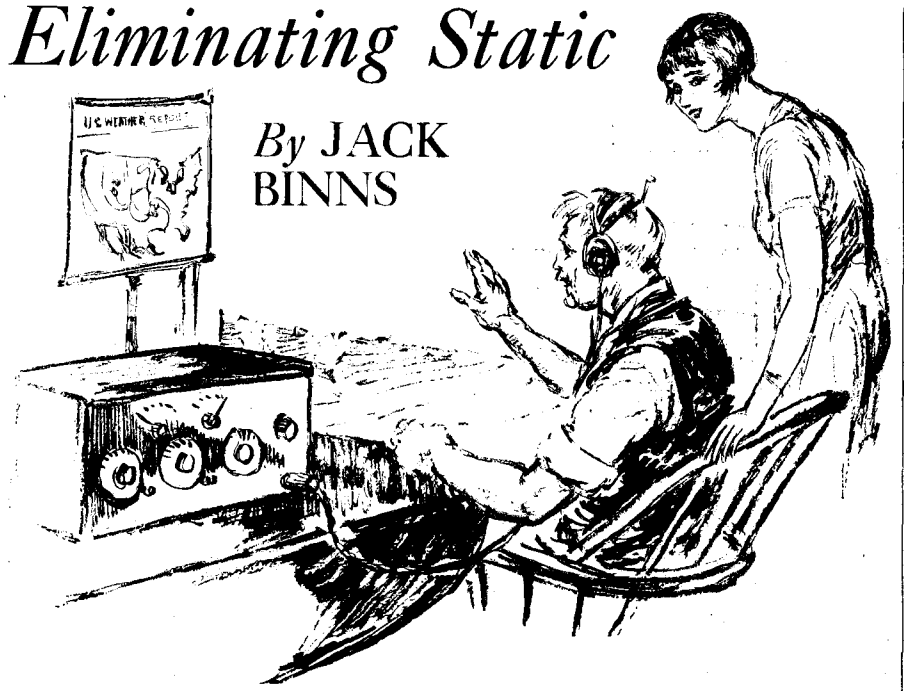
Eliminating Static

By JACK BINNS



A VERY interesting query comes to me from Roger Beals in the mining region of Arizona: "The decent reception season, in this area, is about over. The static is fierce till late at night and sometimes all night. This is particularly so after a warm day. A number of 'doodads' are advertised as cures, but it would be curious if they worked. Likewise why do we have perfect reception here during day from local stations and a great deal of static as soon as the sun goes down?"

In the early days of radio, before efficient transmitters were developed, those of us who struggled with it sweated blood over static. Most of us found that it reached its maximum shortly after sundown and continued until daybreak. In the tropical regions it is encountered in the daytime as a fairly regular thing, but rarely so in temperate zones.

Practically all of the so-called static eliminators are utterly useless, and most of them merely reduce the strength of the signal that is picked up by the receiving antenna. The same result can be achieved by reducing the volume control on the receiver itself. In fact, reducing volume is an excellent thing and will enable you to enjoy programs from local stations even in the worst periods of static.

So far as engineering knowledge goes at the present time there are only two possible ways of reducing the effects of static: first, by increasing the power of broadcast stations, and, second, by greater refinement and development of directional receiving antennæ. The first is the most logical, and it is for that reason I have been advocating a sliding power rating for broadcast stations by which they would use maximum power in the summer months and the minimum amount of power in the winter months. In most cases, however, the effect of static these days is more feared than fearsome.

Let's All Get Together

WE HAVE been continuously patting ourselves on the back and deluding ourselves that we lead the world in radio development. So far as the technical aspect of broadcast transmission and reception goes our self-adulation is well founded. In practically every other radio application we are lagging rather than leading.

Even in broadcasting we are guilty of gross stupidity in the matter of regulation. We permitted everyone who came along to erect a station and operate it without respect to geographical location or public necessity. Then when the situation became absolutely impossible we established a commission and gave it authority to do things which the courts may not countenance because of their apparent unconstitutionality. Having done this, we rail at the commission because it has failed to commit unconstitutional acts.

Our greatest blunder, however, is the failure properly to consider the sovereign rights of contiguous and near-by nations. We have been prone to look with scorn upon European radio development, yet when the possibility of interference loomed there the twenty-two countries got together under the ægis of the League of Nations and split up the available wave lengths among themselves on the basis of population and geographical location. Having accomplished this, they established the International Radio Union and put a dictator at the head of it to administer the agreement. It is inconceivable that any condition even approaching ours can develop in Europe.

The latest North American country to begin broadcasting is Newfoundland. A 500-watt station has been established at St. John's. It will cause interference with American stations around the 395-meter wave. Newfoundland is a sovereign state and can utilize as many wave lengths as it pleases irrespective of public opinion or convenience in this country. The same is true of Canada and Mexico. What we need immediately is a North American conference, as suggested by Secretary Hoover, to agree upon an allotment of wave lengths so that the interests of the entire continent will be best served without rancor or interference.

Weak Sight

THE recent flurry in television news, giving glowing accounts of the marvelous results obtained in the radio transmission of moving pictures, has led to the impression that television receivers for home use will shortly be available. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The present state of the art is wholly experimental, and such a tremendous number of problems has to be solved that it will be years before it is possible to reproduce television pictures in halls as a commercially exploited novelty—let alone such reproduction in the home.

It must not be forgotten that much of the publicity regarding the recent developments is for the purpose of establishing dates and protecting patent rights rather than commercial exploitation. Television is in about the same condition today that radio telephony was twenty years ago.

Can You Hear Your Brain?

SCIENTISTS in the University of Iowa have devised an electric device that records the noises made by the human brain at work. The apparatus was recently demonstrated before the microphone of WSUI by the inventors, Dr. Lee E. Travis and his assistant, Theodore Hunter. When applied to an intelligent subject the result sounded "like the patter of rain on a tin roof."

Somehow I have a feeling this device will never go into universal use because of the impossibility of making it sufficiently sensitive.

A Thousand and One Fights

Continued from page 10

performers at the turn of the century and just beyond. They'd sprint like the devil for $10 and $20 prizes. My principal function was to announce these sprints.

I'd step into the middle of the arena, which was a blare of lights and racing wheels, call for order and state the purse. Then came a zigzag through a shower of bottles and beer caps. Gallery gods used to bet on who could hit me, and anybody who could knock off my hat won a group purse.

In 1912 I found myself getting a little rusty in the joints and not so skilled at dodging, so I hit upon the idea of using a pistol at the six-day races. After announcements I'd bang the pistol for the start, then walk out of the arena flourishing the weapon. That stopped the bottle showers. So I stuck to the pistol.

A Stormy Week

WHEN Brocco, the most popular of latter-day wheelmen, rode into sudden fame, the Italian element packed the Garden to cheer him in his dashes. When Egg, the Swede, won, a wild-eyed Italian snatched the weapon, leveled it at his chest and fired. His vest was badly burned. Beyond that no damage was done, for, of course, I was using blanks. And it turned out that Brocco was not an Italian but a Frenchman!

One of the stormiest weeks of bike racing came in the early winter of 1918-1919. The boys seemed to realize that Volstead's activities were among coming events that cast their shadows before. They went in for six days of serious drinking. As a result, on the final night the riders were merely a blur of drab color to most of the fans.

A husky operator at the hot-dog concession realized an opportunity. At the lobster switch, which took place at about 3 A. M., when the racing was hard and the wassail at its height, he saw that his patrons were wobbly on their legs and woozy in their heads. So he piled his supplies of frankfurters into a towel and tossed them out of the window to a confederate, who sold them to near-by lunch wagons. Then, as the file of alcoholics lined up to buy hot dogs, he split the rolls, laid a hefty finger in the center, smeared the finger with mustard and passed the roll minus the finger to the customer.

Most victims didn't know the difference. Others set up a howl and there was a mild riot.

The first and last time I met O. Henry, the author, was at a six-day bike race. He yawned frequently.

"Does this thing go on for six days and nights without stopping?" he asked me.

"That's the general idea," I told him.

"Why," he asked, "don't they have dummy riders and dummy spectators and let the damn' thing go on forever?"

I've been told by many who knew him that he used to delight in rare visits to the old Garden to see the feverish scene and catch the comments of the crowd, but he shared that appetite for the ring's excitement with notables in every calling, save possibly the clergy—and I've seen enough of those in ringside seats to make a fairly representative roster of doctors of divinity.

Lord Kitchener was about the most phlegmatic fight spectator to whom the old Garden ever played host. When Mike Gibbons and Packy McFarland stood toe to toe, slugging, Kitchener calmly asked me, "Do you know the exact time?"

I've seen John McCormack climb on a chair and yell five or six thousand dollars' worth at a knockdown. Charles Murphy, the Tammany boss, a frozen-face when playing his great game of politics, would jump and shout in a frenzy at thrilling snatches of a bout.

Caruso once knocked a man down in his anxiety over a brisk attack made on Johnny Dundee, the Italian pugilist, by Benny Leonard.

Leonard, the first real Jewish world's champion, was the principal headliner, fighting Ritchie Mitchell of Milwaukee, in the boxing match that definitely restored boxing to good grace. This was put on in 1920 by Anne Morgan, sister of J. P. Morgan, for the benefit of devastated France, her pet charity. It had the effect of making boxing respectable.

I suppose for the first time in history a Roman Catholic cardinal sat at a ringside then. Cardinal Mercier, present in New York in 1920, appeared to help Miss Morgan's charity. His lean, ascetic figure was strangely out of place in that pandemonium.

"Men can do worse things than that to one another—and in public," he told Jimmy Walker on that occasion.

I'll never forget the evening Gus Ruhlin fought a rangy giant I had never seen before. Going to this huge fellow's corner, I asked him his name.

"Jess Willard," he said.

"How will I describe you?" I asked.

"Just call me Cowboy Murderer," he grinned.

So the future champion was introduced as the cowboy killer fresh from the Western stock yards. If Willard was bloodthirsty, I'm a choir boy.

The crop of heavyweight hopes plodded across the scene like a parade of elephants about that time. I honestly believe boxing might have been stopped by federal legislation, just as interstate shipment of fight films was, if it hadn't been for the public's anxiety to see the colored champion dethroned.

Johnson was a likable fellow and a marvelous defensive fighter, but he had an irrepressible capacity for getting into scrapes.

When they gave me the name of a scowling young athlete who came unheralded to the Garden, I smiled. "Jack Dempsey!" thought I, who had had the honor of introducing the original Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, whose real name was Kelly. "Here's another ham traveling under a famous name."

"What d'you pick the name Dempsey for?" I asked the youngster, who was glaring nervously at his opponent, itching for the bell. "Jack Dempsey was a middleweight."

"It's my real name," growled Jack, like an angry schoolboy.

He tore out of his corner and flattened his foe in jig time. Squire Ebbets, owner of the Brooklyn National baseball club and Ebbets Field, was at the ringside. Instantly he matched Jack and Porky Flynn, the much-knocked-out one, for a return match, and I announced it:

"A return engagement, on account of the sudden end of this contest, will be held in Brooklyn at—" I was about to say Ebbets Field when a wag cut loose:

"Potter's Field," he bawled.

The squire was madder than a hatter, so I had to shout louder than I'd ever shouted before to drown out gales of laughter and get over the right name of the ball park, otherwise I don't think Mr. Ebbets would have given me another assignment.

In a New Jersey ring I witnessed triumph and tragedy on the same night. A quiet-looking chap who appeared ill stepped up for a semi-final bout. He didn't look as though he could last long.

One Real Tragedy

I EXPECTED to see him upset at the first clash. His opponent came charging, fist poised for a haymaker. The youngster retreated for about two minutes, clearly ill at ease. Suddenly he stepped in, uncorked a right cross and his man went down senseless.

"You did pretty well," I told him.

"Had to," he said bluntly. He was Gene Tunney.

The next contest resulted in the only literal tragedy I have ever seen in the ring during my thirty-seven years as an announcer. Two well-built lads, Al Roberts and Roy McKetrick, promising heavyweights, were the boxers. They milled savagely, with the art of long-

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shoremen. Then McKetrick caught Roberts with a shot to the button. Down went Roberts, glassy-eyed, but the bell stopped the count at three, and he was dragged to his corner. He came out freshened, worked McKetrick into an opening and smashed in an uppercut.

McKetrick went over backward, the most dangerous way to fall. His head struck the floor with a bang that could be heard all over the armory. The boy never got up. He died in the ring—all because some careless hand had failed to extend the felt packing all the way beneath the canvas.

A newspaper photographer tried to take advantage of this accident to put one over on Senator (then Governor) Edwards by flashlighting him at the ringside. I hurried over to the senator and warned him of this, stooping to obstruct him from view. Nobody has ever shown me the resultant plate, but it must have been an excellent likeness of my back.

Fighters, as a rule, betray their character not so much during a bout as at its end. When Dempsey and Carpentier met in the superbly ballyhooed "Battle of the Century" I announced Georges as "The Orchid Man of France."

"Joe," he said, with a smile, "ze orcheed is too frail."

"Let Georges Have It"

WHEN he staggered Dempsey with a right swing in the second round, Georges didn't look very frail. But Dempsey crumpled him in the fourth. Revived in his corner, he had a wry smile as Dempsey wrung his hand. Georges looked over at me. "Joe," he said, "ze orcheed it is wilt."

Before that fight a huge floral horseshoe was lifted into the ring. The vast crowd of more than 90,000 roared applause, thinking the gift was for the Frenchman. It turned out to be for Dempsey. As he took it to his corner a five-dollar-seat enthusiast bawled over a mile of heads:

"Let Georges have it. That ain't a bouquet. It's a wreath."

The spectators in Boyle's Thirty Acres that day made as restless a mob as ever I want to see. Nothing seemed to please them. They wanted Carpentier to win, yet when he rocked Dempsey with a punch, insults were showered on him. I have witnessed nothing so contradictory save in the same Jersey City when Frankie Burns, a Jersey boy, fought Johnny Kilbane for the featherweight title in 1919.

Kilbane tried to spare the local product the humiliation of a knockout. To his amazement, the huge crowd sensed that he was "carrying" Burns, and he was subjected to a stinging razzberry. So insistent was the abuse that he threw off his wraps and in a burst of hard hitting put Burns down for the count. He was rewarded by an avalanche of hooting.

Harry Wills, for years the black menace of the ring, sized up the fickleness of the public adequately one night. Jack Dempsey, who everybody thought was avoiding Wills, had entered the crowded Garden as a spectator and was booed to a fare-thee-well. Wills trod almost on his heels, and the roof shook with the tremendous ovation he received. We sat him down near Old Joe Walcott, perhaps the greatest colored fighter of all time.

"Looks to me like you was mighty popular, Mr. Wills," said Joe.

"Yeh?" said Harry in his dry way. "Just shift yo' tongue a tenth of an inch and cheers become jeers."

A few months later Joe sat near Dempsey when Jack was acclaimed and Tunney, the new champion, booed.

"Them cheers," Joe put it, "is jeers with false whiskers."

But, with all their fickleness, fight crowds have their loyalties and decencies. They never resent the hat being passed to help out some favorite down on his luck or any other legitimate charity, although boxing is such good business nowadays that even the light-earning flyweight king, Fidel La Barba, could retire, after two years in the ring, with $100,000 saved—to seek a college career.

The most impressive picture I ever saw in my life was of a fight crowd. Seventy thousand assembled at the Yankee Stadium to see Jack Sharkey K. O. Jim Maloney on the evening when Colonel Lindbergh was making his lone flight across the Atlantic. I read a bulletin on his progress, and then, standing in the center of the ring, called upon the multitude to stand in silent prayer for his success. As one man, the 70,000 arose, even the calloused gambling gangsters. A mere prize fight seemed puny in that adventurous hour when Lindbergh winged across the Atlantic.

Whenever I've had to announce sad news, such as the deaths of fighters like Harry Greb and Tiger Flowers, both middleweight champions, the fight crowd, raucous and disorderly before the announcement, has stood in utter reverence as a tribute to the departed. The mob has a heart, even though philosophers deny it.

I owe my immunity nowadays to wholesale razzing to the fact that the years have given me a reputation for being able to give as good as I get.

One leather-lunged rowdy at the old Pioneer Club was a particular annoyance to me. The crowds there relished him as part of the show. For all I know, he may have been planted by the management.

After a semifinal one night I made the customary announcement of the following week's card, concluding:

"These bouts will be held the night of Washington's Birthday."

"Eh, Joe!" yelled the hooligan. "You forgot the date."

"March 17th, of course, you fathead," I retorted.

I've never heard from that fellow since.

Undoubtedly the increasing numbers of women attending boxing exhibitions have given the game a reforming if not a refining touch. It's still rough but the cruder fans are obliged to exercise restraint with ladies present, or the ladies' escorts apply disciplinary measures. State boxing commissions, especially the New York Commission under the guidance of William Muldoon, rule the sport with an iron hand. Trickery and crookedness exist—but not flagrantly—and boxers and their managers are held down to the letter of the law.

Old-timers are inclined to think the game is tamer now than in the days of Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons and Jeffries. I don't think so. The most thrilling moment I have ever lived through was as recent as 1923—when Firpo, after being knocked down several times, arose and with a blow that came from yards behind his heels hoisted Dempsey out of the ring.

The Ghost of Sullivan

THE stadium was a writhing mass of screeching madmen. It was bedlam with the lid off. I had seen a thousand and one fights, but that moment my heart stood still. I too yelled like a fanatic as Dempsey slid back into the ring, rosined his feet and with lowering eyes stalked after the Argentine giant.

With our chins on the ring rim we watched, and it seemed to Tex Rickard and me in that awful second, standing side by side, that Dempsey fought with more than human ferocity. A breeze swept the ring like a wraith. Dempsey turned his head as if listening to a secret dirge. As Firpo lumbered at him like a Goliath, Dempsey smiled.

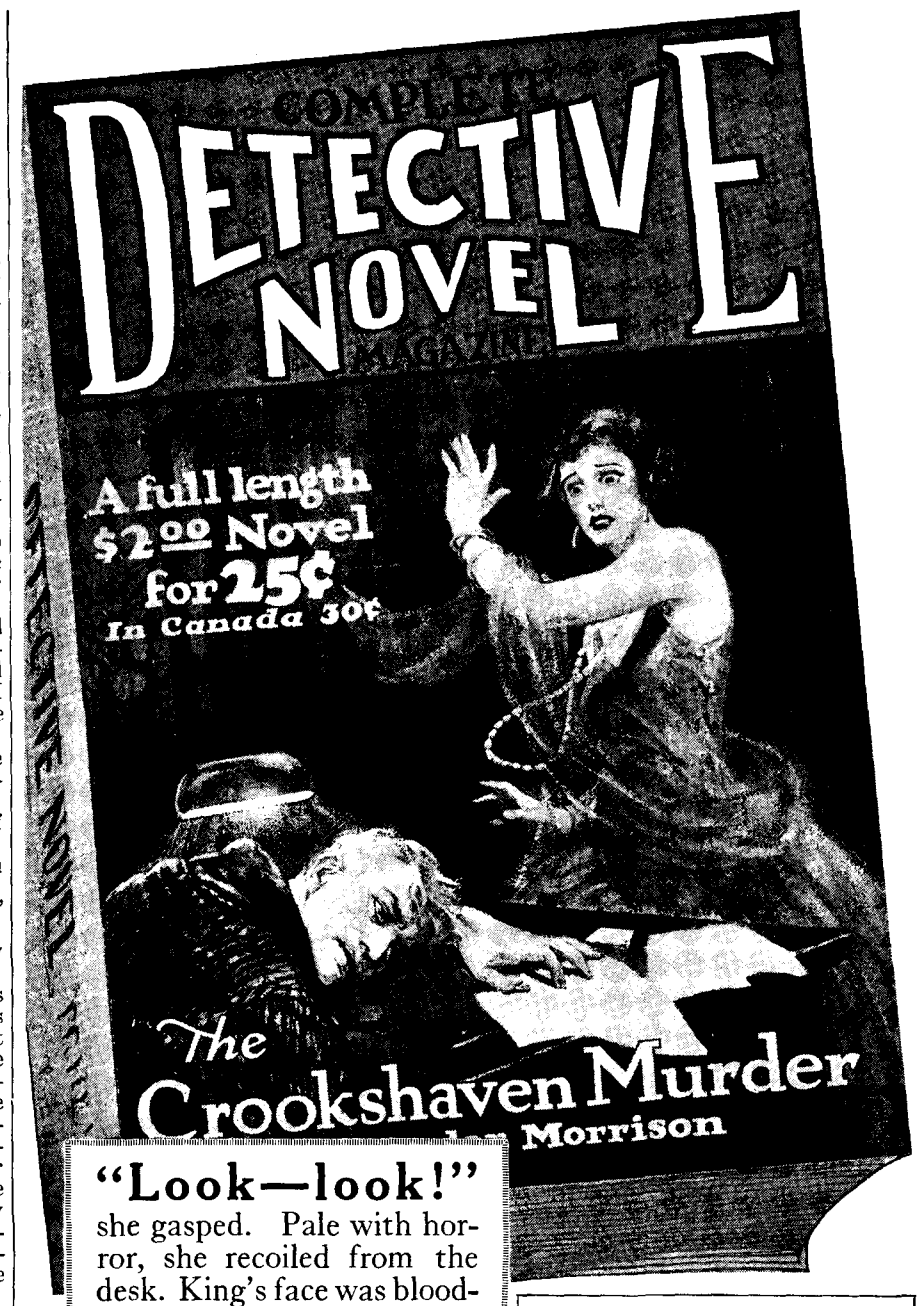
The ring posts shivered when Firpo fell, and the Irish-Indian stood over the prostrate foreigner, bowing his head as if hearing ghostly speech:

"The ghost of Sullivan was in there just now," said Rickard.

I couldn't help but agree.

Write down that moment as the most dramatic in the history of all sport and you won't be far wrong.

As an announcer I've made a fair living with $50 a night for small clubs and $100 for big, and $200 for championship contests. I've been able to bring up a little family and live respectably all my days. And if I'm the world's champion consumer of coughdrops, I've this to be thankful for: my voice has never failed me. I haven't made much money, but I've had a lot of fun.



"Look—look!" she gasped. Pale with horror, she recoiled from the desk. King's face was bloodless, the eyes glazed and staring. It was the face of a dead man!

It was supposed to have been all in fun—only play acting. But Mrs. Bascom had said that very morning, "You can put it any way you please, Gerald King, but making a play and entertainment out of death is a fool's business."

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The ghostly moan from the hay-chute in the barn—the beating rain with weird lightning flashes that struck terror to the guests—the fantastical jail escape! Packed with action, thrills, mystery, baffling clues and suspicions, this latest detective novel from the pen of Alexander Morrison, carries the reader swiftly, breathlessly, from page to page.

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Pryde's Fall

Continued from page 27

help—and the three gray demons were encircling him, spitting fire across his bows. *Zoom!* Up into the higher spaces he soared, where a dozen enemy machines were awaiting him. They whirled into a streaming line, like savages riding mad circles around their victim, and then suddenly they were gone from his view. Fanshaw, circling widely to frustrate their fire, turned in his cockpit and saw them, the even dozen of his enemies, weave out of their deadly ring to meet at some distance and come back beautifully into a fan-wise cordon. . . .

AT THAT instant he could have flown into them, both guns blazing, but Fanshaw was through. Gone his spirit and his skill, gone his will to fight and take the chances of the air.

With a shriek of anguish and despair he whisked his plane about and gave them the magnificent target of a straight retreat. Down swept the deadly fan of fighting men, and, as their guns sought with smoking bullets for their mark, down from an upper level swept Pryde and his six taut-nerved youngsters, coming in to this party from the outer fringes of the air.

Splendidly Pryde's fledglings showed their training. They came down the cloud-hung spaces of the sky in a maneuver which widened the V of their formation until, as their guns blasted forth in volley, they were a straight line of thunderous avengers. Then their line sagged somewhat, and they closed in on the enemy in an enfolding bight of fire.

Fanshaw, hearing their fire, swerved downward to join Eaton, but Eaton too was saved, for his enemies had winged eastward, to circle low under the clatter of Pryde's battle, and pick up a formation which would support the twelve picked fighters up aloft. Fanshaw and Eaton went sweeping across the western fringes of the scene, seeking their comrades, but it seemed that those who had not followed Dorgan's blood-red path had flown home. So Fanshaw led Eaton back toward the fray.

By this time Pryde's flight had increased its record by four more enemy planes. Pryde accounted for one in the first onslaught, and Merivale, picking his man carefully, followed him with tracers until he saw the triplane break up.

Pryde, with a watchful eye on all his men at once, saw Gunnynge, to the left, swoop upon his man, miss him, and come up under the German plane. The German swerved and jerked back to pounce on Gunnynge's tail. So Pryde too swerved, took a long shot across Merivale's nose, and shattered machine and pilot with his fire. Dairlash, obeying orders, stuck to the man he had chosen till that man went down. This they had achieved before Fanshaw led Eaton back and before those officers joined them Pryde's flight had fought its way through the German group and, turning, had seen their enemies sweep eastward in retreat.

Pryde, knowing the futility of following with the wind, looked about him and spied the lurking reserve of Fokkers still circling below. Wiggling a hurried signal, he pounced upon them with Merivale and Dairlash at his tail. Gunnynge and his comrades missed that signal and that dive. Rejoining formation after the enemy's retreat, they made the justifiable error of mistaking Fanshaw for their leader, and circled to fall in behind him. Fanshaw, who at his best paid small attention to his followers in the homeward flight, ignored them, thus showing them their error, for Pryde led his men as long as motor droned and propeller spun.

Pryde meanwhile shot downward, weaving in his dive, as his sensitive hand sought to catch a single form in the circle of his deflection sight. Merivale, all eagerness, shot by him at a dangerous speed, and, ducking under his wing, passed out of sight. Pryde's tight lips grinned at the youngster's enthusiasm, envying him. For himself, the clatter of the guns and the sight of shattered wings had lashed his raw nerves to an agony as keen as physical pain. He suffered intolerably, clenching his teeth. . . . Then he was upon them. . . .

"Airgh!" It was a snarl which burst from him as he jerked his bus into line and winced with the sound of his own fire. The German he had attacked zoomed upward and whisked about. As he did so Pryde pulled up his nose and the two planes rushed madly head to head. Pryde pressed home his trigger handle as the German gun spat death at him—and the gun jammed.

Madly he yanked over his stick and pressed it forward; insanely he kicked his rudder. . . . His plane bucked, lurched over, and he dived sidewise, missing the German's under wing by inches. And then he was shooting earthward, rigid in his cockpit, frozen to his controls, paralyzed—with fear!

He came to himself as he glimpsed two planes skimming across the yellow map of earth beneath him—Merivale behind him. Then, with a tired gasp, his engine died.

"God forgive me," cried Captain Pryde to his instrument board, "but I've forgotten my petrol!" And, pumping madly at his pressure pump, he swept blindly downward, skimmed lightly over one green field, and landed, his petrol tank empty. And he landed with the conviction of sin upon him, with the feeling of guilt a ship's master must feel who has gone on the rocks through miscalculation.

Merivale saw him land, for he had been the target of that gunfire. Merivale, the most apt of all Pryde's pupils, had been circling diligently above Pryde's plane, engrossed in a duel with an opponent as expert as himself. Circling, weaving, diving, climbing, and diving again, they had fought one another down to the tree tops. Now Merivale had been above, then the German. First a burst of fire from the Vickers, then a burst from the Spandau. Diligently, unwaveringly, they had fought their way down until Merivale, to escape the predicament in which that last burst found him, swooped to make a

Jimmie Dugan got so many swell souvenirs on his first trip up to the lines that he had to get a porter

in hot pursuit of a Fokker which he had fought down to the very tree tops. The sight of those two planes, as they flashed in an instant past his vision, brought Pryde back to conscious thought.

Ah, but that was close! Inches! And now how was he going to get out of this dive without losing his wings? He remembered Black, brave Raymond Black. . . . That is how Black had died. . . . Gently . . . gently . . . but the pressure's frightful. . . . There!

Mechanically he turned in his flight and steered westward. . . . Beneath his flying coat his underclothes were drenched with sweat, clinging closely to his body, chilly, clammy. Ah, why couldn't he die and be done with it? By inches he had escaped the death which waited for him—by inches . . . and only God had brought him through that dive. . . . Yet he must go through it all again tomorrow.

Then the insane chatter of machine-gun fire rang in his ears. He crouched over his instrument board, feeling each sharp report as though it stabbed with hot steel the raw fiber of his shattered nerves. For a long moment he crouched there, his lips drawn tightly in a terrible mordant grin, his eyes screwed to narrow crevices, his ears striving to shut out the sound which rattled close vertical spiral about a tree with one wing almost touching the earth.

For that instant his adversary lost him, then Merivale reappeared, soaring skyward behind his baffled enemy. The German climbed, and Merivale climbed behind him. Then Pryde's plane had come into view, gliding earthward under the German's nose. Merivale in one swoop gained the desired altitude and pounced on his enemy. As, with his nose down, he sighted the German plane, he saw Pryde's landing in the field, and recognized his leader's plane.

HE FIRED and saw the enemy dip. At the same time he saw the little figure of Pryde scramble from his cockpit. And then a horrible thing occurred. The German pilot dipped his nose, and from his plane burst the sound of machine-gun fire. Merivale heard that sound, saw Pryde drop to earth, and, flushing with a mighty rage at this monstrous deed, he pounced again on the descending German, shattering plane and man with a hail of bullets which did not abate until the wreck of that Fokker triplane lay smoldering in the green grasses well beyond Pryde's landing.

Then Merivale, heartsick and frantic with rage, climbed upward for the trip home. His fuel was low, and his soul was riven with a shock that combat had not yet inflicted. He flew anxiously, eager that nothing should prevent his carrying home the news he had to tell.

Fanshaw was already there, and Fanshaw was shaken too. Calmly he clambered from his plane and calmly strode to the orderly-room. His tall figure loomed as trig and fit as ever, his handsome face was a picture of serenity, but beneath that calm he carried the knowledge that he had failed. He had made some sacrifice of self-respect; he had relinquished some part of his manhood to gain the command of Squadron 47, and with that command he had only won disgrace. It was inevitable, for he could not fight again. He would face court-martial before he would face again the hell from which Pryde that afternoon had saved him.

With that thought a smile passed over his tranquil face. Court-martial! Lord, it was likely enough that he'd get it. Pryde alone had prevented the day's work from ending in such a disaster as had broken more seasoned commanders than himself. And then he was staring at the papers on his table. Orders. Orders which conveyed a reprimand and a verdict in their sharp, clipped phrases:

". . . such coöperation has not been forthcoming. You will hereafter see that every machine at your disposal is used for an offensive and defensive patrol every day and that detailed reports of the activities of each flight are submitted to these headquarters daily. The officer commanding Squadron 47 is expected until further orders to accompany his patrols on all possible occasions. . . ."

HE SAT in his chair and stared beyond the paper in his hand. Pryde would laugh at this. . . . All machines . . . every day. And detailed reports would be expected. . . . Detailed reports! . . .

His smile—incongruously pleasant, absurdly serene considering the despair which lay behind the even, hazel eyes—widened. He knew what the reports would be. . . . Enemy sighted, but refused combat. . . . No enemy aircraft seen. . . . E. A. sighted over Courtrai, but shortage of fuel prohibited engagement. . . . And then Pryde's reports, flatly contradicting them. . . . Then investigation. . . . Failure! Disgrace! . . .

Fanshaw relaxed in his chair. Two days ago he would have faced the situation with perfect confidence in his ability to charm his way out of the mess, but the fight that afternoon had shaken him, had bitterly emphasized the value of that part of manhood he had lost.

While he sat there Merivale came in. He landed on his wheels and bumped to a standstill; then, leaving his engine to gasp itself to death for want of gas, he scrambled from his cockpit and ran into the tarmac, fairly bursting with the heat of an intolerable anger.

"They shot him down!" he cried to the first of the men who gathered about him. "He was forced down, and the swine shot him as he stood beside his plane! I saw it! Poor Pryde didn't have a chance! And he wasn't even in his cockpit!"

Like a miasma the news spread over the airdrome, pervading every nook and cranny. From every building men hurried to press about Merivale and hear the details of his story; to be swept up by the contagion of his anger. In a bright flame of indignation, hatred and revenge, they recalled the Pryde they knew—the man who had been their comrade and their leader. Forgotten were resentment, criticism and rebuke. They remembered only a record of dauntless bravery, of heroic consideration for his comrades, of fair, fine combat in the air. And the swine had shot him down when he was helpless. . . . It set a man on fire, it swept him up in a frenzy of indignation which carried a man beyond any consideration of self,

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of sacrifice or of life. A man could think only of revenge, of punishment. . . .

"It was Reinstocker's crowd! The sky's been lousy with 'em lately."

"The swine! Wipe 'em out!"

"Flying circus! Flying garbage! That's what they are!"

"Don't stand gibbering! Get out the machines! Fill 'em up! Get into the air and shoot 'em all to hell!"

At last Fanshaw heard it. And he, who had despaired of arousing his squadron to fighting, came out of the orderly hut to find an army of mechanics conditioning the machines, filling petrol tanks, oiling and watering them, running in machine-gun belts, snapping home new locks and barrels. And the pilots fretted at their cockpits. Dairlash stood at the nose of his plane crying frankly, tears rolling down his smooth boy's face and black anger shining in his eyes.

"We're goin' up!" he blubbered at the C. O.'s questioning. "They shot Pryde down like a dog, an' we're goin' up, the whole damn' slather of us. Every man who can fly! We're goin' to rip up Reinstocker's crowd if we have to run 'em down to their 'drome!"

They came back that night, landing in the dusk with nothing more than three two-seaters and a single scout to show for their hunting. Dairlash they left behind, his plane having proved a projectile more potent than gunfire in the demolition of one of the two-seaters. But it did not stop at that. From that day onward the veterans of Squadron 47 vied with the fledglings and with those recruits for whom their ardor made new places. Tirelessly they raided the air.

It was a flight of 47 which found out Reinstocker's airdrome and fired the hangars after bringing down the three planes which got into the air to give them battle; and that memorable day when nine enemy aircraft hurtled to earth in a single fight with the loss of only one man captured by the enemy was made memorable by the men of 47. Up and up soared the score until Reinstocker himself fell before Merivale's inspired fire, and the circus was moved down the line, so legend ran, to spare German aces from the vendetta of Fanshaw's men.

Few enemy aircraft crossed the lines above that particular sector between the time of Pryde's fall and the day of the Armistice.

GREAT was the altitude to which Captain Pryde aspired in his day, and great was the power of his fall. Yet the true measure of Pryde's fall was not known to the officers of Squadron 47 until the night of the thirteenth day after the Armistice was signed.

That was the night when Merivale gave his party at the Royal Automobile Club. It was by way of being a reunion, that party was, and it was attended by all the men Merivale could get together who had flown with him in training, in pleasure or in combat.

At nine o'clock dinner was over and no one was drunk yet. There was a song or two on the way, to be sure, but the singers had the tune well in hand, and the words of the song were printable. Catching his guests in that favorable moment before the evening was overripe, Merivale proposed a toast. It was a toast which voiced a thought that had dwelt with him all evening, a thought which had, perhaps, more potently maintained the decorum of that party than any other influence.

"Gentlemen," proposed Merivale, "let's take a drink for the fellows who didn't come out of it. Here's how!"

He lifted his glass, and the others eagerly responded.

"To Pryde!" cried Eaton warmly.

"Present!" snapped a voice from the doorway. And there was Pryde, pale as ever, tense as ever, standing grinning in on them.

Glass crashed and chairs clattered to the floor as the eighteen charged upon him. They mauled him. They pumped his hand until he surrendered one arm limply to them. They pounded his back. They reduced him to choking and wriggling, torn between discomfort and delight. They were all deeply moved, and gave expression to their feelings violently.

"Thought you were dead!" was the chorus.

"Merivale, you old liar!" cried one voice above the others.

"Gad!" It was Fanshaw, shocked by a sudden thought. "Merivale! You didn't—you couldn't—" Then, recollecting the scene on the airdrome when Merivale brought the news of Pryde's decease: "No, of course you couldn't. You're no giddy actor!"

"No, no!" cried Merivale, catching the train of Fanshaw's thoughts. He gazed, bewildered, into the faces about him. "I swear it! I saw the swine shoot him down!" Then the madness of it all dawned upon him. "Pryde!" he cried. "Where have you been? How did you come back?"

"I"—the eyes of Captain Pryde dropped to the carpet as he remembered his criminal and inexcusable neglect of the petrol gauge—"I fell," he said slowly. "They've had me prisoner. . . ."

THERE was a silence in the room, and Pryde wondered why they stared so long at Merivale.

"I had a room here," he said idiotically. "They told me of Merivale's shindig, so I thought I'd drop in."

"But I saw it!" cried Merivale. "I swear it! I saw him fire!"

"Who?" snapped Pryde. "Who fired?"

"That swine I was chasing when you were forced down. I saw him tilt his nose and fire on you when you climbed out of your bus. I saw you fall."

"Oh, no," said Pryde, grinning crookedly with the knowledge of a confession which he had to make. "Oh, no, you didn't. You shot that lad through two lungs and his ammunition box, or he froze to the trigger handle. I knew that was a dead man coming down, and I ducked to avoid the crash and the bloody bullets. That's what you saw."

Whereupon Fanshaw was seen to reach with a trembling hand for a glass which stood half empty on the table, and he sank into Merivale's chair while he drank it down.

"Oh, Lord!" he said. "What a bloody farce. What a farce—"

Pryde was bracing himself for that confession. His particular kind of character made it necessary; made it imperative. He had come to this party for no other purpose.

"As a matter of fact—" he began slowly, and then abruptly he broke off.

"What on earth's the matter with Fanshaw?" he cried. For Fanshaw's head had dropped into his arms.

"Nothing," mumbled Fanshaw, getting to his feet. "Only that . . . that . . ." He drew himself up, and his handsome countenance was alight with the singular, magnetic quality which Fanshaw could exert. "You were one of the best, Pryde. There wasn't another man along the lines could lead a flight like you. But we didn't start to fight till Merivale came in and told us you'd been shot down on the ground. See? Can you understand that? The best thing you ever did was being reported dead. You saved our skins. You saved my skin. You made the squadron the best thing in the war! It's a joke! It's a nightmare! But it's true! Nothing could stop us after that! And now, what was it you were going to say?" asked Fanshaw, suddenly cool once more.

Pryde grinned again with a grin which, for the first time in a weary year, was free of bitterness.

"Nothing," he said. "Nothing. There was nothing I wanted to say."

A reprint in full color, suitable for framing, of the double-page illustration of this story on pages 26 and 27 will be sent you on receipt of four cents in stamps. Address the Art Department, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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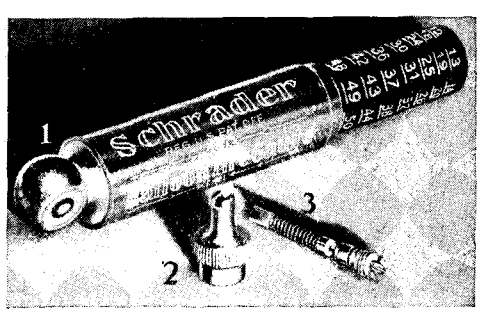

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The Prince of Escape

Continued from page 21

pearls before swine.' . . . Give the world your inventions, that's what they want, but keep this to yourself." Then a sudden cry: "Good Lord, man, you're not going to throw *Brenda* into the ghastly trance!"

The dimmed lamp cast wavering shadows; somewhere in the woodwork a deathwatch spider ticked eerily. Valdez chilled as he listened to that stream of talk.

"Brenda, why do you send me away from you? Can't you see I'm trying to serve you, even as I served your father? Brenda. . . . Oh, let them have the inventions. . . . That will do more to establish Hope's name than all these horrible séances. . . . They are exploiting her, that's all. . . . Brenda . . . Brenda. . . ."

A pause, a last cry, "Oh, Mannister Hope, if I only knew what you meant by those last words you spoke! . . . That was down at Malia Vallipur, with a big moon shining through broken arches and the beastly apes chattering outside the tent. . . . Brenda's arms about him, his last whisper gasping through his lips. . . . 'Tell them that all, all is futility, unless—unless—'"

HE STOPPED, a gray shadow of exhaustion. Valdez felt alarm and shouted to Quinta, asleep out in the saloon. She came, wrapped in Bernadot's dressing robe, like a fluffy, blinking chicken in a gray wool shell.

"I told you to call me at midnight," she said, shaking down a clinical thermometer. "He woke me up, shouting for that girl. I suppose that's why he's here on this boat. Wallingford Castle's quite close, you know."

"You mean it's near here?" Valdez exclaimed.

"This is the River Walling, and the castle's only three miles or so up it. That's where she is. Didn't you see in the papers how she nearly died at one of her public sleeping thingummys?"

Valdez wondered what Quinta would say if she knew that he had been the real cause of Brenda Hope's being withdrawn from these attendant thousands of her believers. And outside there, beyond that veil of wet night, the world was quite busy over him. News had come in that evening over Bernadot's radio. Mastanien, incurable master of publicity, had increased the reward for finding Vanished Valdez to one hundred pounds. He could actually feel ten million hands reaching for his prize-giving flesh.

Quinta bent over the thermometer. "Hundred and two; good, he's going down. Look here, I've nursed this before; one of my brothers came home from Africa with it. You and I can pull him through, without having any nosey local doctor messing round—about two days, although it's bad enough while it lasts. Suppose we simply stay on here and look after him? Nobody knows where we are, and we'd best not be seen for a while. Now you go and lie down; you're all to pieces. I'll watch him the rest of the night."

For two days that storm held sway, while inside the houseboat Quinta and Valdez fought the fever in Bernadot's veins.

Now both rain and fever seemed to have blown themselves out. Bernadot was soundly, healthily asleep. Quinta too, on her sofa out in the saloon. Somewhere a church bell tolled ten strokes, and Valdez leaned from the cabin window. The night was eerily silver from a mist floating shoulder-high upon the stream; that same stream which would lead to Wallingford Castle.

He was within three miles of the place where that countess and the swami man were planning to make Brenda Hope answer their questions. He remembered the chill which had come upon that green room at the mention of those vaguely "extreme means." A girl, helplessly unconscious in the hands of that woman of steel and the Hindu! Three million pounds was nearly fifteen million dollars, and people would dare much for that. . . .

On sudden impulse he slid through the window into the boat tied outside. By standing up and poling, he could rise above that river fog. A queer sight he must make: a bodiless head floating on moon-silvered vapor. But, then, that was how he seemed to be moving through this whole affair. Here he was, pushing through mist toward a great house of which he had hardly even heard, and all because of a girl who, to him, was merely a photograph and a glimpse of ermine and pearls.

That thread of a stream had widened to almost a lake, black and still among dark woods. There was the castle rising straight out of the water like some giant's dream substanced in the enduring stone of nearly a thousand years.

This lower part was solid and black, too smooth to climb. But at one end an ivy stem coiled upward like a cable. Where fingers and toes could cling Valdez could go. He sprang and snaked slowly up, half blinded by hanging curtains of leaves. Then his fingers gripped a balustrade. Here was a terrace, with clipped yews and stone urns. The walls were eight feet through with mere slits closed by steel bars. No doubt he could get in, given time; but, even so, what then? There must be two or three hundred rooms in that vast pile, all linked by a planless labyrinth of medieval passages.

As he paused a figure detached itself from the shadows, and a remembered voice bit mockingly at his ears.

"Well, Mike Byrne? You see you can't escape *me*."

Ann Wrex! He saw her now in a dark velvet dinner gown, with a fur cloak about her shoulders. The moon made her face like marble, striking an added brilliance in her bitter-clear eyes.

"We were rather expecting you tonight," she said.

"Expecting me?"

"You forget that I saw you on the river last Sunday," she dryly answered. Then that mockery came again. "Who was the singing flapper?"

"Oh," he hedged, in attempted casualness. "Just—a girl."

"I see. A girl called Pell. She had a good part in a show once and then flivvered out because she was too pure to play the game. Well, she seems to have got over that inhibition, at least, since now she's on a houseboat—with you."

"She—I—I—mean—" he strove, but her shoulders lifted at him in a volume of weary knowledge.

"I know all about it, because I had you followed. Since then you've been watched. Lady Wallingford is taking no chances with you loose about."

VALDEZ pondered that. "If she knows where I am, why hasn't she had me discovered and copped?"

"You'd only vanish again," she shrugged. "The countess prefers to know exactly where you are."

"But what," he persisted, "do they imagine I could do with Miss Hope? They've been trying for weeks and haven't got anything out of her."

Ann Wrex' eyes gleamed at him like some brilliant owl's. "For one who professes to know nothing about it, you display an amazing amount of information. If you didn't think you could get something out of the girl, why are you here tonight?"

"All I want is to serve Miss Hope. I believe that—"

"Never mind the sweetly sleeping Brenda just now," she interrupted. "We were discussing your—present situation."

She leaned back against an urn, with a sort of carved, cryptic smile. There was about her a sense of inner hurt and a sense of power too. Why she should be hurt, he couldn't imagine; but that smile warned him that he was not going to escape too easily.

"Oh, I'm not blaming you about that girl," she nodded. "It is myself that I'm laughing at." She did so, and the sound was harsh upon the stillness. "I'll admit you fooled me, that night in your dressing-room, with all that seemingly unconscious sort of Parsifal stuff. I almost believed that at last I had met a man who—" She let that drop, as one who discards an outworn idea. "I should have known better, of course, after fifteen years of newspaper work."

"LOOK here," he said, "you can give me away to the public and make me a failure and a joke to all England. But as to that girl—"

"Don't tell me," she interrupted. "I might believe it—while you are here." She studied his thin profile and eyes sunken in deep shadows. There came a sharp breath which he couldn't interpret. "You have one of these faces which somehow compel belief."

"Let's leave my fool face out of it."

"Then you shouldn't bring it with you. Or at least you shouldn't leave something of it behind you when you go. Faces!" Her hands went out in a disordered gesture, as if beyond her control. "A million of them one sees in half a lifetime, and out of the mass in all the years, come one or two—"

NAMEOGRAPHS

"Fashion Model," by Dallas Peterson, 1711 Portland Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

"Jack in the Box," by Ed Donnelly, 5 Jackson Place, Lynbrook, Long Island, N. Y.

She left it at that. Off in the spectral woods a night bird uttered haunting cries. Down among the floating water lilies, leaping pickerel were flashes of silver. The whole night breathed that strange and fairy peace of which England alone seems to have the secret. And in the midst of it the woman sat like some graven sybil of too much knowledge, wrenched by the conflicts of her own mind.

"Wallingford Castle," she murmured, "began centuries before our America was even dreamed of, when Broadway was a jungle roamed by painted savages—which it still is. You'd think it would be enough for any woman to be a countess, mistress of places like this by right of birth and marriage. Yet here she is, cooking up occult intrigues with a third-rate Hindu yogi and all to get more—"

"And what," he asked quickly, "are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know as yet," she confessed. "I'm waiting for—oh, something at least; probably the death of hopes I know to be absurd. That's something you don't understand. . . . Did Helios Cordato send you here tonight?"

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, it all rather fits, doesn't it? Niklaus seeks you at the theatre, and you immediately disappear. Now you turn up here on a houseboat, with a girl pretty enough to be thrown to a young man as a pleasant bribe."

Facts; once again he was appalled at the way they can deceive. He was through with trying to make people believe what they didn't want to. He swung his legs over the parapet in sudden anger.

"Good night."

Her hand checked him as she came swiftly to his side. "Wait. I didn't say I was believing all of it."

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He halted, straddling the balustrade in angry puzzlement. "I wonder," he bluntly asked, "if you really know what you believe?"

That seemed to reach her; she pressed her hands together as if to relieve some inner stress.

"Oh, I thought I was through with all this," she said. "I ought to be: I've had my lesson. Once, many years ago, I didn't know what to believe. . . . And the result is written here for all the world to see. Ann Wrex, that's it. . . ." She turned to him in strange vehemence. "There something *real* about you. What are you vagabonding about with that cheap little fly-by-night for? You ought to be up among us, the people who can really help you. It doesn't matter much which side you take in this present affair; there isn't a penny to choose between them."

"The only side I'm on is Miss Hope's," he told her.

"You'll hardly help her by indulging in cheap intrigues. If you don't want to come to us, then go to Cordato at least."

Valdez strove for patience. "I tell you I haven't seen Niklaus, nor anybody else, since that first night."

"You mean that you don't know he has a summer villa out on the Thames, not five miles from where you are—so pleasantly—hidden?"

"No, I didn't. And he doesn't know where I am either."

She considered that, and all her usual mask of enigma swept back over her face.

"Then if he *did* know where you are, it might change things a bit, mightn't it? But, then, you'd hardly care to have your—vacation—interrupted."

"Oh," he exploded, "I'm going."

He was far down the ivy stem, showered on by wet leaves, his foot fishing for the skiff swaying gently among the water lilies. High above him Ann Wrex leaned over the balustrade—her inevitable last word floated down in poisonous sweetness:

"You are returning to your houseboat? Good night. . . . And pleasant dreams. . . ."

Those words still stung as he crept back through the mists that thickened over that tiny river. Hang women, why couldn't they let each other alone? Quinta nagging about Brenda Hope! Ann Wrex all puckered up about Quinta! And the trouble was that both took it out upon himself.

Here were the bulrushes, and the houseboat a darker blot upon the fog, thick with the silence of sleep. He hailed it with a sigh of relief. In all the world, just then, that was his sole spot of refuge. Then out of the gloom of the backwater a spotlight glared suddenly upon him, and across the water a voice, smooth as rich cream, came with a faintly foreign purr in it.

"Vanished Valdez, eh? I told you we'd know where to find you."

The shock of it was paralyzing. For an instant he stood in that rocking skiff, and the beam of that searchlight seemed to shrivel his very flesh. The darkness—he must dive—

Something bumped against his boat behind him; hands were pinioning his arms, and a sort of sack, full of a sickly sweetish smell, was pulled down over his head.

STRETCHED on some sort of a couch, sketchily attired in nothing but a sheet, Valdez' first waking thought was that of being in a Turkish bath. A sickish-sweet taste was still in his mouth, and all his limbs seemed merely inert appendages. As he tried to move, hands, obviously male, lifted his head and proffered a glass. He drank something cool, bubbling and acid, and his feet and hands began to prick awake. A man, apparently floating in some other dimension, murmured about "The master will come." Then a door closed him in alone.

That fog over his eyes began to clear. If this were a Turkish bath, he wondered what its charges might be. Walls hung with tapestries whose colors glowed as if with their own light! Hanging lamps, carved bits of jade, ivory and gold; and the morning sun and sweetness of the river seeping in at a sort of Arabian casement.

It was like the usual idea of an Eastern harem. That thought brought a vague panic; the click of a latch made him clutch the sheet about himself, looking vainly for his clothes. In this weird world to which he had jumped from a packing box almost anything seemed possible.

He breathed relief. It was only Niklaus who entered, sleek, handsomely olive, done up in the carefully correct carelessness of Thames-side flannels.

"Please excuse my little joke last night," he said. "I couldn't deny myself the honor of having such a famous guest."

THAT was insolence again; the fellow appeared to be incapable of speaking without it. Valdez turned a level look upon him.

"D'you usually gas your guests and strip 'em too?"

"The chloroform was harmless. As to your clothes, well—" Niklaus' too supple shoulders spoke a volume. "Take no chances. Even you can hardly run away from us stark naked."

"No?" Valdez inquired. "You forget I left every rag behind me when I vanished off the stage that night."

The shot had told. A flash of unwilling awe crept for an instant in the other's too dark, too knowing eyes.

"We forget nothing about you. That was why I kidnapped you as soon as I learned where you were."

"All right," Valdez nodded, "I'll stay long enough to hear what it's all about, at least."

"You must reach Miss Hope at Wallingford tonight. We fear there is danger—"

"You know about that?" Valdez cut in.

"—Danger," Niklaus went smoothly on, "that she may somehow be forced to give information to people we don't wish to have it. At all costs that must be stopped."

"And if I don't choose to?" Valdez asked, and the other's insolence deepened:

"You escaped once without clothes, I admit. We will have to take a chance on your being able to do it again."

Valdez could see himself, without even a pair of garters to hide in, loose upon that river bank, while this man broadcast his whereabouts to all the country. The sentences of his set, stage speech rang mockingly in his ears. . . . "No mystery, ladies and gentlemen, nothing occult. It is merely a physical trick. . . ." And the particular trouble was that it was true.

"And if I do get to Miss Hope for you?"

"Ah, if you do!" Niklaus rose, all that innate, Levantine gorgeousness coming out through his carefully English glaze. "Get us the information we want and there is—oh, almost nothing you can—not ask. You call yourself Prince of Escape—we can get you a real title if you wish it. A prince of the Holy Roman Empire; it can be done. Break into Wallingford for us, and we can give you a castle of your own resting among olive groves by a blue sea. As to women—" One could almost see the dainty, the appealing, the gay thronging invisibly at the wave of Niklaus' hand.

This, Valdez knew, was the speech of power. The man's presence, the whole setting, breathed that subtle emanation which only tremendous money can convey. Then he shook it off his mind, intent on things practical.

"That castle would be a tough nut even for me to crack."

"Your entry there is arranged for. Listen. The Greek Government—at Sir Helios Cordato's suggestion—has sent Lady Wallingford an antique statue in return for her services to the Smyrna refugees five years ago. It has arrived in London, and has been announced to her ladyship by the Greek minister. That statue," Niklaus said, with a meaning stare, "will be delivered at Wallingford tonight, carefully crated and boxed, and closed with the Greek Government seals."

"I might have to work fast if they started to open it right away."

"We will deliver it this evening. Lady Wallingford and her cousin, the Marquis of Mallaby, are to dine in Reading and open a bazaar there. They will hardly be back before midnight. That makes you safe for tonight at least. We also have plans of the castle and information as to Miss Hope's apartments."

"Why do you suppose," Valdez demanded, "that I'd be able to get information out of Miss Hope when everybody else has failed?"

"We of the East know there are things beyond explanation. You may be able to approach her in some different way."

"You believe in this Deep Sleep stuff?" Valdez asked.

A dark passion swelled Niklaus' face; his tongue thickened to that peculiar, sonorous whine heard in Syrian bazaars:

"We know she has information which we want and mean to have. Mannister Hope, whatever else he may have been, was at least a scientific magician of space. What that man knew about radio! The inventions he packed away in some place of which his daughter alone has the secret—inventions which he refused to give the world because it ridiculed his theories of this Deep Sleep! . . .

"We know he perfected a radio receiver, lampless, tubeless, batteryless, which could be carried about in a man's pocket. It could be made to sell, they say, for five shillings. . . . Think of the millions who would buy it, not only in England, but all over the world! And we would make it to record only those wave lengths controlled by the Aërial Syndicate. . . . Millions, all over the world, listening in only to our programs! And, every hour, trained speakers giving brief talks, saying only what *we* wish to have spread abroad! . . . Millions of ears, hanging on *our* words! And who controls its ears controls the world. We could decide elections, make or unmake governments. . . . God, the power it would give. . . ."

"And all that," Valdez broke coolly in, "depends on what I can get out of Miss Hope. Well, I'll try it," he nodded. "But as to that statue stunt, and the arrangements for my getting out of it, you'll have to follow *my* plans absolutely."

THREE gates had been opened and closed again behind that delivery van that evening. Now it backed up to an unpleasant, iron-barred doorway in the half obscurity of an inner courtyard where some sort of steward waited its coming.

Antique marble weighs heavily, so half a dozen overalled workmen poured out of the van's interior. With unusual care they lifted down the eight-foot box, splashed over with Greek lettering and those Athenian Government seals which guaranteed the purity of its contents. Not even those sharp eyes of Wallingford could suspect this official delivery of a gift from Greece itself. Yet to Valdez' straining ears there was something sardonic in the tone of its reception, almost a grim humor in that steward's directions:

"Keep it right side hup, now. 'Er Ladyship don't want *that* statue stood on its 'ead."

A bump as the box was placed upon a wheeled truck! Then came the chill damp of stone passages which seemed to lead downward; a sense of diving under the very ground, while blue drafts hinted at even further depths beneath. A clank of keys, an order with a chuckle smothered in it, as if accompanied by a gigantic wink of suppressed understanding.

"In 'ere, men; this is where it's to be put for the present. One of the old dungeons, this is; the Black 'Ole, we calls it. No windows nor air vents, and a solid iron door without so much as a key'ole on the inside. . . . Oh, yes, it'll be safe enough in *'ere*. Put it down carefully now; we don't want nothing *'urt*. 'Er ladyship's give particular orders about this figger. . . ."

Another bump as the box was slid off the truck! The sonorous slam of that solid iron door, a grate of unoiled bolts being shot soundly home on the outside! Then the retreating footsteps of those delivery men, leaving only a black silence of impenetrable stone.

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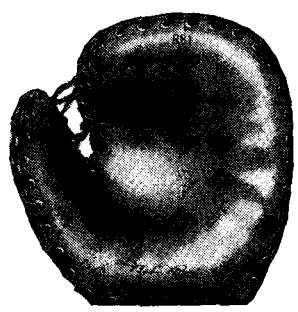

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The Thunder God

Continued from page 23

leaks out—and I have a notion old man Robinson and Jim Banning will attend to that detail."

He pondered a moment. "No, Jake will not have to sell other assets. The Hale-Robinson and Banning crowd will just naturally give him a million dollars for the timber they sold him for two millions; then, if the other lumber manufacturers can be satisfied that Hale-Robinson and Banning can be depended upon to play the game, the O. R. N. will reconsider the situation and build the line.

"Lord, what a clean-up, and poor old Jake giving the party! He'll find himself without much cash on hand and his best properties heavily mortgaged. That will not make him feel very good, will it, Gloria? And you know, my dear, when he reflects that the hot tip his wife gave him caused him to jump in over his head, he'll have something to say to Mercedes. No, married life with those two will never be the same again. . . . I don't like the idea of Hale-Robinson and the Banning crowd coming to this party. . . . I should do something about it . . . yes, by the gods, there's a chance. I'll not dictate any letters just now, Gloria. I've got to do some fast thinking."

An hour later he summoned her. "Take marconigram to Jacob Brander, aboard S. S. Niantic, sailing from New York four days ago for Southampton." He dictated: "Railroad has decided definitely not to build line into your timber stop I hold half million your bonds stop What are you going to do about it?"

He consulted his little black memorandum book.

"Send wire to Julie, Compartment C, Car 362, Overland Limited, leaving this city yesterday at 6 P. M. The message will catch him at Ogden. 'Return immediately or I am a ruined man.'"

"Why, what's happened, Ben?" Gloria demanded.

"Nothing, except that I've just talked to that bond house in New York and have learned that they haven't unloaded Jake Brander's bonds on the public yet. So I told them I'd take $600,000 worth of them at the market and for them to send the bonds to my bank here and draw on me for the full amount; when I pay the draft the bonds will be delivered to me."

"But those bonds are worthless?"

"Fine to play poker with, Gloria."

"But you haven't any $600,000 to pay for them."

"Julie has. I want him to come back and O. K. my deal. If Julie will supply the cash, I'll supply the business sagacity and ruthlessness and we'll clean up a fortune. With those bonds in our hands I'll deal direct with Jake Brander and make him dance to my music. He'll settle with me, Gloria, because I'll be chairman of the Bondholders' Protective Committee and the day he defaults on his interest we'll close in on him. Foreclose his deed of trust, you know, given to secure the bonds. Lord, what a large monkey wrench I've thrown into that boy's machinery! His honeymoon is certainly going to be a wash-out."

IT WAS a month, however, before Ben Whitton had any reaction from Jacob Brander as the result of his marconigram. Unexpectedly one day Brander telephoned him, requesting an interview at the Palace Hotel.

"Better come to my office, Brander," Whitton replied coldly.

"I would prefer not, Mr. Whitton. I suppose you know why. I prefer to avoid an embarrassing meeting with your partner, Mr. Grannis."

"Grannis is in Sweden."

"I'll be down directly, Mr. Whitton."

Ben Whitton opened his office safe and from the vault extracted bundle after bundle of bonds, which he stacked neatly on his desk."

When Jacob Brander was ushered in, Whitton, wearing what Julie was fond of referring to as "a dead face," sat stolidly behind his desk.

"Sit down!" he said. Jacob Brander hastened to obey. Flushed and embarrassed, he stared at Whitton, who slowly and fatefully tapped with his ruler on the pile of bonds.

"Your worthless Brander Timber Company bonds," he explained. "There are a million dollars' worth—presumably—of this paper, and if you don't believe me, count 'em yourself. I have the entire issue."

"I'll take your word for it, Whitton. What do you want?"

"I want my money back, of course. These bonds aren't worth the paper they're printed on."

"How do you know?"

"Because I'm familiar with the terms of the deed of trust your company (which is you) gave to the trustee to secure these bonds. That deed of trust calls for the erection of three sawmills capable of manufacturing 500,000 feet of lumber per day; it calls for the establishment of a sinking fund to retire the bonds, for the payment of state and county taxes and federal income taxes. You're not going to make good because you cannot, and if you do not make good, you, as president and sole stockholder of the Brander Timber Company, stand a fat chance of being indicted and convicted for securing money under false pretenses, of using the United States mails to defraud."

Brander trembled and licked his dry lips.

"You've been to see the president of the O. R. N. in Chicago, I take it," Whitton pursued remorselessly, and Brander nodded. "Well, what's your answer?"

"As you say, I cannot live up to the terms of the deed of trust. The damned railroad pirates have betrayed me."

"You know why. They were forced to, and they could betray you with impunity because they were not legally bound to anybody to build that branch road. You're just the innocent bystander who had been hit and mortally wounded by a stray shot."

"I guess you're right," Brander mumbled. "You've got me where the hair is short. What do you want?"

"Can you continue to meet the interest on these bonds semiannually until such time as the railroad makes your timber accessible? In that event I should regard the bonds as a very good investment, indeed. On the other hand, and as the situation now exists, they have no market value, and if and when you default on the interest I will have to foreclose, in self-protection. However, if I had my money back, with interest to the date of settlement, I could guarantee you a satisfactory release. Unfortunately, however, $600,000 worth of these bonds belong to my partner, Mr. Grannis, and he, I imagine, will require some exemplary damages. Unfornately for you, he has no reason to feel kindly toward you, Brander, and he has a small grudge against Mrs. Brander also. It appears she betrayed a professional secret of his and mine to you—gave you advance information as to the tentative plans of the O. R. N. You acted on that information; you felt that the situation was so secure it removed your huge investment from the field of speculation. That was very unwise."

"I CANNOT continue to meet the interest. It amounts to $60,000 a year and I would be most unwise to accept the long chance that the O. R. N. will change its mind and build within a few years and thus reimburse me by reëstablishing the value of my timber. I would merely be inviting myself to go into bankruptcy by paying the interest. No, that plan is impracticable, Mr. Whitton."

"Well, can you dig up enough money to take up these bonds, with accrued interest?"

"Perhaps, if given time. I'll have to sell some of my other properties to raise the money."

"Well, Grannis will be abroad for the next six months, at least, and in the interim his affairs are in my hands. If

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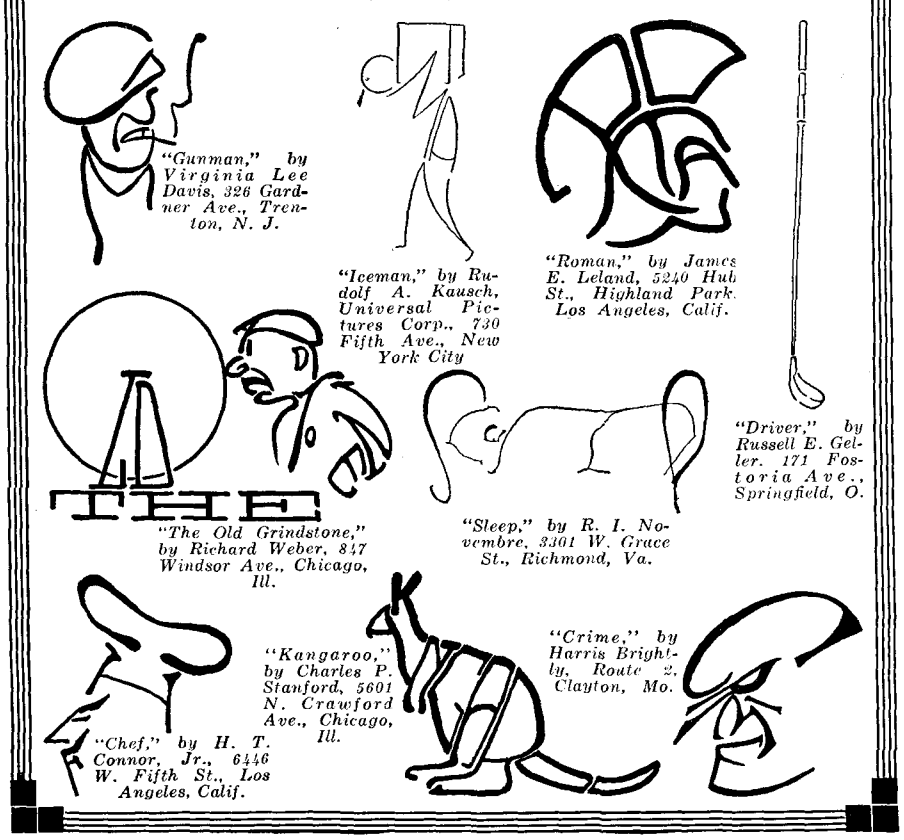

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you manage to meet the first interest payment, you will gain six months' more time. I'll not crowd you or oppress you and force you to sell your assets at a sacrifice, so fly at it, and when you're ready to settle see me again. If you fail to meet the first interest a foreclosure suit will follow. That I can guarantee. As for the other suits, you will have to see Julian Grannis. Understood?"

Brander bowed his head, picked up his hat and walked silently out of the office.

BRANDER returned to his home in Pasadena. "Where is your mistress?" he demanded of the butler when the latter opened the door.

"In her room, sir."

"Tell her I said she is to go to Santa Catalina and remain at the hotel there until I send for her."

He was in his own room, removing his clothes preparatory to bathing, when Mercedes entered. "Jacob," she began, "the butler has delivered your message. It sounded more like an order. May I inquire why you find it necessary to humiliate me so?"

"You may not. You haven't any rights in this house—only a few privileges, and they can be taken away from you," he retorted brutally. "Thanks to your damned-fool information, I am financially ruined."

"Oh, Jacob," she crooned sympathetically, "is it as bad as all that?"

"In all probability it is worse. I'll have to move fast to escape bankruptcy. I must get busy on my accounts at once, and while on that job I can't be bothered with your presence. That late husband of yours holds $600,000 of my bonds, and he'll squeeze me until I'm dry and then throw the pieces away."

"He'll not. I know him too well. He is incapable of holding resentment. Let me see him for you, darling. I'll talk to him."

"If ever I met a woman with a perfect case of the swelled head," Brander roared furiously, "you're it. You're so infernally certain you can't go wrong. Use that wooden head of yours, will you? Why should Grannis, being perfectly cognizant of every move in this rotten railroad deal, put good American money into bonds he knows are worthless, or will eventually be, because they will have no market?"

"Julie always was a fool with money."

"Perhaps, but he has that devil Whitton advising him, and Whitton's no fool. And nobody can tell what an outraged husband will do under such circumstances. Don't stand there gaping at me. Don't try to argue with me. Get out and leave me alone."

She swept grandly out of the room, and when Brander descended to the library, which he used as an office, he plunged at once, with his secretary, into an examination and tabulation of his assets and liabilities. For three days he worked uninterruptedly; then a cool analysis of his condition, made without self-illusion and substantiated by figures that did not lie, proved to him that as a capitalist he had run his course.

He had sufficient resources which, if disposed of, even at a sacrifice, would enable him to raise the million dollars necessary to take up his bond issue and pay the interest to the date when the bond should be called. But after that—the deluge. He would have nothing left upon which to live. His sole assets would consist, practically, of his stock in the Brander Timber Company, and although its huge holdings were free of debt, he doubted if he could mortgage them to provide funds to pay the taxes on them.

That timber was no longer a frozen asset. On the contrary, it was a red-hot liability! If he held on to it, it would burn his fingers; and since he would lose it in the long run, why (he argued) be fool enough to attempt to hold on to it at all? Whitton and Grannis held all of the bonds. Well, then, he would default on the first interest payment and let them foreclose on the timber. Of course they would buy it in for a tithe of the mortgage and then go after his personal assets to satisfy their deficiency judgment. They would strip him. . . . Anybody would. The game was always played that way. Good Lord, he had to stop that! They would put him in jail if he didn't.

Aside from some $400,000 in short-term loans at various banks, he owned nothing in the way of floating indebtedness. Well, he would have to settle with the banks. If he did not, they would settle, anyhow, by throwing him into involuntary bankruptcy. . . . Well, if he settled with Whitton and Grannis by giving them a quitclaim deed to the timber he had purchased from the Hale-Robinson gang and the Bannings, and permit them to foreclose on his original holdings, they might call off their dogs . . . bright idea, that. Saw off his red-hot liability on them . . . yes, he'd burn them good and deep before he got through with them . . . he doubted if they could continue to raise sufficient money to pay the taxes on the property and hold it as an investment. Frankenstein monster, that damned timber. Eat a man up.

Well, he'd try out his scheme, at any rate, and if it worked he would then liquidate. After paying his bank loans he would have in the neighborhood of half a million dollars left, which he would invest in good bonds . . . bring him 5 per cent—$25,000 a year . . . have to taper down on his style of living . . . not enough for two. Two? Why the devil two? Since the day Ben Whitton's marconigram had been delivered to him aboard the Niantic Mercedes had been a weeping, sniveling, complaining, protesting, shivering, apprehensive nuisance, alternating in defying him and endeavoring to work her way with him by tears, cajoleries, sophistries. . . . If he continued to live with her, she'd drive him crazy . . . no, $25,000 a year was not enough for two to live on, but in Paris a single man might manage very handsomely on that sum . . . yes, that was the thing to do. Go to Paris and remain there. Chuck her. If she sued him for a divorce for desertion and the judge awarded her alimony, let her try to collect it. He'd be in Paris, far from the court's jurisdiction. He'd have his bonds in Paris and if she came to Paris and sued him there he'd pop over to London and laugh at her . . . it costs money to travel, so he wouldn't leave her any money. Let her sue him here, in due course. No need to worry about Mercedes. No trouble for her to land some other boob with a bankroll. Trust her. She knew her way about. Meanwhile she could fiddle for a living . . . damned fool, with her false-alarm tip on that railroad project. . . .

HE WENT to San Francisco and called upon Ben Whitton, who raised his dead face as Brander came in and murmured morosely, "Well, Brander?"

"I'm done in, Whitton. I want to settle with you. Got to. I guaranteed those bonds personally. Had to do that to give them added stability until the Brander Timber Company's sawmills were in operation, otherwise I couldn't have got the million. And I needed it to buy the Hale-Robinson and Banning timber."

"I see. You want to get out of the way of a possible suit on a deficiency judgment, in which case, of course, your personal assets would be attached to satisfy said judgment.

"That's the case in a nutshell. I want to escape with something out of the wreck.

"You surrender those bonds to the trustee and nullify that deed of trust and I'll turn over to you all of the capital stock of the Brander Timber Company. I want a clean bill of health and I'm willing to pay for it."

"Sold!" Ben Whitton murmured without enthusiasm. "Let's go down to my bank and put the whole business in escrow before you change your mind. The situation is as clear as mud. No lawsuits of any nature whatsoever and the entire issue of the Brander Timber Company stock as and for agreed liquidated damages."

"How about Grannis?"

"I have his power of attorney to act for him in any manner I may see fit. Come on. Let's go."

They went.

Mr. Benjamin Whitton sat on his spine in his swivel chair, with his tremendous legs on top of his desk, and gazed out his office window across the roofs of the old gray town to the ferryboats, darting like giant water beetles across San Francisco Bay.

Presently the door opened, and Gloria Justin came in. Mr. Whitton did not turn. The girl stood an appreciable moment looking at him, then spoke:

"Ben."

"Yes, Gloria."

"I have something to say to you, Ben. Something very important."

"Fire away."

"I'm resigning from your employ."

"Jake with me, Gloria. I'm for liberty. Mind telling me why you're leaving old B. Fido in the lurch?"

"It's a little embarrassing to be in your employ, Ben. I've tried to dodge it, but no can do. I've secured another position in New York and I'm going to it on the first of next month."

"Well, that isn't such a long way off. Not any more. I suppose you'd like to have a rest before proceeding to New York."

"Yes, I thought so"—faintly, a trifle tremulously.

MR. WHITTON essayed the chorus of Ramona and failed miserably. "Can't get that song out of my head," he complained. "Guess I'll quit trying. I was in a fair way of conquering my ambition to play that song until I heard no less a person than Mercedes Grannis Brander rip through it last night."

"Ben! Where?"

"At a small neighborhood motion-picture theatre. Sometimes, when I haven't anything better to do, I gather up a passel of kids in my block and go to the movies. Well, last night, Mercedes was there, doing her trick fiddling and doing it pretty well too. She's changed her name. Known professionally as Mercedes Lindberg."

"Her maiden name, Ben. Poor Mercedes. And she's come to that."

"Lucky to have it to come to, says old Ben Whitton. I've ascertained that Brander has sold his home in Pasadena. He had an eighty-foot motor yacht he couldn't sell, but it's for sale now by a broker. Mercedes has sued him for non-support and has attached the yacht. Guess he's deserted her, because he's in Europe."

"How did Mercedes look?"

"She was wearing a black velvet dress Julie bought her. A princess effect, I think it's called. Spangles on it. I imagine she's making about thirty dollars a week."

"Oh, Ben, how dreadful!"

"Pretty severe handicap, I admit—until she gets rid of Jake for desertion. And she'll have to wait a year for that, because this time she cannot afford to establish a ninety-day residence in Reno and hire high-priced attorneys. I hear the Reno legal lights rather harpoon folks who come there for the cure. So the going will be tough on Mercedes for a year or two; after that I wouldn't be surprised to see her marry some acrobat or juggler. She's certainly not hard to look at."

"Have you heard from Julie lately?"

"Yes, had a message from him today."

"Anything you could tell me, Ben."

"Alas, no! Just that he's coming home and should be popping in on us any moment. The medicine's working good this time. One of those old telepathy messages, that's all, but stronger than ever." He looked at his watch. "He's due in town at 2:30, if his train isn't late. It's now exactly three. Ah, there he is, and rapping at the door of my private office, as usual. Open up, Gloria, and let our wandering boy in."

"You let him in yourself," the girl cried spiritedly, and fled to her own office. So Ben had to open the door himself. Julie stood on the threshold.

"Welcome back to Papa," roared Mr. Whitton and folded his friend in a bear-like hug. "Come in and set."

"Where's Gloria?" Julie demanded.

"Oh, Gloria quit some time ago. We decided it wasn't proper for a lady about to be married to work for me—for us—any more."

Julie swallowed hard—once; then his hand reached out for Ben's. "So I was right, wasn't I?" he said in a voice that lacked enthusiasm. "I knew if I stayed

(*Continued on page 48*)

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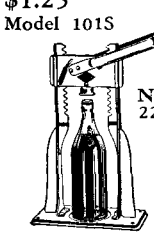

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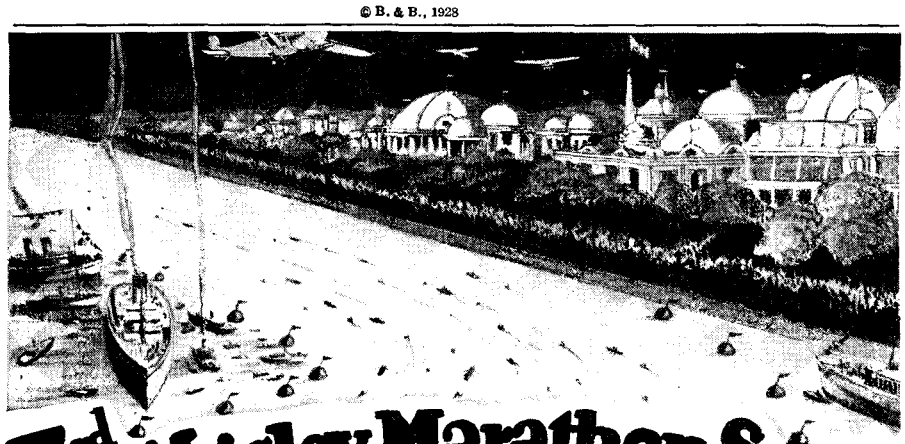

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The Thunder God

Continued from page 47

away a year you'd get the chance you were entitled to. When are you going to be married, Ben?"

"Married, you ass? I'm not even engaged."

"You mean to tell me you haven't asked Gloria?"

"Young man, you know me well enough to know that I always keep my promises. I asked her and got an emphatic no."

"But—but—why did she quit?"

"For two reasons: To avoid my dead face and broken heart and to escape you. The girl has spirit and pride, and would be the last person on earth to hang around where you could find her, on the extremely off chance that you might propose to her. So she got herself another job. In New York."

"Have you her New York address?"

"I have not."

"Oh, Ben."

"You aren't figuring on getting married again, are you?"

"Don't be dull, Ben. Of course I am."

"Hurrah for our side. Why, bless your old mildewed heart! You've recovered, haven't you? No fun being a misanthrope, is it? And you have recovered your lost faith in women? Remarkable!"

"I never doubted Gloria."

"Well, God knows she's doubted you, and with good cause. But before you think of marriage, suppose you ask me if you've got anything left to get married on. Remember, you turned over $600,000 of Uncle Jarlath's money to me without a receipt and gave me carte blanche to play ducks and drakes with it."

Julie smiled wanly. "There must have been a few ducklings as a result, Butch. I haven't worried. I've been having a good time. Know more about lightning than I used to, and landed myself a fine job in this country taking charge of an experimental plant. Don't have to equip my own. Great news, eh, Ben?"

"No, bad news. You do not have to go to work for anybody, old son. Your time, for the future, is going to be occupied entirely seeking profitable investments for your money."

JULIE sat down very abruptly and stared at him. "What do you mean?"

"It's a sad story, Julie. When the O. R. N. decided not to build and for the reasons given me by Gruber, I knew, or rather felt, that Jake Brander was sunk without a trace and that old man Robinson and Jim Banning planned to sit quietly by until the bondholders foreclosed, when they would buy the property in, fix things up with the Northwestern Fir Association, who would withdraw their threat of an embargo on shipments over the O. R. N. and permit the O. R. N. to build the branch line. I had a vision of those two birds splitting a wonderfully ripe melon between them, and I longed to have a slice myself. I figured I had advance information of the decision of the O. R. N. not to build, so I telephoned to Booth, Kunze & Morrow, the New York bankers who financed a million dollars' worth of Brander's bonds.

"I introduced myself over the telephone and gave them bank references; then I informed them of the decision of the O. R. N. not to build and that this decision gave them the opportunity to abrogate their contract with Brander. I advised them to verify my report and warned them that although Brander had guaranteed the bonds personally, his guarantee might not be worth much. Until he should default on his payment of the first semiannual interest payment, nobody could prevent him from liquidating his personal assets, sequestrating the money and trotting off to Europe to escape a summons in a suit to enforce his guarantee.

"I reminded them that the security for the bonds was not a badly frozen asset, that there would be no market for the bonds at any price, that the first interest payment would, in all probability, be defaulted and Booth, Kunze & Morrow's reputation might suffer considerably as a result of marketing the bonds.

"Well, it seems the first bond issue had not been sold, and I offered to buy $600,000 worth of them, with my eyes wide open, provided they would contract with me to sell me the remaining $400,000 within one year at par. So we fixed up a deal, and after you returned from Ogden and gave me carte blanche to go ahead and use your money, which I did, I had the entire bond issue under my control.

"WELL, Jake Brander came back, looked the situation over, had a talk with me and decided he couldn't possibly liquidate and make his get-away before defaulting on the first interest payment. He realized I was watching him, so, in desperation, and in order to save something out of the wreck, he voluntarily turned over to me all of the capital stock of the Brander Timber Company and gave me six months in which to do one of two things: return the Brander Timber Company stock to him and keep the bonds, or return the bonds to him, release the trust deed and hold him harmless against suits of any nature whatsoever.

"Julie, your Uncle Ben had to move quickly. The first thing he did was to form a new corporation entitled the Columbia River Basin Lumber Company and transfer to it all of the assets of the Brander Timber Company. You see, I didn't want that fellow's name associated with any enterprise I was fathering. Then I had the Columbia River Basin Lumber Company, of which all of the stock except qualifying shares for a dummy board of directors stood in my name, elect me president.

"That accomplished, I had some nice letterheads printed and wrote a letter to the Northwestern Fir Association, pleading to be permitted to join it and share in its benefits. Of course none of the directors knew who I was and they were curious to find out, so I was invited to attend an unofficial meeting of its directorate and show my hand, which I did. They didn't think they'd elect me to membership until they had talked it over, for they figured Jake Brander was still to be reckoned with and that I was merely his stalking horse.

"So I told them I wasn't greatly interested; that if the O. R. N. didn't build a branch line into my timber I'd build the branch line myself to connect with the O. R. N.'s tracks and as common carriers the railroad couldn't refuse the freight I offered. I told them too that if they forced me to do this I'd cut the lumber market to strings and ribbons. They didn't know I was bluffing, so, of course, that was a horse of a different color, and we commenced talking business. We didn't really get together, however, until their investigations proved that Jake Brander had liquidated and gone to Europe and until I proved, by my escrow documents and assurances from the New York bankers, that I really owned all that timber.

"Then, among the members of the Northwestern Fir Association, I formed a syndicate and, with Jim Banning and old man Robinson as bellwethers to head the flock, I sold control of the Columbia River Basin Lumber Company. With the cash received I paid for the remaining $400,000 worth of bonds, released the deed of trust and made a bonfire of all the documents in the case. I sold the control on the basis of $2 a thousand feet stumpage and the minority holding is our velvet and should, in years to come, be worth a couple of millions additional. The other fellows are satisfied because they now control a situation which, under Jake Brander's management, threatened to be awful."

"What did you do about our hydroelectric proposition?"

"Oh, before I sold out the control I deeded all that watershed to you and me. The timber I retained; hence the alienation of the hydroelectric possibili-

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ties had no effect on the other deal. And I have since, on the strength of Baum's patent, sold the hydroelectric end of our deal for a million in cash and a 20 per cent interest in the company. For my wisdom and energy I take half the profits. For your faith in me and some money loaned to our enterprise, without security, you take the other half."

"Ben," Julie breathed admiringly, "you're a marvel. How can I ever thank you? Nevertheless, I'm going to take that job. That's my life job, and I'll never be happy unless I work at it."

"Very well, Thor. Thor was the thunder god, wasn't he? Well, happiness lies wherever you find it, and if you're fast on your feet, old son, you'll find about 130 pounds of it running down the hall toward the elevator." He leaped to the door and threw it open. "Scat!" he cried, and Julie scatted and overtook Gloria at the elevator.

"Why, Julie," she cried, and held out her hand to him, for it would never do (she concluded) to let him know she was running away. He took her hand and, without replying to her greeting, drew her forcibly back into Ben's office. And when he got her there he said:

"Gloria, I have something to say to you."

"Anything private, Julie?" Ben Whitton queried casually.

"There's nothing too private in my life for you to listen to, Butch. I'm going to ask Gloria to marry me."

Ben Whitton pounded his desk. "Meeting will come to order," he announced. "A motion is before the house. Brother Grannis has moved that Sister Justin marry him. Do I hear a second to that motion? I do. I second it myself. It is regularly moved and seconded that Miss Gloria Justin be and she is hereby engaged to marry Mr. Julian Grannis. All present will signify their assent by saying "Aye."

"Aye!" Julie cried softly.

Ben Whitton waited a moment. "There appears to be a deadlock," he announced gravely. "I'll wait ten seconds for the deadlock to be broken and if not so broken, the chairman, by virtue of the authority vested in him, will cast the deciding vote."

Gloria turned to him with streaming eyes. "Oh, Ben, you dear, sweet, understanding, maddening man," she cried and rushed into his arms. He kissed her fraternally and said: "Uncle Ben casts the deciding vote."

SO JULIE claimed his own at last, a bit shamefacedly it must be admitted, but none the less authoritatively. Nevertheless when Gloria had sealed the compact after the time-honored fashion, she came back into Ben Whitton's ursine embrace and drew his large red right ear down to her lips. "Julie and I are going to have more than enough for two simple people to live on in luxury, Ben dear," she whispered. "I want you to arrange to do something for Mercedes. Use your own judgment, dear friend. Whatever you do will please Julie. He can't hold grudges, you know. I understand him. She'll always be his responsibility, and it would hurt him to think of her—in distress."

"I—always—knew you were fine," he murmured, "but never until now have I known—how—fine you are. I'll attend to that—ah—matter."

He stood in the center of the room looking at them as the door closed behind them. Old Uncle Ben, the friend of the family. Yes, he was the sort of man who could with consummate grace pay the fiddler!

THE END

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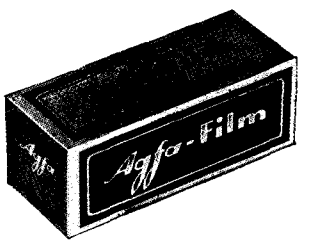

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
Thomas H. Beck, Editorial Director
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New Men and Times

WITH the nomination of Hoover the Coolidge era came to an end. Whether Republican or Democrat be elected in November, the next administration will be profoundly different from anything we have seen during the last ten years.

We have changing seasons in politics with variations as profound as the natural turn from winter to summer and back.

Contrast Roosevelt and Taft, Wilson and Harding, Coolidge with Hoover or Governor Smith. Men as opposite as blue and red have responded to our shifting moods and needs and have become our chosen leaders.

Time will merge the Harding and Coolidge administrations. President Coolidge has been more careful in the selection of his associates than was Mr. Harding but the important policies for which each stood have been the same.

The Wilson administration ended in 1918 even though Harding did not enter the White House until 1921. The Wilson era was a time of experiment. The Federal Reserve System was established during his first term. The war overshadowed his second four years. His initiative ended with the election of a hostile Congress at Armistice time.

Prodigious efforts led to weariness and to apathy. When the conventions met eight years ago the country wanted no candidates of restless energy. Men as different as possible from the Roosevelt type were sought and found.

Now we are over the fatigue of the war years and energy and inventiveness have returned, but until now they have shown chiefly outside of government.

The business developments during the last eight years have been enormous. At no other time have we grown so rapidly or become so rich. The chief contribution the government has made to these things is negative. Neither President Harding nor President Coolidge interfered.

Whatever initiative the federal government has exercised came out of Congress and especially from the Senate, which, created to be a conservative body of elder statesmen, has harbored most of the radicalism which was elected to office. The oil scandals, uncovered by a Senate committee and not by the Department of Justice, are typical of many things.

During these years inaction may well have been better than action. "Let alone" has been the policy and no other man has approached the end of his Presidency with more approval and fewer enemies than Calvin Coolidge.

But now we demand new heroes.

Hoover and Smith are admirably equipped to meet the tests of the dawning era. Each is a man of energy, initiative and of passionate loyalty to his ideal of public service. Products of different conditions, each is a new-type American.

It is an accident that Hoover is a Republican and as much an accident that Smith is a Democrat. Neither derives his opinions from his party although naturally each is restricted to the policies his followers will approve.

During the years immediately ahead there will be necessity for clear and original thinking in the White House. At times it is best to drift with the stream and at other times even the course of the stream has to be directed.

After ten quiet years he's in for a change

The Passing Corset

IN YOUR mother's younger days it wasn't thought quite nice even to mention them in mixed company. Nevertheless you just knew she wore them—partly because her waist was so slim and partly because she had a way of fainting and going into a decline on the slightest provocation.

All this has been changed. Out of 1,318 working girls recently questioned during a survey made in Milwaukee only sixty or seventy admitted wearing corsets. The discovery isn't any joke, either. It means that the modern girl is stronger, healthier and happier than her mother and her grandmother.

The old-style corset—of course one doesn't mean the dainty new-fangled contraptions which it is said still figure in some feminine wardrobes—was one of the symbols of female subjection. It kept her health delicate and made the lordly male feel big and strong and bossy.

In view of which what does it really matter if the average Milwaukee working girl, or the average American girl, does use two and a half boxes of powder, one and a half boxes of rouge and one lipstick every year?

Build Roads

GOVERNOR HAMMILL of Iowa, seeking renomination as a Republican, made his chief bid for support as an advocate of a bond issue of $100,000,000 for building new and improving old roads. He won over three opponents.

The Democrats of Indiana, meeting in convention to adopt a platform and nominate a state ticket, promised a rapid increase in miles of paved highways.

"If politics is to reflect one of the wishes closest to the heart of the average man," said a national leader recently, "parties will give more attention to better facilities for automobile travel."

Governor Hammill was not committing himself to waste, neither were the Democrats.

Both parties realize that quick transportation aids business and betters social contacts.

No sufficient excuse exists for traffic arteries that sicken travelers because of dust in dry weather, or that are made impassable by mud in rainy periods.

Wisdom must not be discarded in spending available funds. But neither should the sums supplied for roads be niggardly. No type of public improvement at present promises larger dividends.

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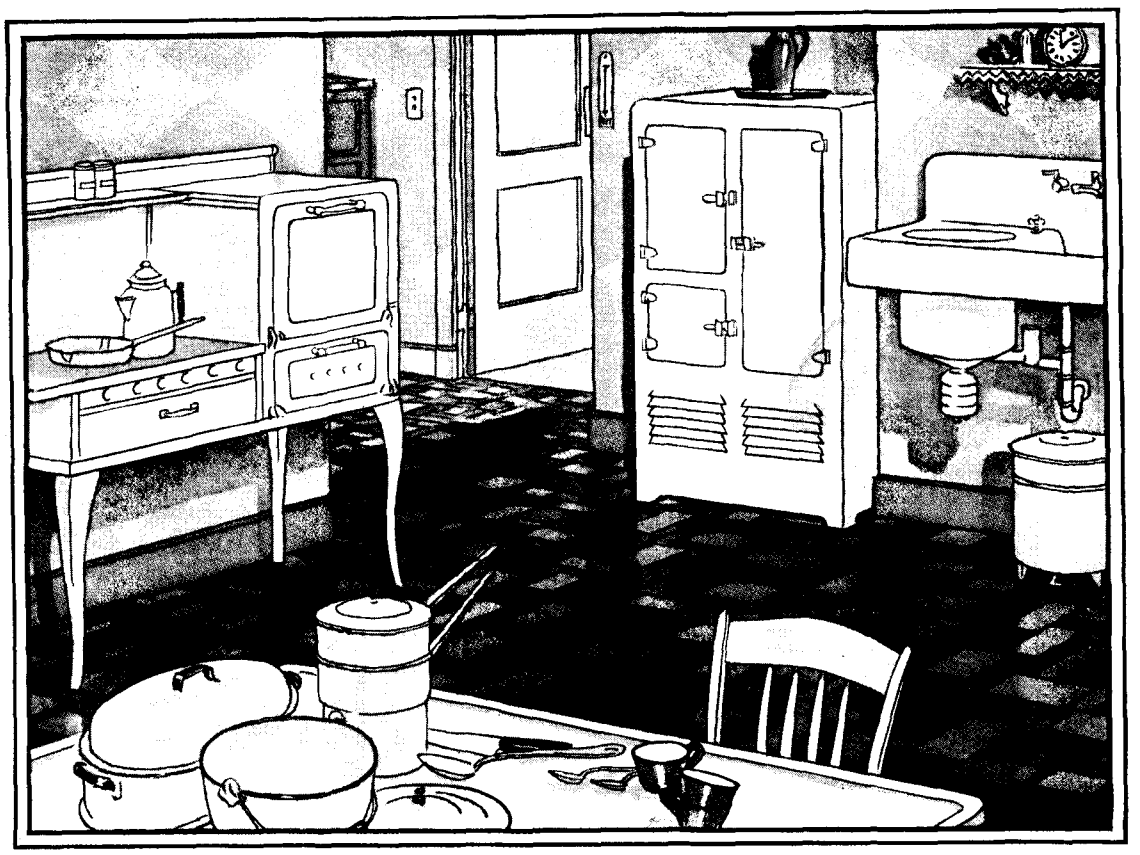
The smooth, gleaming surface of porcelain enamel is so easy to keep clean. A sudsy cloth takes the place of scrubbing and scraping and scouring.



Spotless Porcelain-enamel *adds beauty to any kitchen*

TO be really attractive, furnishings must always be practical, say modern decorators. And they are carrying out this sensible idea in the kitchen with porcelain enamel.

For no other finish is so well fitted for kitchen equipment. Ranges, refrigerators, table tops and cooking utensils of porcelain enamel are not only better looking but easier to work with. Their smooth, gleaming surfaces absorb no cooking odors, flavors or dirt. A sudsy cloth is all you need to keep them sweet and clean.

It doesn't take a lot of money to equip your kitchen completely with this modern ware. You'll be surprised how quickly the smaller pieces accumulate when you buy them one at a time. And your dealer will be glad to arrange convenient weekly or monthly budget terms on the larger items.

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